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THE LAST THREE DAYS OF MUSSOLINI

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MUSSOLINI and Claretta Petacci, his mistress, were captured by the Italian Partisans on Friday, April 27, 1945, at Dongo, Province of Como. They were shot the next day on a deserted country road in the hill country above Lake Como. Their bodies, as well as those of several Ministers and other prominent Fascists who were executed on the same day at Dongo, were taken to Milan later in the evening. The next morning, Sunday, April 29, a frenzied crowd hung the bodies by their feet in the public square — the Piazza Loreto.

A few hours later, the bodies were taken down by order of the Committee of National Liberation (CLNAI) in Milan; the city had just been liberated from the Axis troops and was not yet occupied by the Allies. The Committee, originally the underground anti-Fascist "Government" of Northern Italy, was composed of representatives of all the important Italian political parties. It had attempted to prevent the hanging but had failed because it had insufficient police forces at its disposal. During this attempt fire hoses were turned on the crowd, but they also proved ineffective.

The population of Milan had been tyrannized and abused for long months by Mussolini and his regime of oppression and torture. Only a short time before, fifteen members of the Resistance had been executed

on this very Piazza, which today bears the name "Place of the Fifteen Martyrs." It is therefore understandable that the people of Milan were taking their pound of flesh.

Since the early days of December, 1944, Cardinal Ildefonso Schuster, Archbishop of Milan, had been considering ways and means to prevent the destruction of Milan and other cities in Lombardy as the war approached its final phase and the Axis armies were being driven back towards the Swiss frontier. The Cardinal finally asked Herr Rahn, the German Ambassador with the Neo-Fascist Government, to communicate to Hitler his fervent hope that the German authorities would not find it necessary to carry out any demolition in the city of Milan or any other important point in Lombardy.

In February, Mussolini said in one of his speeches that Lombardy would be defended at all costs. In April, soon after the start of the brilliant offensive by the Allied armies, the situation on the Italian front began to look hopeless for the Axis. The Germans were getting desperate and their emissaries were approaching anyone who was likely to have the ear of the CLNAI, in an effort to arrange for a surrender on terms better than "unconditional." The Committee invariably replied that it would not negotiate unless the Germans accepted beforehand the principle of unconditional surrender. The Fascist Government finally became aware of these efforts; and beginning on April 22, 1945, several important Fascist officials tried to get in touch with the CLNAI. The Committee's answer was always the same, with the further qualification that it had at least some confidence in the word of a German soldier, while it had none in that of a Fascist dignitary.

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Events were gradually moving to a climax. On April 24 the Committee had one of its clandestine meetings and decided to call a general strike to begin on the following day.

The strike broke out in Milan on April 25 as planned, and the workers started occupying the factories. The Germans' effort to control it was halfhearted as there were several hundred factories to protect — a task which would have split their garrison into many small units. The Committee then decided to start a military revolt on the following day and to occupy public buildings, utilities, and other strategic points.

On April 25, Cardinal Schuster was told that Mussolini had requested to see him that afternoon because, the intermediary said, Il Duce was willing to sign an unconditional surrender. The Cardinal arranged for the representatives of CLNAI, including General Raffaele Cadorna, Commander-in-Chief of the "Partisans," the military arm of the Committee, to meet with him and Mussolini. This historic meeting in the Cardinal's Palace merely showed that Il Duce was not yet ready to surrender unconditionally. After a somewhat heated debate he left the meeting, promising to give a final answer by 8.00 P.M. of that day. Instead, he and the majority of his cabinet fled Milan for an unknown destination.

The Committee of National Liberation then told the Cardinal that it was taking over the government — the Germans had already offered to surrender unconditionally and the Fascist Government was in flight. Milan fell to the liberation movement without organized fighting. The German troops remained in their billets, and there were only separate encounters with a few isolated Fascist troops. The victorious forces of the CLNAI had only a handful of casualties.

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IT WAS to Como, near the Swiss border, that Mussolini fled after the unsuccessful conference with Cardinal Schuster. With him went a number of his Ministers, among them Marshal Graziani, and other members of his entourage. Altogether there were perhaps fifteen passenger cars and one or two vehicles carrying several German soldiers armed with machine guns. Graziani had his usual escort of one car carrying armed Italian guards.

Mussolini, who was in a foul temper, went to the Prefettura and asked for Signor Celio, Fascist Prefect of Como and head of the Province. Il Duce was incensed at the manner, "unbefitting the Chief of the State," in which he said he had been treated at the Milan meeting. He asserted it was a low attempt to trick him into accepting something which by its very nature was unacceptable.

At the Prefettura, Mussolini held conferences with several of his Ministers. At one point Celio remained alone with Il Duce and used the opportunity to obtain consent for the creation of a free hospital zone

from Como to Lanzo d'Intelvi. This zone, it was hoped, would be spared from fighting. Celio mentioned that the success of this project depended upon "all important political personages" leaving the territory. Il Duce answered that he understood and fully agreed. Shortly afterwards he said he realized that all was lost. When Celio asked what his immediate plans were, Mussolini answered that he was still undecided. Celio suggested that he should ask Switzerland for asylum. Mussolini said he had been notified that Switzerland would not accept him. Celio suggested that another attempt be made, using the services of the American Consul in Lugano. Il Duce grew angry and said he would have nothing to do with Switzerland. It was close to midnight by that time.

At that moment Francesco Barracu came in and told Mussolini that, despite all the efforts, the "small truck" could not be found. Mussolini flew into a rage and worked himself almost into a fit. He was reproaching Barracu and others that no one had taken the trouble to see to it that this truck with its extremely important documents and the woman who rode in it were safely following him on the trip from Milan. At one point he shouted that it was his tragic destiny for the last twenty-five years to have to attend himself to any important matters — otherwise they would not have been taken care of.

Presently Mussolini called for Graziani, presumably to get his advice regarding the military situation and the plans for the immediate future. Celio had tried beforehand to gain Graziani's support in convincing Mussolini that he should go to Switzerland. Graziani declined, saying he could not take the responsibility for such a step, as he did not believe Switzerland would accept Il Duce. Graziani was worried about his own situation and said he was at a loss to know what to do.

Shortly before 2.00 A.M. Mussolini sent for Paolo Porta, Federal Commissary of Como, who was later joined by Paolo Zerbino, Minister of the Interior. They remained in the small drawing room for almost an hour and a half, presumably debating the various possible courses of action for the next day. Celio was not present at this conversation, but his impressions were that the trio examined three alternatives. The first was for Mussolini to go to Switzerland. The second was to continue the fight against the Partisans and, perhaps, the Allied troops. It was presumably in anticipation of such a decision that Graziani and Alessandro Pavolini, Secretary of the Fascist Party, were concentrating the Fascist troops near Como and Lecco. There was no way of knowing, however, whether sufficient troops would rally to Mussolini at that stage to make any effective resistance. The third alternative was for Il Duce to hide himself in a safe place until the Allies overran the hide-out. Celio's interpretation was that the third alternative was decided upon.

Immediately after these discussions Mussolini decided to go to Menaggio, halfway up the western

shore of Lake Como. It was possible that Emilio Castelli, the Fascist boss of Menaggio, convinced his chief, Porta, — and through him Mussolini, — that the country around Menaggio was the best place for such a refuge. Mussolini left the Prefettura at Como for Menaggio about 4.00 A.M. on April 26, evidently having had no sleep since leaving Milan. His entourage knew well that it was a question of only a few days before they would lose control of the situation. They were depressed and apprehensive. While there seems to have been no definite plan of how to meet the situation regarding their personal safety, evidently they were told to keep together and to follow Mussolini wherever he went. It was taken for granted that the wives and families would be handled separately from the husbands and that they would not follow them.

Despite the precarious situation, many Ministers and others near Mussolini continued to feel personal attachment to Il Duce and, to a varying degree, were faithful to him. Many of them would have been willing to risk their lives in order to save him; Zerbino, a relatively recent addition to Mussolini's high council, was particularly devoted and so were Barracu and Gatti, his private secretary.

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SHORTLY before eleven o'clock a simply dressed woman, who said she was Mussolini's maid, appeared at the Prefettura in Como and spoke to Celio. She explained that her husband was driving the small truck which should have followed Il Duce's car. Evidently it was the vehicle which had caused so much excitement the night before. The maid said that the truck had had engine trouble and that her husband had hidden it on a country road only four or five miles from Milan. She added that they were afraid of some untoward happening and asked for help and an escort to get back to the truck and to bring it to Como. Celio had no soldiers under his command and he therefore telephoned to the local Black Shirts requesting that the necessary assistance be given to the woman.

In the meantime, however, the news of the strike and disorders in Milan had reached Como and the Black Shirts were afraid to go there, particularly as they were told that the Partisans were roaming the highways and attacking the Fascists. The woman was stranded in Como and evidently spoke freely of her predicament, mentioning the precious load in the truck. Signora Galli, a patriot who was known to the Provincial Committee of Liberation, heard her story and obtained permission from the Committee to go to take possession of Mussolini's documents for the Committee. She succeeded in reaching the place where the truck was hidden but found that a unit of Communist Partisans was there and had already grabbed the documents. For some reason these Partisans got the impression that Signora Galli was

Claretta Petacci's mother. They completely undressed her and the poor woman hardly got away with her life.

At Menaggio Mussolini had coffee and slept for a couple of hours in a room on the second floor of the schoolhouse barracks, the headquarters of the Black Shirt Brigade. Shortly after nine o'clock he came downstairs and resumed his interminable conversations with Porta and others. Porta suggested that Mussolini's motor column, which had increased considerably during the morning with new arrivals from Como, was attracting too much attention and that it should be moved to Grandola, a village a few kilometers from Menaggio on the road to the Swiss border. The convoy moved off by 9.30, leaving no one behind.

One can readily imagine the fatigue, anxiety, and increasing confusion among Mussolini's entourage. In Como there had not been enough room for everyone at the Prefettura to spend the night halfway comfortably. Most of the meals were eaten standing up or sitting in the cars. Il Duce's indecision and interminable conversations about what to do next had a depressing effect on everyone. The wanderings of the motor column gave a pitiful picture of the lack of forethought and planning.

About eight o'clock in the evening, without previous advice to Castelli, Mussolini's convoy returned to Menaggio and went again to the same barracks. Towards midnight Pavolini arrived from Como with two Italian armored cars. Mussolini, Pavolini, and the remaining Ministers again gathered for a long conference which lasted nearly three hours. At 3.00 A.M. Mussolini went to bed, but he slept only one hour. He was up again about 4.00, and at that time Porta gave Castelli the order to prepare the convoy to leave immediately. The chauffeurs were rounded up, and at about 5.00 the motor column headed north.

There was much confusion that morning prior to the convoy's departure. Mussolini was calm but the nervousness of the others and the atmosphere of panic were upsetting him. Il Duce shook hands with Celio and the prefect saw him get into the passenger car in which he had arrived. Mussolini was wearing the gray-green uniform of the Italian militia with a matching field cap. Before leaving he put on the overcoat of the same organization. It had no insignia of rank except the red stripe of the "Squadrismo," the distinctive insignia of the Fascists who belonged to the movement from its inception.

On April 26 and 27, except for a few armored cars and a handful of soldiers, no Fascist troops reached Menaggio to rally to Mussolini's side. Several trucks of Mussolini's German guard must have passed through Menaggio on the way north early in the morning of the 27th prior to Il Duce's departure. Eyewitness reports made by the inhabitants of Acquaseria (a village on the way to Dongio) indicate that two distinct columns met there shortly before 6.00 A.M. on the 27th. There was a reshuffling of cars

at that spot. It is probable that part of Mussolini's German guard met him there and that Claretta Petacci joined Il Duce at that point. It is also probable that at the same time Mussolini donned a German overcoat and helmet and got into one of the German trucks.

During the night of April 26-27, when Mussolini was in Menaggio, the CLNAI of Bellagio, a town across the lake, telephoned to Castelli saying that if the Fascist forces in Menaggio were willing to surrender, the Committee would arrange for a representative from Como to come to Castelli under the protection of a white flag. Castelli reported this to Porta, who authorized him to enter into negotiations in order to find out what the general situation was in Como.

After Mussolini's departure Castelli waited for a while; as no one appeared from Como, he and two others went to Cadenabbia to negotiate with the CLNAI there. He reached an agreement for the surrender of his forces, the Partisans consenting that Fascist soldiers should go unmolested, while Castelli and his officials, as well as officers, would place themselves in the hands of the Committee.

The Fascist edifice was crumbling behind Mussolini as he was fleeing north.

4

THE 52nd Assault Brigade "Luigi Clerici" was a part of the Garibaldi Division of the Corpo Volontari della Libertà. During the hard winter spent in the mountains overlooking the western shore of the lake, this "brigade" dwindled to some 15 men. The small size of the unit made it possible for the men to live on the scanty nourishment obtained from friends or sympathizers.

"Pedro" was the commander of the 52nd Brigade. He was a descendant of Florentine nobility and had studied law at the University of Florence. He was just ready to begin to practice when the situation in Italy became impossible and he decided to join the resistance movement. He was in his early twenties and physically not very strong, but he was determined to bring about better days for his country. "Bill," his right-hand man and subsequently the Political Commissary of the 52nd Brigade, was a young man of simple background. Both men were "real" Partisans as distinguished from "eleventh-hour" Partisans — an appellation given to those who actively joined the resistance movement on or after April 26, the day on which the real Partisans came out of hiding and openly attacked the Germans and the Fascists.

Towards the end of April, Pedro's unit was running short of supplies and the Partisans had not had a smoke for nearly two weeks. Finally they could stand it no longer, and on the morning of April 26, Pedro and 14 or 15 of his men came down to Domaso, where there was no Fascist garrison, and bought some

tobacco. While there they heard a radio broadcast saying that the Allies were advancing rapidly from the southeast and that there were units near Brescia. Pedro decided to remain in Domaso, to erect a road block, and to intercept any Fascist or German convoy. No such convoy appeared during the day, but they received intelligence that there were some German troops in the barracks at Gravedona.

Bill and several other Partisans went to Gravedona, deposited their arms before entering the barracks, and convinced the Germans that they should lay down their arms. In return the Partisans undertook to allow the Germans free passage within their territory.

The way south to Menaggio was now clear and the Partisans went on to Dongo and Musso, gaining adherents on the way. They erected another road block at the northern approach to Musso, a few hundred yards south of the small bridge over the Valorba River.

Early on the morning of April 27, Pedro and his men were at Musso at this northern road block. The block consisted of large rocks and barbed-wire entanglements placed across the main road running on the western shore of the lake. This road was the only avenue of retreat for any German or Fascist formation that might be making its way from Menaggio to the Swiss frontier at Villa di Chiavenna or to Austria.

On one side of the block were the waters of the lake; on the other, steep hills rose almost perpendicularly. Several Partisans were guarding the road block and the rest were scattered around with a few sentries placed in the hills overlooking the road. The Partisans were armed with rifles, hand grenades, and a few submachine guns. Their fire-power, however, was small.

About 6.30 A.M. the sentries in the hills signaled the approach of a large convoy. Shortly afterwards, the convoy arrived near the road block and stopped. An Italian armored car, which led the column, opened machine-gun fire in the direction of the block. The Partisans answered and the fire continued for three or four minutes. Neither the convoy nor the Partisans suffered any casualties, but a workman farther along the road was killed.

Suddenly the convoy hoisted a white flag and the firing ceased. Several German soldiers in the column left their trucks and asked for the Partisan commander. Pedro and Bill, who were near the road, spoke to a German Luftwaffe lieutenant who seemed to be in command of the convoy. The lieutenant proposed that the convoy should be allowed to proceed without molestation; and in return for this permission the Germans would refrain from making any reprisals.

Pedro countered by saying that the Germans should first give up their arms and any Italians they might have with them. The German officer said he could not surrender the arms because they were bound for Germany to fight the Allies; he also said

that he had no Italians with him. Pedro, since his men were woefully outnumbered, — there were at least 200 Germans with a far superior fire-power, including an armored car carrying a cannon, — was dragging out the negotiations, having in the meantime sent for reinforcements from other Partisan units farther north.

Finally the negotiations came to a standstill. Then Pedro had a happy thought: to tell the German officer that he had no authority to accept such terms and that they would have to go to Morbegno, some 20 miles ahead, to the headquarters of the Garibaldi Division. The German readily consented and Pedro departed with him, leaving Bill in charge. The attitude of the German lieutenant is difficult to understand unless he was misled as to the number of Partisans who were facing him, or unless his men were not prepared to fight.

On the way, Pedro pointed out small bridges and other obstacles, telling the Germans that they were all mined and ready to be blown up if the Germans attempted to force their passage. This, of course, was a mere invention on Pedro's part.

In the meantime additional Partisans were arriving, so that by the time Pedro and the German lieutenant returned to Musso there were almost 100 armed men to oppose the Germans. Nevertheless, the Germans were still stronger, as to both the number of their soldiers and their armament; in addition to the armored car there were twenty-nine trucks with soldiers and eight passenger cars.

While Pedro and the German lieutenant were away, the Germans in the convoy left the trucks, spoke with the population, and smoked.

Pedro knew that there were no Partisans between Dubino, a village on the way to Morbegno, and Morbegno. He therefore left the German officer in Dubino and went on alone to where "Nicola," the commander of the Garibaldi Division, had his headquarters. Nicola did not have much in the way of additional reinforcements to give Pedro and left it to him to obtain the best possible terms, disarming the Germans if possible.

Pedro returned to Dubino and told the German officer that he was authorized to allow the Germans to keep their arms provided they gave up all the Italians in the convoy. The Germans were to submit their vehicles to a search at Dongo, in order that this condition might be carried out.

Pedro realized that he did not have enough men to force the Germans to disarm at Dongo. Furthermore the terrain there was not so advantageous as farther up the lake at Ponte del Passo, which the convoy would have to traverse on the way to Chiavenna. The Partisans hoped that they could muster enough people to disarm the Germans there.

The German lieutenant said that he would have to consult his colleagues. Pedro and the German returned to Musso early in the afternoon. After speaking with others in the convoy, the German lieutenant informed Pedro that he was ready to accept his con-

ditions but that he could not guarantee the behavior of the Italian armored car.

5

THE German convoy arrived at Dongo about 3.00 P.M. In accordance with Commander Pedro's instructions, Bill arranged for the search of all the vehicles, distributing this job among several Partisans. The Germans, numbering perhaps 200 men, still had their arms. One could expect a group of this size and fire-power to put up considerable resistance and to impose its will, at least temporarily, on the Partisans, whose armament was much inferior and who, it was reasonable to suppose, were anxious to avoid an out-and-out fight. But the Germans did not want to fight for their Fascist allies, however important they might be.

There was much excitement in Dongo while the convoy was being searched. The Partisans soon found an Italian Air Corps officer who was wearing a German uniform. They also found a man, two women, and two small children who claimed to be Spanish and who produced Spanish papers showing that they were consular officials proceeding to Switzerland. The man spoke for all of them. In the confusion he produced three passports, one covering himself, another covering his wife, and the third covering them both and issued in the name of Don Juan Munez y Castillo. There was also another passport for the second woman in the car.

These documents had obviously been hurriedly fabricated; one of them gave 1912 as the date of the man's birth, the other had 1914. Instead of the usual pressed seal it had a rubber stamp. The children were chattering in Italian and asked who the man was who was interrogating them. When told he was a Partisan, they said that the Partisans were stupid and bad.

The Spaniards were told that only the Germans could continue the trip and that they would have to remain in Dongo. Someone from the Partisans addressed the pseudo-Spanish consul in Spanish and ascertained that he did not speak the language. The "consul" and his wife were allowed to move into the local hotel, pending the further disposition of their case. The other woman, who later on proved to be Claretta Petacci, Mussolini's mistress, was taken to the Municipal Building.

Bill had just finished searching the second German truck when one of the eleventh-hour Partisans ran up to him saying that he had discovered a very suspicious-looking German in the truck farther down the column. Bill and the Partisan went immediately to this truck and saw a man crouching on the floor with his back against the railing. He wore a German overcoat with raised collar and helmet.

Standing on the ground, Bill reached up and touched the suspect's back, calling out to him, "Camerata." The man did not move; Bill then ad-

dressed him as "Eccellenza"; still there was no reaction from the man. "Cavaliere Benito Mussolini," cried Bill, and the man's back shook. Bill jumped into the truck accompanied by the Partisan.

The German soldiers who were in the truck when the first search was conducted had got out of the vehicle and were standing around it. One of them said that there was a drunken "Kamerad" lying in the truck and that he should not be bothered. Bill answered that he would see for himself and approached the man he had just spoken to, who was surrounded by a pile of blankets and was still crouching on the floor, holding a submachine gun between his knees. Bill could not see his features, and he unceremoniously removed the German helmet, revealing the well-known bald head of Il Duce.

Realizing that he was recognized, Mussolini stood up and said, "I am not resisting." Bill took the submachine gun from him and handed it to the Partisan. He then took Mussolini by his left arm while the Partisan took his right arm and the trio were ready to step out of the truck. Bill was expecting the German soldiers to open fire and he thought that his last minute had come. It was not reasonable to assume that the Germans would give up Mussolini so easily. Il Duce told him later that the Germans had been instructed to shoot the minute he was discovered. However, no one lifted a finger in Il Duce's defense — instead the Germans obligingly lowered the folding steps at the back of the truck and Mussolini with his captors stepped to the ground.

Mussolini was obviously dejected but tried to put up a bold front. On the way to the near-by Municipal Building, Bill told Il Duce that he would guarantee his personal safety as long as he was in his custody. Mussolini gave a sigh of relief. A Partisan led the way while Bill followed Il Duce with a drawn revolver. He noticed that Mussolini had an automatic pistol hanging from his belt and he took it away from him.

Il Duce was placed in a big room, on the ground floor of the Municipal Building, on the left-hand side of the main entrance. Upon entering this room, he threw off the German overcoat and exclaimed, "Enough of all things German! They have betrayed me for the second time." Whether this remark referred to the German escort's unwillingness to fight it out with the Partisans in order to protect him or whether he had something else in mind is not clear.

A number of armed Partisans were placed in the room to guard Mussolini. He remarked that his captors need not worry as he would not run away. Bill remained with Il Duce for a while, plying him with questions.

"Where is your son Vittorio?"

"I don't know."

"Where is Graziani?"

"I am not sure, but I believe he is in Como; he betrayed me at the last moment and refused to come along."

"Why were you in a truck when some of your Ministers were riding in an armored car?"

Mussolini muttered something again about being betrayed.

6

ON THE following day when the arrest of Mussolini and his Ministers became widely known, stories of the circumstances surrounding his capture were circulated in the countryside near-by and in Como and Milan. Almost all of these were untruthful. The newspaper reports were also far from authentic — even the locality in which he was captured was given incorrectly. The few eyewitnesses of the various episodes remained on the spot and there was a general reticence on their part to relate the exact circumstances and the role which they themselves had played.

One of the widely accepted but incorrect statements was that Mussolini was kicked and generally maltreated when first discovered in the German convoy. A thorough investigation in Musso and Dongo, including frank and friendly conversations with several participants in the capture and with other eyewitnesses, revealed the fact that the behavior of the Partisans and of the local population was restrained and that neither Mussolini nor the other prisoners were exposed to any maltreatment.

As a matter of fact, the civilian population had almost no direct contact with the prisoners during the little more than twenty-four hours which elapsed from the time of the capture to the execution. The Partisans were a disciplined formation led by Pedro, a man of excellent background, who was obeyed without question by his men. Furthermore it is probable that the instinctive fear of the Fascist authorities with which the entire population was imbued was still strong enough in the minds of the "patriots" to induce in itself sufficient restraint towards their prisoners. The fact that their newly won supremacy was but a few hours old and might be challenged at any moment by the Fascist troops, such as the various Black Shirt divisions stationed only a few miles away, must have exercised considerable influence on their minds.

The telephone communications between Dongo and Como were interrupted by the Partisans. The Partisan road blocks between Gravedona and Menaggio stopped practically all traffic, as the Partisans were taking no chances of letting any traveler pass from the territory under their control into the surroundings of Como, which were still infested with Fascist formations. It was therefore by a mere chance that the authoritative news of the capture of Mussolini reached the CLNAI in Milan. It happened in the following way.

"Carlo," commander of one of the small Partisan detachments, had his headquarters at Gera Lario, a village at the northern end of Lake Como. When he heard that a large German-Italian convoy in which

Mussolini was traveling had been stopped by the Partisans at Dongo, several miles away, he decided to go there.

To satisfy himself that Mussolini had really been captured, he went to the Municipal Building and saw Il Duce with his own eyes. Carlo returned to Gera Lario and went to the offices of the Idro Elettrica Comacina, where there was a private line to the company's headquarters in Milan. At 5.30 p.m. he telephoned Milan and spoke to an engineer of the company, instructing him to communicate to the CLNAI that Mussolini was really captured. An hour later an answer came over the same line with instructions to guard Mussolini carefully, to take every precaution that he should not escape, and in the meantime not to harm him in any way. Carlo communicated these instructions to Commander Pedro and to Bill.

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EVEN before receiving these instructions, Pedro decided that the location of Dongo on the main road, with its relative proximity to Como and Menaggio, might present an opportunity for a Fascist coup to liberate Mussolini. He therefore decided to move Il Duce to Germasino, a small village in the hills near-by.

The approach to Germasino is not easy. The road is narrow and has a number of hairpin curves. At a height of about 1900 feet are the barracks of the Guardia di Finanza, a detachment of which was charged with the surveillance of the near-by Italian-Swiss frontier. The Guardia di Finanza as a body had been very sympathetic to the Partisans in their strife against the Fascists. The Germasino detachment lent them arms on several occasions and during the cold winter months they often allowed Pedro's Partisans to spend the night in their barracks. Many members of this frontier unit openly went over to the Partisans and served in the ranks of the Garibaldi Division long before the final overthrow of the Fascist regime. The Partisans could therefore count on the discretion and assistance of this particular unit when they were looking for a place to keep Mussolini.

Between 6.30 and 7.00 p.m. Pedro took Mussolini and Porta from the place of their detention at Dongo and drove them to Germasino, accompanied by a brigadier of the Guardia di Finanza and a fervent patriot. The small car in which they climbed the steep road was followed by a somewhat larger car with eight Partisans as guards; seven more were following on foot and arrived at the barracks in due course.

Mussolini was taken into the office on the second floor of the main building, belonging to Antonio Spadea, local commander of the Guardia di Finanza. While still on the stairs, Pedro asked Mussolini whether he had any special requests to make. Upon entering Spadea's office, Mussolini took Pedro aside

and, in a hushed voice, asked the Partisan chief to do him a great favor. He asked Pedro to tell the lady who was traveling with the Spanish consul and his wife that he was well and that everything seemed to be in order. Pedro asked who the lady was and Mussolini answered that she was a good friend of his.

"But who is she?" insisted Pedro.

"La Petacci," said Mussolini, lowering his voice still further.

Leaving fifteen Partisan guards, mostly eleventh-hour recruits, to guard Il Duce, Pedro went back to Dongo. Mussolini must have arrived at Germasino shortly after 7.00 p.m., and Pedro left for Dongo within half an hour.

On his return to the Municipal Building at Dongo, Pedro spoke alone to Claretta Petacci and told her of Mussolini's message. Petacci pretended at first not to understand, and expressed surprise that Il Duce should be sending any messages to her. Pedro abruptly said that Mussolini had confided in him and that she might do likewise. Petacci and Pedro then spoke frankly with each other for over an hour. She told him a good deal about her life and her relations with Il Duce. During this recital she cried several times. Evidently she made a decided impression on the young Partisan chief. Before leaving her, he asked her in turn whether she had any requests to make.

Petacci answered that she did not know what the Partisans were planning to do with her, but that she supposed they would release her before long. It was her desire however, she said, to stay with Il Duce even if it meant death, and she begged Pedro to let her join Mussolini wherever he was. Pedro said that he did not see how this could be done at that moment, but he promised to do it later if it was at all possible.

Shortly after one o'clock that night (April 28) Pedro returned to Germasino. On arriving at the barracks, he learned that Mussolini had been placed in a cell on the third floor. Il Duce was lying in bed but was not asleep. Pedro told him that he regretted disturbing him, but he had come to move him to another place. Il Duce said he had expected such a move, as he did not think he would be left in Germasino long. He dressed and went to the office on the floor below. Pedro told him that he would have to have his head bandaged in order to prevent possible recognition on the way.

Pedro was planning to take Mussolini all the way to Como and he was afraid that some Partisan road block might mistake him for a Fascist liberating Mussolini. There was still a great deal of confusion in the countryside and little coördination between the various Partisan units covering different sectors of the main road to Como. Pedro and Mussolini descended the steep hill road from Germasino to Dongo. Not far from the latter, in a prearranged spot, they met the car with Claretta Petacci, escorted by Captain "Neri," chief of Pedro's staff, and "Pietro," another Partisan.

In Moltrasio, a few kilometers from Como, Pedro heard a good deal of shooting. It was continuous and strong, indicating a fairly large number of fighters. Pedro and Neri thought that this might be an attempt by some Fascist formations to force their way to Dongo to liberate Mussolini. They decided that it would not be safe to proceed farther and they went into consultation as to where Mussolini and Petacci should be taken. Neri described a house in Bonzanigo di Mezzegra, a remote settlement in the hills above Azzano. He himself had spent many a night in this house, hiding from Fascist pursuit, and he knew the owners, simple country folk, very well. He was absolutely sure of their discretion and loyalty. Everyone agreed that this was a good place and both cars retraced their way to Azzano, some 15 or 20 kilometers distant. Mussolini and Petacci had passed through Azzano on their way to Musso and Dongo, in the German convoy.

Both on their way to Como and on the return trip, the cars were stopped by the Partisans several times. Pedro and Neri said that they were transporting some wounded Partisans and they were allowed to proceed.

8

At Azzano, at the intersection of the main road with the country road leading uphill to Bonzanigo, the cars stopped and the passengers all got out. Pedro, Neri, and Pietro escorted Mussolini and Petacci to the house selected as the next abode for them. The party took a short cut, avoiding the main country road. It was uphill going and it was raining. Petacci was very tired, so the party proceeded slowly, arriving at the house of Giacomo de Maria between 2.00 and 3.00 A.M.

The master of the house was awakened. He readily offered his hospitality to the wounded German couple — that is how Mussolini and Petacci were introduced to him. On entering the dwelling, Mussolini greeted his hosts with “Buona sera.”

The humble mistress of the house asked for a little time to tidy up the room on the third floor, in which their two sons were sleeping. They were awakened and sent into the mountains to a hut belonging to the family. Pedro asked the woman to use new and clean linen, if possible, and to put the best there was at the disposal of the couple. He added that they might remain for two or three days. The good woman did as she was told, never imagining who her guests were. When the wounded man was offered coffee in the kitchen, he abruptly said he didn’t want it. He generally had a commanding attitude, although he looked old and tired. Shortly afterwards the couple were taken upstairs.

Their room had one entrance door and a window in the same wall. A double bed was placed parallel to this wall. At the head of the bed hung three cheap religious pictures. Against the opposite wall stood a small iron washstand, while on the wall facing the

window hung a discolored photograph of a cousin of the mistress of the house, killed during World War I. Wooden chairs completed the furnishings of this small whitewashed room.

The couple brought no suitcases or other belongings, except that the woman had a foulard kerchief with a pair of shoes tied in it, and a blue fur-lined cap that tied under the chin. The couple also had with them a gray Italian Army blanket which was placed on the bed when Petacci said that she was cold.

Mussolini hardly spoke at all, but did ask for two pillows. Petacci asked for a comb and various other things. In the room upstairs, Mussolini took off his bandages. The peasant owner of the house was in the room at that moment and recognized him, but kept still and said nothing to his wife. The Partisan who was mounting guard in the small hall adjoining the room locked the door from the outside, and two Partisans were left in the house to take turns in guarding Mussolini. Pedro, Neri, Pietro, and the rest departed.

The couple slept until almost midday (Saturday, April 28). Upon arising, Petacci asked for polenta, a kind of corn meal, and for some milk. Two portions of this were brought up, together with a plate of salami and rationed bread. Petacci ate with appetite; Mussolini took only two slices of salami and some bread. He did not drink the milk, just as the evening before he had refused coffee, and drank some water instead. Was he afraid of being poisoned?

Mussolini looked rested and much younger after the night’s sleep. He washed but didn’t shave. He spoke very little and looked sad. To anything that was said to him, he invariably answered “Bene, bene.”

In the meantime, the inhabitants of the village were much excited because the rumor had spread that in the afternoon of the previous day Mussolini had passed on the main road below. The mistress of the house remained inside the entire morning, but her husband went out, working around the house, and even walked in the village. He never said a word about his guests, whose presence thus remained unknown until the moment of their departure. Someone in the house mentioned the fact that the American troops had reached Como. Opening his door, Mussolini asked whether this was true, and received an affirmative reply. He was visibly moved by the news.

About four o’clock, a “Colonel Valerio” and Pietro arrived at the house. Valerio was escorted to the room upstairs by Giacomo, who remained outside. After knocking, Valerio entered the room. From behind the closed door, Giacomo distinctly heard him urging Mussolini and Petacci to leave with him at once. Valerio kept repeating that there was no time to lose. In a few minutes, Il Duce and Petacci left the house. Petacci was leaning on Mussolini’s arm, pale and crying. Mussolini was making a show of boldness and was pulling her with him.

Colonel Valerio, representing the CLNAI and General Cadorna, Commander-in-Chief of the Corpo Volontari della Libertà, had arrived in Dongo about one o'clock on Saturday, April 28. He identified himself to Pedro and produced a document stating that he belonged to the Milan Partisan headquarters and was charged with an important mission in the execution of which all Partisan formations were instructed to assist him. He told Pedro that his mission was to execute Mussolini, Petacci, and various Fascist dignitaries. After some hesitation Pedro accepted Valerio as his superior officer, whom he was to assist in carrying out his mission.

9

VALERIO had neither specific written orders nor a list of persons to be executed, a fact which is not surprising since there were no reliable communications between Dongo and Milan and since the Central Committee in Milan did not even know exactly who were in the Partisans' custody. Valerio therefore asked Pedro for a list of persons and the places of their detention. Such a list, with a grand total of 49 captured at Musso and Dongo, was shown him. It included not only the Ministers and dignitaries but also chauffeurs and others. In addition to Mussolini and Claretta Petacci, Valerio selected sixteen others: Alessandro Pavolini, Francesco Barracu, Paolo Porta, Nicola Bombacci, Vito Casalnuovo, Ernesto Daquanno, Pietro Callistri, Goffredo Coppola, Augusto Liverani, Luigi Gatti, Ruggero Romano, Mario Nudi, Fernando Mezzasoma, Paolo Zerbino, Uttinperger, and Marcello Petacci.

It was only upon the arrival of Valerio at Dongo that the "Spaniard" who was in the car with Claretta was identified as her brother Marcello. Valerio arrived believing that the person in question was Vittorio Mussolini. As this "Spaniard" continued to deny that he was Vittorio, Colonel Valerio gave orders to Bill to have him taken to the local cemetery and be given three minutes to divulge his identity, failing which he would be shot at once.

Marcello Petacci then told who he was and, when asked for proof, referred to his real documents concealed in the room of the hotel where he had spent the night. The documents were duly found. His name was then added to those who were to be shot.

On the pretext that he came to "liberate" them, Valerio took Mussolini and Petacci from the house at Bonzanigo about four o'clock. Il Duce was wearing an iron-gray overcoat with his collar pulled up and a cap pulled down over his eyes. Claretta Petacci was wearing a simple gray suit and a silk kerchief on her head. Both wore black riding boots. The escort consisted of Colonel Valerio, the Partisan Pietro, and the two Partisans who stood guard during the night. Il Duce and his mistress first walked up the hill on Via del Reale and then took Via Mainoni l'Intignato. Halfway down that street, Mussolini

suddenly looked as if he were going to collapse, but he immediately regained his composure. The few people who were on the street at that time were ordered to go away, but there were several persons still tarrying who saw the procession.

Via Mainoni l'Intignato leads to a small piazza in which there is a long stone basin, with constantly running water, the wash place of the village. At the eastern end of the piazza there is an archway which marks the beginning of Via 24 Maggio, which winds down to Azzano, passing through Giulino. Waiting at the entrance to the archway was Valerio's car. The party stopped there. It was rather dark under the archway and the place would have been fitting for an execution. However, the presence of two persons near-by, and of two others near the wash basin a short distance away, made this site impracticable.

They got into the car and were driven along Via 24 Maggio, reaching the small settlement of Giulino di Mezzegra and stopping in front of a gate bearing the number 14. At this point, the road turns slightly and nothing on it can be seen from the north. A sharp curve preceding this point in the road conceals the view from the south. Looking down and to the left from the gate, towards the lake, one can see the trees of Tremezzo. Beyond the lake is the country around Bellagio.

Behind the gate, a short way up, stands the Villa Belmonte, to which gate 14 is the entrance. Among these beautiful surroundings, Valerio made Mussolini and Petacci leave the car, pretending that he heard a suspicious noise which he wanted to investigate. Startled and dumfounded, they heard their death sentence suddenly read to them by the man from Milan. Mussolini was then ordered to move a few paces away towards the stone wall at the northern end of the gate. Almost simultaneously Colonel Valerio's gun rang out. He was standing somewhat to the side of Mussolini, and his five shots caught Il Duce obliquely in the chest, bringing him to his knees. Il Duce slumped, first falling to his knees, then leaning sideways against the wall.

It was then Petacci's turn — she lifted her arms in a desperate gesture, received several bullets in the chest, and fell by the side of her lover, their bodies touching. The time of the execution must have been between 4.15 and 4.30 p.m.

Valerio then returned to Dongo, where he arrived shortly before 5.00 p.m. In the meantime, the prisoners held at Germasino were brought to Dongo. Upon Valerio's return the preparations for the execution of the sixteen persons previously selected were promptly made.

Padre Acurio Ferrari, a priest from a neighboring monastery, asked Colonel Valerio for permission to give the last rites of the Church to anyone who might wish them. Ministers Romano and Liverani had previously sent word that they would like to receive religious comfort from a priest. Colonel Valerio said that the Padre could have three minutes for that purpose. When the monk remonstrated that this

was hardly sufficient time for so many people, Valerio replied that military exigencies did not allow any extension.

After receiving absolution "en masse" the prisoners were told to turn around and face the lake. It became obvious that they were to be shot in the back. Barracu then pleaded for the right to face the firing squad because of two gold medals, the highest Italian awards for bravery, he had earned during World War I. Valerio flatly refused this request. The prisoners shouted three times, "Evviva l'Italia!" and the platoon of execution, composed of Valerio's men from Milan augmented by several local Partisans, opened fire. It was exactly 5.17 P.M. Several prisoners were not killed by the first volley. A few struggled on the ground; one tried to get up. The platoon of execution continued to fire until there was no sign of life. It was all over.

Marcello Petacci was not executed with the rest, although Valerio included him among those to be shot. When he was led out from a separate cell, in which he had been confined, the other prisoners,

already assembled in the Piazza, shouted that they would not have him executed with them because they did not want to have the blood of the villain and the spy mix with their own. Valerio yielded to the determined and angry shouting of the prisoners and Petacci was led away.

Immediately thereafter, he was led out again and conducted to the scene of execution. He broke down completely, cried and begged for mercy. Within sight of the corpses of those who had just died, he made a desperate attempt to escape by jumping into the lake. The Partisans opened fire from the shore and he was killed in the water. The body was later retrieved and added to the rest.

A truck took all the bodies from Dongo to Azzano. Mussolini and Petacci were brought down to the same spot from Giulino di Mezzegra. Neither of them lost any blood at the place of execution, but when Mussolini's body was being placed in a truck at Azzano, it suddenly started bleeding profusely and a large puddle formed on the pavement. The truck with all the bodies then started for Milan.



CHILDREN IN GERMANY

by NORA WALN

1

IN THE Bavarian hills, one of the loveliest parts of this earth, Berta and I sat by a wide window in her house. The white-capped summits, the evergreens, the wild ducks on the inland sea, the tinkle of cowbells, combined to give the place an atmosphere of peace. Close by were great stacks of wood which she had ready for winter, and similar woodpiles stood near every house in sight. But when I leaned forward in my chair and peered round to the left, I could see on a ledge of rock a large German gun with its camouflage torn away, a grim reminder of the Nazis who put it there to dominate the valley.

Berta had asked me to visit her, sending the invitation to me at the Third Army press camp by an American Army officer stationed near her home. Her husband is a German Army officer held prisoner by the Allied forces.

A Philadelphia Quaker who graduated from Swarthmore and who, after a protracted visit in the Orient, became the foster-daughter of an ancient Chinese family, NORA WALN is known on both sides of the Atlantic for her two books, *The House of Exile* and *Reaching for the Stars*. With her English husband, who was studying the violin, she was living in Germany and in Czechoslovakia in those two crucial years, 1937 and 1938. This is the third of several articles which she will send to us as the *Atlantic* correspondent in the American zone.

The houses and barns dotting the landscape were all neatly painted. The houses had white walls with colored pictures painted on them — pictures of rural scenes, or just bouquets of flowers. They had doors and window frames and balconies of brown wood, and wide roofs with overhanging eaves.

The men wear leather breeches and green hats ornamented with feathers; and the women, printed-cotton dresses with puff sleeves and pretty aprons. Berta had on such a dress, blue and white, and her blonde hair was in an attractive plait round her head. She closed the window to shut out the cold. Two teams passed, drawing wagons loaded with potatoes. The children who went by on their way home from school looked more warmly dressed and better nourished than the children of the British Isles. I was thinking of this when an American Army truck went down the road loaded with fish.

"They are taking hundreds of these fish out of the lakes of Bavaria," said Berta. "Carting the fish away, taking our dairy products, killing our deer for meat, taking our potatoes."

"After your war of 1914 to 1918," I reminded her, "people had plenty in some parts of your country and in other parts they starved to death."

"That was wrong," said she.

"Of course it was wrong."

"It was caused by the profiteers — the Jews."

"Who is catching the fish?" I asked her.

"Germans," answered she. "Germans under the direction of the American Army. They are fishing the lakes too close. They are spoiling the whole fishery system. After this season there won't be any."

She turned from the window with tears in her eyes.

"We are going to have a grim winter, a bitter Christmas. We are even short of salt. You Americans have butter, white bread, and everything."

"We Americans are not eating your food," I said. "I brought my rations with me. American food is brought in for Americans. You invited me to your house. I can go back to the camp if you wish."

"Don't go." She laid her hand on mine. "Please don't go. I am so lonesome. Let us read together — poetry or a novel. Better still, I have a linen breakfast cloth ready stamped with a pattern. We can start work on it, each doing a side."

My mood was stubborn. I could not read or sew with her and I rudely kept on talking: "Berta, this food which is being taken in one part of our zone in your country is taken for distribution in the less fortunate parts. It goes to Germans of the bombed cities who would otherwise starve. It is shared by destitute people whom the Nazis brought into your country as slave labor, people who cannot yet get back to their native lands. And it goes to concentration camp victims."

"That is good," she replied. "Still it is hard on the Bavarians. The people here work hard to produce food and they have always had enough to be well fed. They give you no trouble. They like you much better than they did Nazism. They hated it. But if there is famine in Bavaria this winter, there will be rebellion. There will be American soldiers shot, food stores robbed, ugly uprisings."

I did not answer. Instead, I tried to tell her about an UNRRA camp which I had visited just before I accepted her invitation, a depot for orphan children. I had stayed two days and had the pleasure of helping to care for the little ones brought in there from all over our zone. Berta listened with interest. She asked who the children were. I told her that they were Czechs, Norwegians, Poles, French, Belgians, Dutch, Yugoslavs, Russians — children from every country that the soldiers of her country overran; and that some of them were Germans, the sons and daughters of political opponents of Nazism.

"The camp is an assembly center," I said. "The children are examined when they are brought in. They are given medical care, nursed to health enough for traveling, outfitted with good clothes. Some of the bigger ones have whip marks on their backs and wounds that came from bayonet prodding. All those big enough to work have been used in forced labor. The babies are frail, undersized, but so lovely."

"The camps were terrible," said Berta. "Every man and woman and child in Germany ran the danger

of being sent to such imprisonment. Fear was a whip they had over us."

She brought the conversation back to food for Germans in Germany, saying, "You have had the chance to travel over my country. Since the war ended I have not been even as far as Munich. Do you think that there will be starvation?"

"There is hunger, malnutrition, death, for want of food," I answered. "Everywhere that I have been I have seen our men doing the best they can about it."

"Hunger?" she stared. "We had many bad things under the Nazis, but economically they were competent. We did not have starvation."

"Didn't you?"

"Well," she finally responded, "perhaps we did. I never saw it, but I heard rumors that food was used as a political weapon. Those who openly opposed the Nazi Party may have been deprived of food. That was wrong."

"But look," she said, her mood changing as she pointed to a group of Polish Jews who were walking past her home, staring as they loitered by. "Look at them. They are rude and they are dirty. Homes in this neighborhood have been taken from their owners and given to Polish Jews. Some of the nicest homes. The owners had to get out with just half an hour of notice. They could not pack up and take away their own personal belongings. They were allowed to move no more than each could carry."

"Those Poles are nicely dressed," I remarked.

"They are not wearing their own clothes. They have remade the clothes they found in the homes, clothes they have stolen. They give parties to one another. They are using up the stored food and wine. They have broken the locks in every home where they have been given shelter."

When the Poles had passed I asked her: "If this winter you are hungry, do you realize that others went hungry because of you for years?"

This is a question that I have been asking women whose cupboards are filled with fine clothes and good food, women with beautiful jewels, and stores buried in their gardens. They are the sweethearts, the wives, the sisters, the daughters, and the mothers of the German men who set out to conquer and rule. All over Germany I have found women who have had the luxuries of Europe as a tribute from German men. Berta's response to my probing was but an echo of what others have said.

"Men ran the government," she replied. "We women could do nothing but obey."

2

IN Hessen at Wolfsgarten near Egelsbach, sitting round a table on which lay a letter from Clarence Pickett of the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia, we talked of the misery in Germany. I was the only American present. The others were our hostess, — an Englishwoman, Princess Margaret

of Hessen, daughter of Sir Auckland Campbell Geddes, who was at one time Ambassador to Washington, — Princess Christoff of Greece, Princess Oulie, granddaughter of the Kaiser, and Luise Sixt von Arnim, called "Sister Luise."

We spoke first of the children — the lost children of the bombed cities, whose parents cannot be found, and the newborn children of poor mothers who have neither food nor shelter for them. These babies born to mothers who have no milk in their breasts and no other food to give them die shortly after birth.

"Do you think that your country will eventually help with this problem? What will the Quakers do?" my hostess asked, and I had to say I did not know.

She has two hospitals under her care. She takes in sick babies up to two years of age, Jew and Gentile; children from cellars, from homes with a hole in the roof; lost children and the newborn. The hospital at Odenwald shelters up to ninety. The one at Rimdidim up to sixty. She mentioned the difficulty of keeping the little ones alive because of the scarcity of medicines and food that sick children need. They sink under a cold; their chilblains fester and will not heal.

"The war has come to an end. Grownups caused it. Children have no part in the guilt. Surely there must be help, not hate, for the child of a conquered land."

I could give no assurance that help will come from our country for the German children, the German old, or the uprooted peasants. We talked of the plight of the German farmers ejected from the places where their ancestors have lived for generations — folk sent from east of the Oder and the Neisse and from Czechoslovakia; people who trek forward, losing their children along the way, leaving the old and the sick to die, trying to live on the land they enter, and finding town after town closed against them. We talked of the bare feet, the physical and mental condition of these unwanted people, of their hunger and growing hopelessness.

And as the conversation went on, the task which confronts our men in the zone they must administer in Germany seemed greater than mortal man can do. Their Christmas over here will be one in which they will need all the remembrance and love that the home folks can send them.

While my thoughts were away the others talked.

"When I was growing up, there was a general idea among many religious people that suffering in some mysterious way redeemed the sinner," said Sister Luise. "I have lived now sixty years and I think it takes Christ to redeem the sinner. I try to walk in His footsteps healing and helping through love. Each of us ought to do what she can. I feel that my call is to search for the members of scattered families, bring them together, and somehow get them settled. What I can do is little, but that little I will do."

Sister Luise is small, just over five feet. She has a sweet face, a happy face, and capable, comfortable hands. She travels considerably because she has the

protection of the Soviet authorities. She carries a special paper as her identity card. Among them she is known as "the little grandmother."

She was in the United States, where she had been living for ten years, when she heard God tell her to go back to her native land as He had work for her there. She returned when the Nazis were in power. Until arrested she worked at breaking people from their Führer worship, winning them for Christ. The Gestapo could not understand her. They mistook her for an American or British spy. Searching her papers, they found among them one bestowing British citizenship on her. Her direct, straight answers that she was a German come home at God's bidding seemed to bother them also. She was condemned to hard labor and confined in one of the vilest of the Nazi prisons — Yauer in Silesia.

She survived the hard labor, the low diet, the repeated questioning, the beatings, the pinchers, and other tortures. Nothing broke her spirit. But the Gestapo never ceased to think that she had information which they wanted. She was a helpless skeleton when the Soviet soldiers liberated her.

"They gave me back my life," she told us. "Never will I forget it. They set me free to work and they help me."

On arrival at the prison, the Soviet soldiers looked into everyone's record. They nursed her to sufficient health for her to answer and then questioned her in an examination which took five days. After that everything was all right. She was sent to a good hospital and was given everything she needed. The energy she has seems amazing at her age after what she has been through.

When one has been much among the Germans, there is relief in talking with our own people. I went up the elevator in the Headquarters Building, U. S. Forces, European Theater, nicknamed the "Junior Pentagon," and called on Colonel Wilson of our Public Health Department. It takes hard effort and a crusading spirit to control the spread of diseases. The more I see, the more I realize that the job for which the war was fought is not yet accomplished. And as winter approaches, the problems multiply.

"The winter will be a critical time," Colonel Wilson reminded me. "Even in summer in Berlin the infant mortality rate was ten times that in the United States. We had 1148 deaths out of 2866 births in August. Adults are underweight with no reserve against a continued deficit of caloric intake. The consumption of food is below the minimum required in a large proportion of the population. There just is not enough food here for the need. It is the same over most of Europe."

When we had talked for a while, he suddenly said: "We must succeed in Germany this time. We must not fail our dead, our wounded, our children. We cannot do this tremendous task alone. We must let Christ in."

(To be continued)

JOHN STEINBECK: NOVELIST AT WORK

by LEWIS GANNETT

1

CRITICS have had a holiday detecting exotic symbolism in John Steinbeck's work. Perhaps they are there. He would be the last man to affirm or to deny it. To inquirers for biographical data he has been known to reply: "Please feel free to make up your own facts about me as you need them. I can't remember how much of me really happened and how much I invented. . . . Biography by its very nature must be half fiction."

Nonetheless, in John Steinbeck's letters to his literary agents, McIntosh and Otis, covering almost fifteen years of partnership in creative writing, appears a singularly honest and revealing record of what John Steinbeck himself thought about what he was writing, when he was writing it.

Steinbeck has been interested in writing as long as he can remember. When he was four, he discovered, to his flabbergasted delight, that "high" rhymed with "fly," and from that day to this the permutations and combinations of words have charmed and fascinated him. He wrote for the Salinas, California, high school paper, *El Gabilan*, in 1919, when he was president of the senior class and on the basketball and track teams. He wrote during his intermittent sessions at Stanford University. In the early 1920's he functioned briefly as a reporter for the *New York Journal*, but he didn't like that; he wanted to do his own kind of writing. He wrote hard for almost fifteen years before he had his first success. He has always written more than he has published. Indeed, he destroyed two full-length novels before *Cup of Gold*, his first published novel, made its appearance in 1929.

It was in 1930 that Steinbeck began his long association with his literary agency. It was a new firm then, consisting of Mavis McIntosh and Elizabeth Otis, with Annie Laurie Williams as associated theatrical agent. Mary Squire Abbott joined the firm in 1931, Mildred Lyman several years later, and in the 1940's Miss McIntosh left. The firm's office

became John Steinbeck's office and home whenever he was in New York. In his early years he consulted its partners for literary advice and sometimes for literary consolation. In later years the firm became his bookkeepers, his guards against an intrusive public, and, most important of all, his friends.

His letters, at first shyly impersonal, grow increasingly warm; eventually they become comfortable, casual, intimate, family letters. The agents believed in Steinbeck from the first; they tried, mostly in vain, to market his early stories. But Steinbeck no more lost faith in them than they in him; in fact, at times he seems to have had more faith in his agents than in himself.

"I think I told you that the imperfections of *The Unknown God* [an earlier version of *To a God Unknown*] had bothered me ever since I first submitted the book for publication," the young author wrote in August, 1931, before his agents had succeeded in marketing any book of his. "Your announcement of the book's failure to find a public is neither unwelcome nor unpleasant to me. . . . I shall rewrite it. Whether my idea of excellence coincides with editors' ideas remains to be seen. Certainly I shall make no effort to 'popularize' the story. . . . Thank you for your help. I am an unprofitable client."

Times changed. Six years later, when the tide had turned, Steinbeck wrote a brief note to the same agents: "Dear All: Acknowledging another check. Since I took your course I have sold. Do you want a testimonial?" Many authors, when success comes to them, shift restlessly from one agent and from one publisher to another. Steinbeck has never left a publisher who remained interested in his work; he has never had any agent but McIntosh and Otis.

Pastures of Heaven, Steinbeck's second published book, had a rather bewildering publishing history due to an epidemic of upsets in the New York book world. Robert Ballou, editor for Cape and Smith when he first saw the manuscript, recognized the quality of the book on first reading and accepted it with enthusiasm. Even before it had appeared in America, he wrote Martin Secker of London that it was "one of the most distinguished novels I have ever read in manuscript."

Critic and journalist, LEWIS GANNETT took his A.B. and his A.M. at Harvard and in 1916 broke into print as a reporter on the staff of the *New York World*. He covered the Peace Conference for the *Survey*, visited Russia and the Orient for the *Nation*, and in 1931 became daily book critic of the *New York Herald Tribune*, a post which he has filled with firmness and distinction.

Before *Pastures of Heaven* appeared, Steinbeck had written several drafts of *To a God Unknown*, which no publisher then wanted. He had also finished a book called *Dissonant Symphony*, which was equally unmarketable; this he later withdrew, saying that, on rereading, he was ashamed of it. He had even written a murder mystery which he thought "might help pay for coffee." He had been groping, experimenting, finding his way. In *Pastures* he first struck what was to become known as the Steinbeck vein.

He announced his theme early in 1931. "There is, about twelve miles from Monterey, a valley in the hills called Corral de Tierra," he wrote. "Because I am using some of its people I am calling it Las Pasturas del Cielo. The valley was for years known as the happy valley because of the unique harmony which existed among its twenty families. They are ordinary people, ill educated but honest, and as kindly as any. In fact, in their whole history I cannot find that they have committed a really malicious act or an act which was not dictated by humble expediency or out-and-out altruism. There have been two murders, a suicide, many quarrels and a great deal of unhappiness in the Pastures of Heaven, and all of these things can be traced to the influence of the A—s. So much is true. I am using the following method. The manuscript is made up of stories, each one complete in itself, having its rise, climax and ending. Each story deals with a family or an individual. They are tied together only by the common locality and the common contact with the A—s. I am trying to show this peculiar evil cloud which follows the A—s. Some of the stories are very short and some as long as 15,000 words. . . . I wonder whether you think this a good plan."

McIntosh and Otis didn't keep carbons in those days, and there is no record to show whether they thought it a good plan. The book, of course, turned out a little differently; everything Steinbeck has ever written has grown and changed in the process of coming to birth. He learns a good deal about his stories, and his characters, in the process of writing.

Pastures of Heaven appeared in 1932; it had a friendly critical reception, but sold few copies. *To a God Unknown* appeared in 1933; it sold even less well. Robert Ballou had to "remainder" the unsold copies of both books, and neither sold even as well as *Cup of Gold*. When, after the success of *Tortilla Flat* in 1935, Pascal Covici bought the remaining unbound sheets and took over rights to the two books, he discovered to his amazement that the sales had not paid even for the pitifully small advances made to Steinbeck. With three published books, Steinbeck's total sales were fewer than three thousand.

Steinbeck never expected large sales; all his later successes surprised him. When he sent the final version of *To a God Unknown* to his agents, in February, 1933, he explained: "The book was hellish hard to write. I had been making notes for it for about five years. It will probably be a hard book to sell. Its characters are not 'home folks.' They make

no more attempt at being human than the people in the Iliad. Boileau insisted that only gods, kings and heroes are worth writing about. I firmly believe that. The detailed accounts of the lives of clerks don't interest me much unless, of course, the clerk breaks into heroism. But I have no intention of trying to explain my book. It has to do that for itself. I would be sure of its effect if it could be stipulated that the reader read to an obbligo of Bach."

2

AT THAT time Steinbeck was so poor that he could not even afford a dog. He had had a big dog named Omar as a companion when, a hermit in the high Sierras, he wrote *Cup of Gold*. The first letter from him in the McIntosh and Otis files, after explaining the project for *Pastures of Heaven*, continued to report that "Tillie Eulenspiegel the Airedale has puppies, as sinful a crew as ever ruined rugs. Four of them found your letter and ate all of it but the address. I should imagine they were awed by the address if I had not learned that they hold nothing in reverence. At present they are out eating each other."

But in 1933 he needed a dog. That was the year he reread his manuscript of *Dissonant Symphony* and hastened to advise New York that he wanted it killed. "I reread my copy and was ashamed of it," he wrote. "The Murder I thought might be sold to a pulp if it were cut down. Even a little money would be better than a bundle of paper. We are very happy. I need a dog pretty badly. I dreamed of great numbers of dogs last night. They sat in a circle and looked at me and I wanted all of them. Apparently we are headed for the rocks. The light company is going to turn off the power in a few days but we don't care much. The rent is up pretty soon and then we shall move, I don't know where."

He was writing *Tortilla Flat* then, and, strange as that seems today, *Tortilla Flat* also proved hard to market. There is a tradition in Steinbeck's agents' office that eleven publishers rejected it, but the files preserve copies of only two turndowns. Finally Pascal Covici accepted *Tortilla Flat*, and ever since he has been John Steinbeck's publisher.

Steinbeck was puzzled, both before and after publication of *Tortilla Flat*, at the failure of critics and readers to distinguish his theme. "I want to write something about *Tortilla Flat*," he told his agents in March, 1934. "The book has a very definite theme. I thought it was clear enough. I had expected that the plan of the Arthurian cycle would be recognized. Even the incident of the Sangreal in the search of the forest is not clear enough, I guess. The form is that of the Malory version — the coming of Arthur, and the mystic quality of owning a house, the forming of the Round Table, the adventures of the knights and finally, the mystic translation of Danny. The main issue was to present a little known and to me delightful people.

"Is not this cycle or story or theme enough? Perhaps it is not enough because I have not made it clear enough. Then I must make it clearer. What do you think of putting in an interlocutor, who between each incident interprets the incident, morally, aesthetically, historically, but in the manner of the paisanos themselves? This would give the book much the appeal of the Gesta Romanorum, those outrageous tales with monkish morals appended, or of the Song of Solomon in the King James Version, with the delightful chapter headings which go to prove that the Shulamite is in reality Christ's Church. It would not be as sharp as this, of course. But the little dialogue would at least make clear the form of the book, its tragi-comic theme, and the different philosophic-moral system of these people.

"A cycle is there. You will remember that the association forms, flowers and dies. Far from having a hard theme running through the book, one of the intents is to show that rarely does anything in the lives of these people survive the night."

Obviously, John Steinbeck as a writer was never quite the naïve primitive discovered by some of his hoity-toity critics.

Fortunately, Steinbeck gave up the plan for an interlocutor; and readers of *Tortilla Flat* took it to their hearts, with or without the Arthurian cycle. It was Steinbeck's first experience of success, and that bothered him. He had written *Tortilla Flat* more rapidly and easily than some of its predecessors, and he remarked to his agents, "Curious that this second-rate book, written for relaxation, should cause this fuss. People are actually taking it seriously."

He added, in a vein that ran like a motif through his letters of those years, "I am scared to death of popularity. It has ruined everyone I know. That's one of the reasons I should like *In Dubious Battle* printed next. Myths form early, and I want no tag of humorist pinned on me, nor any other kind."

He was leery of the conventional publishers' publicity. "I am never photographed," he told his agents. "This is not temperament on my part, nor is it self-consciousness. I do not believe in mixing personality with work. It is customary, I guess, but I should like to break the custom. A public nauseated with personal detail would probably be more grateful than otherwise. . . . Please get this point over with enough force to make it stick for some time."

Steinbeck may have been wrong about the public's nausea with personal detail, but he stuck to his point. He was so convinced of it that, living out in California, he thought that even Alexander Woolcott must agree with him. After the Book-of-the-Month Club had taken *Of Mice and Men* and made Steinbeck a national figure, Woolcott asked for material he could use in a broadcast. The agents passed on the request to Steinbeck.

"I think you know my hatred of personal matter," he replied. "I hope you will get some of that impression over to Mr. Woolcott. On the other hand I should like to have him talk about the work. Factual

material doesn't matter, but tell him, please no personalities. I simply can't write books if a consciousness of self is thrust on me. Must have my anonymity. . . . Unless I can stand in a crowd without self-consciousness and watch things from an uneditorialized point of view, I'm going to have a hell of a hard time. I'm sure Mr. Woolcott will understand this. I'm sure that of his own experience he will know the pressures exerted by publicity are unendurable."

Mr. Woolcott knew far more than Steinbeck about the pressures exerted by publicity, but he was not the man to find any of them unendurable; he lived for limelight. Steinbeck, unhappy about the ballyhoo over *Mice* in 1937, could not then dream what pressures would be exerted on him after *The Grapes of Wrath*. But he was right in his attitude; the writer who becomes a public personality inevitably loses something of his normal attitude to his fellow men. He becomes an Author with a capital A, set apart from common men. It seldom helps.

Still, the royalties from *Tortilla Flat* and the later, much larger, returns from *Of Mice and Men* changed the material conditions of Steinbeck's life. "Life has become very beautiful since I got a kerosene heater for my workroom," he wrote. "Completely changed attitude toward all kinds of things. Warm hands are fine."

Tortilla Flat was sold to the movies for \$4000, which seemed big money to Steinbeck in those days, and on conventional terms which he later regretted. They gave him no control over changes made in the script. But in 1935 Steinbeck had not yet developed that passionate interest in dramatic forms and in the mass audience of the movies which was so powerfully to affect his career for the next decade. When a possible dramatization of *Tortilla Flat* was suggested in October, 1935, he instructed his agents to do as they thought best about it; he knew, he said, nothing of the process. When a movie contract was suggested, he again expressed indifference. "On an average," he wrote, "I go to about one movie a year."

"My stuff isn't picture material," he was still insisting in January, 1936. "If it is bought it is because of some attendant publicity. *Tortilla Flat* was the exception. There won't be a nibble on *In Dubious Battle* and if there were the producers would not use the story, and it is a conscientious piece of work. But there won't be anything lost. I'm not a popular writer in spite of the recent fluke."

3

In Dubious Battle was the first of three very different Steinbeck books dealing with the migratory farm laborers on the California fruit farms, and it was the bitterest of the three. "I guess it is a brutal book," he wrote when he was still at work on it, in February, 1935, "more brutal because there is no author's moral point of view. The speech of workingmen may seem a little bit racy to the ladies' clubs, but since ladies'

clubs won't believe that such things go on anyway, it doesn't matter. I know this speech and I'm sick of workingmen being gelded of their natural expression until they talk with a fine Oxonian flavor. . . . A workingman bereft of his profanity is a silent man."

A New York editor in Pascal Covici's office read the manuscript of *In Dubious Battle* conscientiously and wrote a three-page single-space report indicating points at which Steinbeck's Communist organizer diverged from the orthodox party line as expressed by the ideologists of New York. Steinbeck took this letter as a rejection and almost went to another publisher, but when Mr. Covici discovered what his assistant had written he hastily assured Steinbeck that he was willing to publish the book if Steinbeck wished, though he was obviously somewhat alarmed at its violence.

"I would rather stay with Covici, Friede than with anyone I know," Steinbeck informed his agents. "I like the way they worked on *Tortilla Flat* and I like their make-up and everything about them. This letter this morning from them offers to publish *In Dubious Battle* if I wish it. Of course I wish it. It is a good book. I believe in it." As to the Communist ideology, he explained, "My information for this book came mostly from Irish and Italian Communists whose training was in the field not in the drawing-room. They don't believe in ideologies and ideal tactics. They do what they can under the circumstances."

The book was published as Steinbeck wrote it. Critics, not unnaturally, tended to discuss its politics. Steinbeck was irked. "So far," he complained to McIntosh and Otis, "Burton Rascoe and Ben Abramson are the only two reviewers who have discovered that *In Dubious Battle* is a novel and not a tract. Perhaps more will later."

Of Mice and Men was Steinbeck's first big success, and Steinbeck had had various troubles in writing it. "The microcosm is rather difficult to handle and apparently I did not get it over," he remarked when the book was in process — "the earth longings of a Lennie who was not to represent insanity at all but the inarticulate and powerful yearning of all men." Another time he spoke of the book as "an experiment in making a play that can be read or a novel that can be played . . . to find a new form that will take some of the technics of both." This was a problem that was to concern him for years.

By this time, of course, Steinbeck again had a dog, Toby, "a very serious dog who doesn't care for jokes." And Toby made trouble for *Mice*. "Minor tragedy stalked," he wrote on May 27, 1936. "My setter pup, left alone one night, made confetti of about half of my manuscript book. Two months work to do over again. It sets me back. There was no other draft. I was pretty mad, but the poor little fellow may have been acting critically. I didn't want to ruin a good dog for a manuscript I'm not sure is good at all. He only got an ordinary spanking." After the Book-of-the-Month Club had accepted *Mice*, and critical enthusiasm began to boil, Steinbeck still felt

that Toby might have been right. "I'm not sure Toby didn't know what he was doing when he ate the first draft," he wrote. "I have promoted Toby-dog to be a lieutenant-colonel in charge of literature. But as for the unpredictable literary enthusiasms of this country, I have little faith in them."

4

HE WAS already mulling over *The Grapes of Wrath*, and it was hard going. "Having the devil's own time with this new book, but I am enjoying it," he wrote in January, 1937. "The new book has struck a bad snag," he said two weeks later. "Heaven knows how long it will take me to write. The subject is so large that it scares me. And I am not going to rush it. It must be worked out with care. That's one thing this selection will do. It will let me work without a starvation scare going on all the time. This may or may not be a good thing."

The success of *Of Mice and Men* made possible Steinbeck's first trip to Europe. He sailed on a Swedish ship. He had always been interested in the Scandinavian countries. Scandinavian translations of *Tortilla Flat* were the only ones he had asked to see, explaining that perhaps his interest was due to his fondness for Selma Lagerlöf's *Gösta Berling*.

"This is a fine ship," he reported cheerfully from shipboard in May, 1937. His agents had sent him a "lovely bottle" as a bon voyage, and he thanked them for it. "The day after we sailed we were invited to a party in honor of the king and queen of Sweden. At least two thirds of the people on board were Swedes. Well, we toasted the king and queen in punch. We listened to stuffy speeches and gave a few half-hearted guttural cheers and we went to bed. Now there are only two Norwegians on board. One at our table. He told us that the seventeenth of May was the Norwegian Fourth of July, the day of independence. Immediately we felt a surge of patriotism. Spiritually we felt Norwegian. And your bottle was the nucleus. With only two Norwegians, and we two as a kind of auxiliary Norwegians, we turned the ship into a fury. We made speeches. Wine, beer and brandy ran like water. All evening we toasted everything we could think of. Gradually the Swedes began to feel a certain love for Norway. At two this morning the riot was still going on. The Swedes are jealous but admiring. Even the two Norwegians don't know just how it happened. And your bottle of wine started it. I know you will be glad that your gift was the node of a new international brotherhood. I know you will. And I bet you never heard forty Scandinavians rise with their glasses in their hands and solemnly sing

'Sent Looisss Voomans, vit you diment errings
Chessed det men aroun de apron strings.'

It was unique in international feelings. It was very beautiful."

The Steinbecks returned from Europe sooner than they had planned. On September 12, Steinbeck wrote from Los Gatos, "So very glad to be home." He went back to work on *The Grapes of Wrath*.

5

HE HAD written a series of articles on the migrant workers for the *San Francisco News* in October, 1936, before *Of Mice and Men* was published. He had worked on the farms of his long valley long ago in his school vacations. He knew the work; he knew the people. He knew the bitternesses. He felt them in the marrow of his bones. He also had a deep affectionate sense of identification with the fruit-pickers; and he was a Californian, and he felt a responsibility.

"I must go over into the interior valleys," he wrote Elizabeth Otis in the midst of reports on work in progress. "There are five thousand families starving to death over there, not just hungry but actually starving. The government is trying to feed them and get medical attention to them, with the Fascist group of utilities and banks and huge growers sabotaging the thing all along the line, and yelling for a balanced budget. In one tent there are twenty people quarantined for smallpox and two of the women are to have babies in that tent this week. I've tied into the thing from the first and I must get down there and see it and see if I can do something to knock these murderers on the heads.

"Do you know what they're afraid of? They think that if these people are allowed to live in camps with proper sanitary facilities they will organize, and that is the bugbear of the large landowner and the corporation farmer. The states and counties will give them nothing because they are outsiders. But the crops of any part of this state could not be harvested without them. . . . Talk about Spanish children. The death of children by starvation in our valleys is simply staggering. . . . I'll do what I can. . . . Funny how mean and how little books become in the face of such tragedies."

He did what he could, and returned home to dash off a book that was announced under the title *L'Affaire Lettuceburg*. And when it was done he sat down and wrote a joint letter to his agent and his publisher, a letter beautifully and painfully illustrative of Steinbeck's attitude toward his own work: "Dear Elizabeth and Pat," he began. "This is going to be a hard letter to write. I feel badly about it. You see this book is finished and it is a bad book and I must get rid of it. It can't be printed. It is bad because it isn't honest. Oh! the incidents all happened but — I'm not telling as much of the truth about them as I know. In satire you have to restrict the picture and I just can't do satire. I've written three books now that were dishonest because they were less than the best I could do. One you never saw because I burned it the day I finished it. The second was the murder novel and this is the third. The first two were

written under rather frantic financial pressure, and this last one from an obligation pressure I felt. I know, you could sell possibly 30,000 copies. I know that a great many people would think they liked this book. I, myself, have built up a hole-proof argument on how and why I liked it. I can't beat the argument, but I don't like the book. And I would be doing Pat a greater injury in letting him print it than I would by destroying it. Not once in the writing of it have I felt the curious warm pleasure that comes when work is going well. My whole work drive has been aimed at making people understand each other and then I deliberately write this book, the aim of which is to cause hatred through partial understanding. My father would have called it a smart-alec book. It was full of tricks to make people ridiculous. If I can't do better I have slipped badly. And that I won't admit — yet. . . ."

So he went back to the grind, plodding his way through *The Grapes of Wrath*. For a long time the book had no title. In September, 1938, the title went to New York on a postcard, followed by a letter saying that Steinbeck liked the title "because it is a march, because it is in our own revolutionary tradition and because in reference to this book it has a large meaning. And I like it because people know the Battle Hymn who don't know the Stars and Stripes."

That autumn he was on the home stretch. "I am desperately tired," he wrote, "but I want to finish. And mean. I feel as though shrapnel were bursting about my head. I only hope the book is some good. Can't tell yet at all. And I can't tell whether it is balanced. It is a slow plodding book but I don't think that it is dull." He also didn't think it would be a popular book.

It wasn't dull and it was popular. It made history in the publishing world and it changed history in the migrant camps of California. It was wildly praised and even more wildly denounced; what mattered was that it was read. But it left Steinbeck exhausted; it took months for him to recover from the long process of gestation. It was utterly impossible for him to do as he had often done before: to start work on a new book before the last was published. And the success of the book did to him some of the things he had feared success might do: "I'm so busy being a writer that I haven't time to write," he complained. "Ten thousand people have apparently put aside all other affairs to devote themselves to getting me to speak. And I'm so increasingly afraid in crowds that I do not talk comfortably to a pair of dice any more."

Moreover the war was looming on Steinbeck's, as on the world's, horizon, changing his course as it changed the world's. He tried for a time to escape in Mexico, first on the collecting expedition with Edward F. Ricketts which later bore fruit in *Sea of Cortez*, and subsequently in writing the script for the Mexican movie, *The Forgotten Village*. He took flying lessons, and was amazed to discover that "far from giving one a sense of power it gives one a sense of humility." He helped make pictures in Hollywood

and out of Hollywood. But all this seemed secondary. "There's an imminence in the air as though anything not having to do with the war must be quickly done," he wrote in February, 1942. "If there is a London, I want to be in London this summer."

He liked writing *Sea of Cortez*. He had always been something of a biologist at heart, and very much of a craftsman. He had enjoyed the techniques of collecting; he enjoyed applying some of the technique of novel-writing to a book about science. "Perhaps it is a little crazy," he explained, "but it is a good clearing-out of a lot of ideas that have been working on me for a long time and they do fit into the loose framework and design of such a book. . . . Pat is getting a darned fine book and one that he probably can't sell at all. It will be fun to read but not by the take-a-book-to-bed public. . . . The more I consider it the less very wide appeal it seems to me to have. The general public is not given to playful speculation. The rage and contempt of the critics will be amusing and like old times. It will be kind of good too because the work is pretty good. I know it is. It certainly is the most difficult work I've ever undertaken."

6

THE war loomed ever larger. Steinbeck wanted to help, and various agencies of the government asked him to help. He responded eagerly to every opportunity — and was constantly frustrated, as so many others were, by the wide gap between enthusiasm at the top and the ruts of bureaucratic routine. *The Moon Is Down* actually grew out of a serious discussion with Colonel William J. Donovan of the Office of Strategic Services on techniques for aiding resistance movements in the occupied countries of German-held Europe. *Bombs Away* was the outgrowth of a series of suggestions made by General "Hap" Arnold of the Army Air Forces. But chasing about the United States of America in pursuit of material usable in wartime about the Army Air Forces was an occupation which involved considerable psychic frustration.

Steinbeck felt more at home when, early in 1943, he crossed to Europe in a convoy packed with soldiers, to do war reporting for the *New York Herald Tribune*. That was his own idea; he had shyly inquired whether the *Herald Tribune* would be interested in having him as a correspondent. He worked hard, and at first happily. The restraints of censorship eventually gnawed him, as they gnawed every correspondent. He did a good steady daily job; but when he came home, in October, 1943, he knew that his daily stories were not a book. For him a book was not just a collection of journalistic pieces; it had to have a life of its own; it took time to grow.

Yet so long as the war was on, it was impossible for John Steinbeck to settle down to sustained work on anything not connected with the war. His wartime letters are full of unfinished projects — war and non-

war. All through the years, indeed, odd projects had been appearing in them, then disappearing, and usually reappearing. *Cannery Row*, however, came suddenly, late in 1944, without preparation in the letters — a nostalgic return to the moods of *Tortilla Flat* days, a "mixed-up book," as Steinbeck himself described it, with a "pretty general ribbing" in it.

A play referred to as *The Piper* turns up in the letters occasionally, then fades away; various movie projects and temporary government jobs receive passing mention; there is a long saga of excitements and postponements concerned with the moving picture, *The Pearl of the World*, produced in Mexico in 1945, for which Steinbeck wrote a script that became a magazine story — "a strange piece of work," according to its author, "full of curious methods and figures. A folktale, I hope. A black-and-white story like a parable."

"I don't think I shall ever do another shooting script," he wrote in July, 1945. "It isn't my kind of work — this moving a camera around from place to place."

In the letters there is at first casual, then increasingly excited, talk of a book to be called *The Wayward Bus* — "it might be quite a book," Steinbeck thought in mid-1945, adding, "There is no hurry." There are also, of course, always references in the Steinbeck letters to the Steinbeck dogs — after 1943 to a huge blue-eyed English shepherd dog, Willie, and later to Steinbeck's son, whose advent changed Willie's nature. Willie, like his master, had been a bit of a rover, which sometimes complicated the pattern of Steinbeck family life. But after Tom appeared, when Willie could have had complete freedom, he didn't want it. Willie just wanted to stay at home and take care of the baby.

So there, in fifteen years of letters to an agent's office that became an author's permanent home, is the story of a creative writer at work. Certain patterns are recurrent: the restless wandering, when a story is in gestation; the false starts; then the utter absorption in creation, when the letters become sparser and the work is everything; finally, fatigue, uncertainty of the product, and a few wisps of anger at critics' misunderstanding. The war interrupts, but merely interrupts, the recurrent pattern; and now the war is over. The rest of the autobiography is for John Steinbeck — aided, of course, by Willie and by Tom and by Gwyn — to write, and it would be presumptuous for a critic to attempt to anticipate it. But there is a suggestive footnote which occurs in a letter written in the spring of 1945: —

"Ed Ricketts says that when he was little he was in trouble all the time until he suddenly realized that adults were crazy. Then, when he knew that, everything was all right and he could be nice to them. He says he has never found occasion to revise that opinion. Tom will probably be going through the same evaluation. And if he doesn't discover it for himself I will try to help him."

THE AMERICAN TARIFF AND WORLD TRADE

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

1

ONE of the legacies which the war is leaving to the world is the task of rebuilding trade between countries. The war has increased the productive capacity of India, Mexico, and some countries of South America, Africa, and the Near East, and has substantially reduced the productive capacity of many countries in Europe. It has caused or hastened important duplications of producing capacity. The synthetic-rubber industry, for example, will permanently deprive the East Indies of much of their market; nylon will deprive Japan of most of its market for silk, its largest export; improvements in rayon, stimulated by lack of silk, will reduce the market of American cotton growers; the large expansion of soybean production in the United States, accelerated by the war, will furnish new competition for the tropical oils industry.

Germany, if the unfortunate Potsdam "settlement" is allowed to stand, will be reduced as a market for the exports of many countries and will become Europe's largest source of cheap and efficient labor and hence a new and formidable competitor in light manufacturing.

The war has greatly changed relative production costs in different countries, and these changes are continuing. The price of labor, for example, has increased about 40 per cent in the United States, 50 per cent in Britain, 50 per cent in Sweden, and more than 100 per cent in France, the Middle East, Mexico, and India. Exchange rates between countries are far out of line with the real values of currencies and do not reflect the relative competing power of different countries in international trade. The French franc, for example, is officially priced at several times its real worth, virtually excluding France from exporting. And the dollar is undervalued relative to most currencies. This increases the difficulties of other countries in selling to us and hence limits their ability to buy from us.

Born and educated in Wisconsin, SUMNER H. SLICHTER has been on the Harvard faculty since 1930, where he is now the Lamont University Professor and where, since their inception in 1942, he has been closely associated with the Trade Union Fellowships. His studies of labor and management have earned him wide respect.

The ideas which he develops in this paper were first presented in a Baxter Lecture at the University of Omaha.

Debtor-creditor relationships between countries have radically changed. The British, having lost about half of their foreign investments and a fourth of their shipping, must increase their exports in physical volume by roughly 50 per cent over 1938, simply to pay for the raw materials needed by their plants at full employment and the food needed to restore the pre-war standard of living. On the other hand, India and the countries of the Near East and of South America have acquired pound balances in London equivalent to about 16 billion dollars — and, in many cases have acquired huge additional dollar balances and gold holdings.

Plainly, world trade cannot be rebuilt simply by restoring pre-war flows of goods. Large new flows of trade must be developed to fit the new distribution of producing capacity, the new distribution of demand, the post-war wage and price structures. Many countries, such as Sweden, Britain, Belgium, the Netherlands, Australia, and Canada, depend upon imports for one fourth to one third of their consumption. Until international trade again becomes large, the standard of living in most of these countries will remain below the pre-war level.

Furthermore, countries which are deeply concerned about export markets are likely to be slow in removing wartime restrictions on imports and are likely to impose new restrictions whenever their imports rise rapidly. In such a world, economic expansion will not easily occur — or at least not so easily as it should. Expansion is important not only for economic reasons but in order to provide a climate in which good will flourishes, because all of us depend upon the hope of better things tomorrow to soften the disappointments and conflicts of today.

What contribution can the United States make toward removing the economic chaos left by the war and toward building a stable and expanding world economy?

A major impediment in restoring world trade is created by the difficulty of the world in selling to the United States. In 1850, nearly 20 per cent of the commodities (exclusive of services) consumed in the United States came from abroad; in 1880, over 10 per cent; in 1937, only 6 per cent. In the sixty years before the Second World War the national product of

the United States increased nearly tenfold and imports less than fivefold. The highly industrialized countries of Europe find it particularly difficult to sell to us. In 1937, exports of all Europe to this country totaled less than 900 million dollars — considerably less than the domestic sales of a single corporation such as General Motors. Britain, our best customer in 1937, sold us less than 125 million dollars. If other countries of the world could visualize a large increase in sales to the United States, their fears for their export markets would greatly diminish, and they would see the possibility of obtaining needed American machinery for their factories, mines, farms, and utilities.

2

Two principal obstacles have hindered the world from selling to the United States: the superior efficiency of most branches of American industry, and our high tariff. Few Americans realize how great is the managerial and engineering superiority of American industry — or the problems it creates for the rest of the world, or what responsibilities it imposes on the United States. Before the war, the annual product of the world was roughly 280 billion dollars. Of this amount the United States, with 6 per cent of the population, and using less than 6 per cent of the man-hours, produced over one fourth. Soon the United States will probably be producing about one third of the world's goods. The tariff of the United States, though less restrictive than the tariffs, exchange controls, and other regulations maintained by many countries, is so high that imports of dutiable goods are small. About 60 per cent of the imports of the United States come in duty-free.

Is there not a good prospect that other countries may acquire much needed markets either by buying more of certain products from each other instead of from the United States or by selling more to the United States? The rest of the world is likely to take considerably less petroleum and cotton from the United States than before the war. The high levels of employment and production that are in prospect (about 57 million people working and a gross national product of over 180 billion dollars rising within a few years to over 200 billion dollars) should mean imports of 6 billion dollars or more, compared to 3 billion dollars before the war.

The gradual exhaustion of natural resources in the United States will help to increase imports. Timber is already being consumed far faster than it is being grown. A high level of residential construction, virtually assured for the immediate post-war years, will make large imports of timber desirable. A great rise in imports of petroleum would be in the national interest. The United States has two fifths of the world's known oil reserves, but is taking out its oil nearly twice as fast as the rest of the world. Commercial reserves of iron ore, lead, zinc, copper, and bauxite have been so greatly reduced that the United States,

should plan to meet at least half of its current needs by imports.

Possibly the problems of restoring world trade will be solved in a large measure by a rapid gain in industrial efficiency in various countries, which will enable them to undersell the United States in certain fields and to increase their sales to the United States. The Potsdam settlement, by indirectly forcing the emigration of many German businessmen, technicians, and skilled workmen, may help some countries to found new and efficient industries.

Possibly the British Labor Party will succeed in greatly raising the efficiency of British industry. Britain is fortunate that the Labor Party is in power at this critical time when the country so desperately needs to reduce costs and to acquire a share of new and expanding markets such as automotive products and electrical goods. The avoidance of bilateralism in international trade depends above everything else upon the success of the British in winning new markets for themselves. The Labor Party, better than any other, should be able to win the coöperation of the unions in raising the efficiency of industry.

Unfortunately, it is unlikely that other countries will catch up with the United States in industrial efficiency. Indeed, the managerial and engineering superiority of American industry seems to be growing. Between 1871 and 1907, output per man-hour in manufacturing and mining America rose about 80 per cent, in Britain about 35 per cent. Between 1907 and 1936, it rose 95 per cent in the United States and 70 per cent in Britain. During the last forty years, Germany made a somewhat poorer showing than Britain.

Several principal obstacles hinder other countries in matching the efficiency of American industry. One is the fact that most countries do not take readily to American methods of making interchangeable parts to standard tolerances — the basis for extreme specialization of equipment and men. A second reason is that no other country, except possibly Russia, will be able and willing to keep pace with the United States in supporting technological research. Such research is growing by leaps and bounds in the United States and will grow even faster in the future. A third handicap of most countries is that they lack large enough markets to support up-to-date technology, especially in heavy industries. No country of Europe, for example, has a modern steel industry by American standards. Brazil, with the help of money from our government, has recently built a steel mill, but production costs will be about three times as much per ton as in the United States.

Some countries may be able to reduce their handicap, at least temporarily, by concentrating all production in one enterprise which uses larger and more up-to-date units of equipment. This concentration might be achieved through nationalization. Europe might build a low-cost steel industry through an internationally controlled cartel. The gains, however, would be incomplete and temporary because indus-

tries run by government bureaucracies or public corporations are not likely to be highly dynamic — unless governments learn how to discover men of unusual originality, ability, and initiative in the ranks and move them quickly toward the top.

3

MANY people believe that the United States can make an adequate contribution to the restoration of world trade simply by being prosperous itself. This is not true. Though the demand for imported goods rises and falls with the level of domestic production and employment, our high tariff prevents increases in domestic incomes from producing an appreciable rise in the demand for most foreign goods. Nearly every manufactured product is protected by a duty which is so high as to be prohibitive, and the same is true of many products of mines and a large part of agricultural production. The British excel in producing woolens and worsteds and are able to sell many grades at prices considerably below prices prevailing in the United States. So high are our duties, however, that before the war less than 2 per cent of the woolens and worsteds used in this country were imported. Indeed, the tariff cuts off most of the great American market from the world economy almost as completely as Japan was cut off before the landing of Commodore Perry.

Reductions in the tariff would raise our standard of living by bringing about a more productive use of labor and capital within the United States. Even in a country with such a wide variety of resources and climates as the United States, a domestic production of 94 per cent of the commodities we consume (the pre-war rate) does not represent an effective application of geographical division of labor. Indeed, it is estimated that the United States could advantageously import at least 10 per cent, and probably 15 per cent, of its commodity consumption.

At a gross national product of 180 billion dollars (of which about 130 billion dollars would be commodities) 10 per cent would indicate commodity imports of 13 billion dollars. If the gross national product rose by 1960 to 250 billion dollars, and commodity production to 180 billion dollars, a reasonable standard for imports would be 18 billion dollars a year. Such an expansion of imports would not only raise the efficiency of American industry but would enable the rest of the world to count on steadily expanding export markets. What are the chances of attaining this goal?

Many people believe that reductions in duties would produce little increase in imports. A recent report of the Tariff Commission, for example, estimates that even a reduction of 50 per cent in present duties would raise imports by 1953 less than 15 per cent above the level that might be expected with duties unchanged. Imports would be less than 7 per cent of the domestic commodity production.

In my judgment these estimates of the Commission greatly understate the long-run effect of cuts in our tariff. Some time is required for production facilities and the flow of trade to change in response to changes in duties. Reductions in duties will permit imports of goods in the moderate price brackets. It is for such commodities that American markets are largest, most rapidly expanding, and most sensitive to changes in price. Significant is the fact that between 1920 and 1937 the physical quantity of dutiable imports increased only 17 per cent, but the quantity of duty-free imports increased over 92 per cent. It is difficult to believe that American industrial efficiency is so superior that, with American duties low, the rest of the world would not be able to sell us at least 10 per cent of the commodities which we consume. This would mean imports of over 15 billion dollars a year soon after 1950.

Are widespread reductions in the American tariff politically possible? The President has authority to make them, but will the public permit him to use it? Under the Hull trade agreements, about a thousand duties, affecting nearly half of the dutiable imports in 1937, have been cut, but most of the reductions have been small or unimportant.

Support for reform of the tariff has gradually been growing as employers and workers in our most efficient industries (automobiles, electrical equipment, radio, farm implements, Diesel engines, business machines, and others) gradually awakened to the fact that their sales abroad have been limited by the inability of foreigners to sell to us. The years immediately after the war are an ideal time to make further reductions in duties, because the great expansion of domestic demand will in most instances make possible an increase in domestic production *even in face of a great cut in duties*. For example, in the case of woolens and worsteds the Tariff Commission estimates that even a 50 per cent reduction in duties would leave domestic production from one fourth to one half above pre-war production. On the other hand, if the present opportunity to make substantial reductions in duties is lost, much capital and labor will be wasted after the war by being used to expand high-cost and inefficient industries.

The United States is under great pressure to make gifts to the rest of the world — or at least to make "loans" on which the world cannot easily pay a return. Rich and productive as we are, we cannot afford to do this. Nor would it be good for our relations with other countries for us to do so — especially for us to make gifts under the guise of loans. The United States, however, can do something much better. We can increase our wealth and the wealth of the world by opening our great closed markets to trade and bringing about a more productive distribution of capital and labor. A reduction in our duties, beneficial as it would be to us, need not be made unconditionally. With by far the largest markets in the world to open up, the United

States will be able to be the champion of liberalism and non-discrimination in world trade.

It is high time that the American people adopt a new attitude toward tariffs and protected industries. A protected industry is receiving a special privilege which can be justified only if the industry serves a special public purpose. The experience of the war indicates plainly that, except for a few key industries, national security will rarely require that a protected industry be able to supply more than half of our domestic requirements. A sensible rough-and-ready rule in tariff negotiations is that duties which limit imports of a given commodity to less than one half of domestic production are too high.

4

SOME people believe that a satisfactory foundation for expanding world trade would be provided (1) by the stabilization fund proposed in the Bretton Woods agreement, and (2) by huge loans from the United States or from some intermediate organization such as the proposed Bank for Reconstruction and Development. Neither the Bretton Woods Fund nor large-scale lending comes to grips with the essence of the problem. The Bretton Woods Fund would be useful in helping countries tide over temporary shortages in exchange. It would not, however, be a remedy for the chronic shortage of dollar exchange which arises from the difficulties of the rest of the world in selling to the United States.

Incidentally, the man in the street has been sadly misled into believing that the Bretton Woods Fund would give *immediate* help in restoring world trade. Only the United States has thus far ratified the agreement. Furthermore, the Fund cannot start operating until currencies have been more or less stabilized. After the upheaval of the war, several years will be required to test the competing power of the different countries and to indicate the appropriate rates of exchange. No one would think of stabilizing the franc, for example, at its present value, and no one knows what the ultimate value of the franc will be. The same holds true of many other currencies, including the pound.

Loans have their place in restoring world trade, particularly during the first year or two after the war when war-devastated countries are struggling to restore their productive capacity. It is important, however, to keep the quantity of loans moderate, to keep the quality high, to avoid using loans as a substitute for a real attack on problems, and to make a clear distinction between loans and gifts.

Loans will do little good when made to countries which lack stable governments. Nor do loans solve the problem of countries which are unable to hold their own in international trade because of lack of enterprise or lack of managerial skill, or because of high production costs. The mere fact that a loan would enable the borrowing country to increase its

production substantially or to raise its standard of living does not alone make the loan a sound one. Loans are indicated only when they would also enable the borrowing country to improve its position in international trade either by selling goods abroad below prevailing world prices or by producing at less than world prices and thus reducing its imports.

When loans are skillfully made, even small or moderate loans will do much good because they will help eliminate bottlenecks which are preventing idle men and idle plants in the borrowing country from going to work. Some of the most important impediments to production, however, can be little affected by loans. For example, loans can do little to cure two of the most desperate shortages in Europe — coal and transportation.

A principal reason for the scarcity of coal in Europe is the shortage of miners. Another reason is uncertainty concerning the future of many mines, especially the mines of the Ruhr. No one is willing to spend large sums on repairing and replacing mining equipment when future ownership of mines or their access to markets is unsettled. Most important of all is the shortage of transportation. The repair of ports, bridges, track, and railroad equipment, however, must in the main be done by domestic labor — though loans to finance importation of machinery, trucks, and locomotives would hasten the process.

Many Americans would have the United States lend huge amounts abroad in order to capture larger foreign markets and to provide more employment in this country. This would be a grievous mistake. Employment problems should be solved by appropriate domestic policies, not by the equivalent of "exporting" unemployment. A strong case for loans from the United States can be made provided they are accompanied by substantial reductions in our tariff — reductions which would eventually lead imports into this country to exceed exports. Loans without reductions in our tariff would contribute little to a real solution of the economic problems of the world.

The United States should be especially cautious about making loans because the superior efficiency of our industries makes it difficult for borrowers to export enough to pay us interest. When raw materials are supplied to the war-devastated countries on credit, the United States should insist that all countries supplying raw materials participate heavily in advancing the credits.

Especially during the first several years after the war, there is danger that large loans abroad will aggravate the problem of controlling prices here. The demands for investment-seeking funds in this country will be very large. These demands will come partly from business corporations (which will either sell their accumulations of government securities or borrow directly) and partly from the government, which will be called upon to redeem substantial quantities of war-savings bonds. These large demands for funds will be partly met by an expansion of bank loans which will cause a rise in bank deposits.

Large loans to other countries would simply force still greater borrowing from the banks and would thus add to the difficulties of keeping prices stable.

The world emerges from the Second World War with the firm intention of avoiding the muddling, the issue-dodging, and the wishful thinking that characterized the period between wars. International economic policies present the first great test of the new good resolutions. There is danger that many conscientious Americans who wish this country to play a coöperative role in the world will be led by the adoption of the San Francisco Charter and the Bretton Woods agreement to believe that we have now become internationalists. Each of these steps is a relatively easy one to take. Joining an organization for maintaining peace or for promoting more stable exchanges hurts no powerful economic interest.

Each of these steps, however, falls far short of meeting the essential problem of building an expanding world economy. Each leaves the greater part

of the huge American market — where nearly one third of the world's purchasing power is to be found — cut off from the rest of the world. If this great market could be opened up to the world, the stimulus to expansion in all countries would be tremendous.

No sacrifice of national interests would be required. In fact, labor and capital would be more productively used and the rise in the American standard of living in the United States would be accelerated. And opening up our market is the only way in which to move labor and capital out of industries in which our relative superiority is small or in which we have no superior efficiency. What is required is a new kind of thinking: we must think in terms of national, not sectional, interests, and accept the responsibilities which go with possession of the largest and most efficient industries of the world and possession of the world's largest outlets for goods. Breaking down the barriers which cut off our markets from the rest of the world is the acid test of the country's abandonment of isolationism.

SALEM, 1692

Cantata for Mixed Chorus

by THEODORE SPENCER

1

WHOLE CHORUS: Bless the inheritance of the Lord
That he may be intreated for the Land.

HALF CHORUS (*Victims of the witchcraft persecutions*):
We were hanged on a hill by the sea
Because of the evil delusions
Spread by the Powers of Darkness,
Spread by the Prince of the Air.

HALF CHORUS (*The jury at the witchcraft trials*):
We have shed innocent blood;
We were sadly deluded and mistaken;
We humbly beg forgiveness.
Bless the inheritance of the Lord

THE VICTIMS: That he may be intreated for the Land.

WHOLE CHORUS: Bless the inheritance of the Lord
That he may be intreated for the Land.

2

THE VICTIMS: Nineteen hanged, one pressed to death:
Bridget Bishop, Sarah Good, Sarah Wildes,
Elizabeth How —

CONTRALTO SOLO: Elizabeth How.

A saintly woman, swinging from the gallows,
Who had led her blind husband
Tenderly by the hand.
When the neighbor's boy cried to his sister,
"Say she is a witch! Say she is a witch!"
Elizabeth How saw the face of God
Smile down to her, saying, "Mine."

THE JURY: We have shed innocent blood;
We were sadly deluded and mistaken;
We humbly beg forgiveness.

THE VICTIMS: Hanged on a hill by the sea:
Susannah Martin, Rebecca Nurse, George Burroughs —

BARITONE SOLO: George Burroughs.
A little black minister at Casco Bay,
A little black man, but tiger-strong.
They said George Burroughs killed three wives,
Two for himself and one for a friend;
And the first wife came in a winding sheet,
Pale as a white wall.
And they said George Burroughs blew on a trumpet,
Blaring to Andover, echoing up the Merrimac,
Sounding over Cape Ann at midnight
For witches to fly and feast in the orchard.
He stood on the gallows, saying Our Father,
And they saw the devil dictating the words.
But little George Burroughs with the strong arms,
Looking deep in his heart, saw only
God, the humbling providence of God.

THE JURY: We have shed innocent blood;
We were sadly deluded and mistaken;
We humbly beg forgiveness.

THE VICTIMS: Hanged on a hill by the sea:
John Procter, George Jacobs, John Willard,
Martha Carrier, Martha Corey —

SOPRANO SOLO: Martha Corey.
Martha Corey laughed, and denied it.
"You are all against me; I cannot confess.
I saw nobody; I know nothing.
No yellow bird sits on my shoulder;
No man comes whispering in my ears."
And she laughed, laughed; laughed and denied it.
"I never thought of a witch," she said.
"You are all against me, and I cannot help it."
She told the ministers their eyes were blinded;
She laughed, laughed; laughed and denied it:
"Whom do I worship but God who made me?"

THE JURY: We have shed innocent blood;
We were sadly deluded and mistaken;
We humbly beg forgiveness.

THE VICTIMS: Hanged on a hill by the sea:
Mary Easty, Alice Parker, Ann Pudeator,
Margaret Scott, Wilmot Reed, Samuel Wardwell,
Mary Parker —

BASS SOLO: And Giles Corey would not be hanged.
 Giles Corey would not be tried.
 Brought to court he would not plead.
 His eighty-year-old mouth stayed dumb.
 And following the law they pressed him down
 With stones, more stones, upon his chest
 Until his tongue pushed through his lips,
 But he did not speak one word.

(Together)

THE JURY: We have shed innocent blood;
THE VICTIMS: Bridget Bishop, Sarah Good, Sarah Wildes, Elizabeth How,
 Susannah Martin, Rebecca Nurse, George Burroughs —

(Together)

THE JURY: We were sadly deluded and mistaken;
THE VICTIMS: John Procter, George Jacobs, John Willard, Martha Carrier,
 Martha Corey, Mary Easty, Alice Parker —

(Together)

THE JURY: We humbly beg forgiveness.
THE VICTIMS: Ann Pudeator, Margaret Scott, Wilmot Reed, Samuel Wardwell,
 Mary Parker, Giles Corey.

WHOLE CHORUS: Bless the inheritance of the Lord
 That he may be intreated for the Land.

3

THE VICTIMS: The blindness that killed us is healed,
 But blindness past and to come
 Darkens the east and the west
 And darkens the sun at noon.
 Oh because of our death may darkness
 Die for a little into light,
 And the garden of compassion grow
 Roses with new names.

THE JURY: Because we were blind, may blindness
 Perish with our delusion;
 May blindness seem to our children
 Only the black side of silver
 To reflect the freedom of a smile.
 May the terrible ghost of our evil
 Haunt the midnights of Justice
 That day's right words be found.

THE VICTIMS: Now evil and innocence meet;

THE JURY: Cleanness and cruelty meet;

THE VICTIMS: Two halves of the broken world;

THE JURY: Joining to pray for the world:

WHOLE CHORUS: Bless the inheritance of the Lord
 That he may be intreated for the Land.



THE PARTY

by MONICA STIRLING

WHEN Marie-Claude received Emilienne's invitation she gave a little exclamation of pleasure and ran to the telephone to say that she would be delighted to come.

This was not the correct procedure on her part. The glossy, pre-war texture of the card, its embossed gilt crest and elaborate phraseology, — it was all in the third person, — required an answer involving paper, ink, and the postal services. But although Marie-Claude was thirty-five, her sense of the fitness of things often deserted her in moments of emotion.

There had been a time when the prospect of a party at Emilienne's would have occasioned Marie-Claude no emotion. But that time was five years ago. And Marie-Claude had spent the intervening period in a small village in southern France where, although she had been — and knew herself to have been, and frequently reminded herself she had been — among the more fortunate war victims, she was not among those whose sense of national humiliation was unexacerbated by personal grief. In addition to hiding Jewish and Communist friends, and struggling to feed the floating population with which this activity kept her house filled, she had had to support the knowledge that her beloved husband was first supposed dead, and then a prisoner.

Precisely what had happened to him she did not learn until he returned to France as a member of the liberating army, and the resultant strain had developed in her a febrility that manifested itself in attacks of immoderate longing for pleasures similar to

those that had gratified her when she was an earnestly frivolous nineteen-year-old.

These longings were encouraged by her husband, a tender-hearted man who had found it hard to live away from her and now seized every opportunity to pet her as one pets a loved child one has not been able to preserve from injustice. They were also encouraged by her appearance. For the war had not impaired her looks. Her slender figure, her dark curls, her pale and beautiful forehead, still composed the da Vinci charm that had caused portraits of her to enlighten several municipal art galleries; and now that her husband had made extravagant purchases at the dress shows that coincided with her arrival in Paris, she looked fashionable as well as pretty.

Puerile satisfaction with her new clothes accentuated the eagerness with which Marie-Claude spoke to Emilienne and listened to her friend's cordial replies; and this despite the fact that she knew Emilienne's cordiality to be directed less at her than at her name, which was one often found in a prominent position in French history, and prefixed by a "de." For Emilienne was profoundly, sincerely snobbish, although she was forty. Ever since her twenty-first birthday, when she gained control of the fortune her industrious mother had made by designing corsets, she had courted the nobility with assiduity, and she still believed a duchess to be inevitably superior to a commoner, and a surname prefixed by "de" better than one without that particle.

And because she was unable to hide this point of view, all Emilienne's friends went through periods when they found it necessary, but not easy, to remind themselves that she had a heart of gold. But Emilienne's ridiculous snobbery had not prevented her behaving in a manner far from ridiculous during the occupation; and her courageous and idiosyncratic exploits in the Maquis having been crowned by the

Novelist and short-story writer who has the advantage of thinking as easily in French as in English, MONICA STIRLING spent her girlhood in Paris at the time her father was directing a company of English players. The *Atlantic* sent her back to her adopted country as its French correspondent directly after the liberation, and there she has gathered material for the books which the *Atlantic Monthly Press* looks forward to publishing.

Legion of Honor, invitations to her house were now sought after by persons of the kind she had once vainly besought.

None of this, however, was present in Marie-Claude's thoughts as she babbled cheerfully into the telephone. She had forgotten the anachronistic, white-gloved footmen dispensing cocktails in a manner that would have done credit to a papal nuncio; she had forgotten the need for not catching the irreverent eye of her friend Jacqueline when with an accentuated lisp, with the English accent reserved for state occasions, Emilienne introduced them to a princess; she remembered only that the Germans had been driven from Paris and that in consequence friends could meet.

2

ON THE day of the party, Marie-Claude and her husband lunched together adequately and expensively in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. Separation not having diminished the extreme love they felt for each other, every meal they shared gave them a pleasure rendered emotional in Marie-Claude by her thoughts of the watery soup on which her husband had subsisted before his escape from Germany, and in Gérard by the thought of the dangers his wife had undergone in order to feed her refugees. Neither referred to these thoughts, and each looked quickly away on detecting the other gazing with unduly bright eyes at the spectacle — still rare in 1945 Europe — of a beloved fellow creature enjoying food. After lunch they went into the rococo drawing room to drink coffee. The coffee Gérard had brought from England had long ago been shared with friends, and only in restaurants run by or for Allied troops could good coffee be found.

As they drank their coffee, very slowly, Gérard thought how enchanting Marie-Claude looked in her hat of pale straw encrusted with blue roses, and Marie-Claude reflected that at last she understood why military uniforms are vulgarly supposed to possess aphrodisiac properties. Then, each being sufficiently pleased with the other for both to feel free to direct their attention elsewhere, they sighed with enjoyment at the spectacle of the garden visible through the line of tall French windows opposite; its exquisite green lawn, its varied, budding trees, would have made it an appropriate setting for ballerinas clad in white tarlatan, all swaying to the tender music of Chopin, and about to die of consumption as the consequence of unhappy love.

It was Marie-Claude's habit, after they had lunched together, to accompany her husband as far as the Rue Saint-Dominique. But on this occasion Gérard insisted she should leave herself time to rest before the party and, after giving her a kiss made hasty by his sense of their being in public, he murmured, "Amuse-toi bien," and set off with the long hasty strides that made his friends accuse him of being perpetually about to miss a train.

With the slow dancer's walk that gave her an air of knowing that all trains waited for her, Marie-Claude took the opposite direction. Now and again she paused. The bookshop on her right contained a rare edition of Balzac that she wanted for Gérard; Lanvin's contained big black globular bottles of the perfume Gérard wanted for her; Hermé's windows had lately been re-dressed: bright, soft scarves were flung across the bars of a somber-colored sedan chair, and a coffee-colored saddle was flanked by two glass horses of a deep inky red that made them look as if their airy curvets had been cut from giant rubies. There were English as well as French newspapers for sale on the kiosk at the corner; and beside the Madeleine, up and down whose sunlit steps were going American soldiers and nurses, were stalls bright with plumes of lilac.

As she looked about her, Marie-Claude forced herself to remember June, 1945, as a child forces itself to remember a nightmare for the pleasure of savoring the fact that it is past. Then she gave herself a little shake and turned down the Boulevard des Capucines, smiling, as she went, at American soldiers climbing into horse-cabs or velo-taxis outside Rainbow Corner. She entered the Hotel Scribe, now occupied by war correspondents, among them a woman who had invited her to have a bath.

After she had enjoyed the spectacle and uses of running hot water — nonexistent in the homes of most Paris civilians — she went into the bedroom and looked at herself in the long mirror. She had often been told that her figure was beautiful, and the pleasure with which she now observed this compliment to be based upon fact was unmixed with vanity: she liked Gérard to have the best of everything. Then she dressed, made up carefully, — she applied her lipstick three times before she was satisfied with the result, — and, having eyed the cut of her new navy blue suit with delight, secured a horse-cab and set out for Emilienne's party.

The driver, an aged and toothless man who worked for pleasure as well as for profit, chose to follow the tourists' route from the Madeleine across the Place de la Concorde, whose silvery stone was gold in the sunlight and whose spaciousness was emphasized by the brilliant flags on tall white poles left from the Easter Parade, and between the chestnuts of the Champs-Élysées to the glittering Arc de Triomphe. And at every step taken by the tranquil piebald horse Marie-Claude was ravished by a joy that she mistook for anticipation of until recently forbidden gayety. At the top of the Avenue du Bois she asked the driver to stop in order that she might walk the rest of the way.

Among the trees beside which she walked, with a sense that to dance would have been more appropriate, was one whose fragile candles were not creamy but pink, the rich pink of Mediterranean soil at its palest; the pastel-colored walls were half veiled by begonias and wisteria, and the wrought-iron gates bright with laburnum and acacia; scattered in the thick grass were wild violets and civilized children.

One of the children was playing not far from Emilienne's gate: a little girl in buttoned boots of white kid, with her black hair dressed in two plaits each looped up and tied above the ear with a tartan bow. Half hidden in the grass beside her were a red, white, and blue tin bucket and scoop, and mounting guard over them, with clearly histrionic ferocity, a small brandy-colored dog who resembled a shaggy door-mat on paws. As Marie-Claude watched them the child took something from her pocket and held it on her outstretched palm for the dog to smell. Craning forward, Marie-Claude saw it to be a large pre-war marble, its interior glittering with opalescent flowers of colors as deep and as brilliant as those of medieval cathedral windows.

3

MARIE-CLAUDE looked at her watch. There was still half an hour to pass before the time announced in Gothic lettering on the card in her handbag, and as she had not lost her sense of what was expected of her so completely as to wish to arrive early at Emilienne's formality-ridden establishment, she selected one of the biscuit-colored metal chairs scattered about the gravel paths, pulled it into a niche between two bushes, from which she could see Emilienne's lilac-hung gate without being seen, and settled down to wait.

For a moment she tried to think of the war that was at last beginning to take the shape of an Allied victory; but her mind blinked and averted its head — her husband was home, the air warm, the place beautiful, and she so tired that when she tried to think of the war she felt as might a very old woman who had been twenty in the Brussels of 1815 and was being asked by overzealous grandchildren for details of the battle of Waterloo. "Well, my dears — I remember that people everywhere were very excited. (But were they? Of course. They must have been.) And there was a lot of tramping to and fro — but —"

Because she was spying on them from between her bushes, the pedestrians on the silver-gray sidewalk in front of gardens surrounding the tall houses seemed to Marie-Claude to resemble the characters of an out-moded film, their movements quicker and more jerky than those in current usage. First came a pair of American soldiers carrying kodaks very carefully; then a liberated prisoner wearing a 1914 uniform with puttees and talking to a small elderly woman whose fingertips moved against his sleeve as if to make sure that he really existed in space; then a young girl wearing riding breeches and eating a roll — she must have come from the stables down the nearest side street, whose faintly discernible fragrance increased the rural atmosphere of this fashionable avenue; then two short-sleeved boys carrying brief cases, and a nun carrying a breviary; then a woman whose fair hair was so abnormally bright that where it lay across her shoulders it seemed to reflect the color of her purple

hat, and a schoolgirl swinging a black beret in one hand and a copy of *Le Canard Enchaîné* in the other; and then two very young Waacs looking about them with dazzled expressions explained by the one who said with a pronounced Southern accent, "Gee, I know now what that guy was getting at — that guy who said you only had to add three letters to Paris to make Paradise."

After they had passed, the sidewalk remained empty for a few minutes. The child with the dog had gone and in her place half a dozen exceptionally vulgar sparrows were disputing the ownership of the little heap of sand fallen from her bucket. From the way they held their heads, first on one side and then on the other, their eyes brilliant, their feathers poised for ruffling, it was apparent that they were arguing for pleasure rather than gain.

From down the street in which the horses lived came the sound of someone playing "Le Petit Vin Blanc" on an accordion. Because the accordion, more than any other instrument, evokes the aspect of Paris that is in essence provincial, tears came into Marie-Claude's large blue eyes; and at the same time she giggled at the thought of Emilienne's expression, should the latter hear music so vulgar near the — in her view — sacrosanct Avenue du Bois.

By now it was only five minutes before the appointed time. But as none of the other guests had arrived — Emilienne had said it was to be just an intimate little gathering, so there probably would not be more than a hundred — she decided to wait a short while longer.

At that moment there drove up to Emilienne's door a black horse-cab with bright-yellow wheels, and from it stepped an American officer and a young girl whom Marie-Claude recognized as one of her friend's tame princesses. Their delight with each other was so obvious that for a moment Marie-Claude wondered whether, after all, Emilienne was not absent and the house empty. A few minutes later they were followed by two elderly women who came in a brougham, both with white hair glittering as a result of mauve rinses, and with diamonds at their withered throats, and plumes in their elegantly unfashionable hats. Next came a young woman in Red Cross uniform, escorted by a young man whose impeccable civilian clothes and air of maintaining calm despite extensive knowledge of matters conducive to frenzy proclaimed him a young diplomat who had very recently secured professional advancement.

Having looked at her watch again, Marie-Claude put on her gloves and slid the strap of her handbag over her shoulder. As she did so, Emilienne's gate was hidden by a low and shining Embassy car, from which there stepped two women and two men.

The first woman was young, red-haired, and well dressed in violent colors that almost clashed with her hair and with each other, but just did not. Her companion was an American whom Marie-Claude recognized as one of the ten parachuted to Emilienne's sec-

tion of the Maquis. He was plain but appealing, and the fact that he had both a glowing boyish complexion and his left arm in a model sling gave him the unreal air of a figure in a poster designed to recruit nurses.

The second woman was a few years older than Marie-Claude, delicately featured and of a fairness that made her elaborate widow's weeds extremely becoming to her. Despite her clothes she did not appear devoid of gayety. As her companion held the gate open he bent his head and made a remark at which she lowered her eyelids and smiled the smile of someone who is genuinely confused but finds the sensation both novel and exciting. Her companion, a middle-aged man in French Army uniform, had regular features and brown eyes, and the fine curves of his eyebrows and the modeling of his mouth composed an expression whose calm benevolence was unmarred by complacency. But it was his gesture, rather than his face, that made Marie-Claude suddenly and disagreeably aware of the quickened beat of her heart.

Agitation compelling her to move, she stood up, and in so doing dropped her handbag, scattering its contents in the long grass. By the time she had picked them up and muttered some childish imprecations, the officer had shepherded the widow inside and the brilliant sun, the brilliant scene, put Marie-Claude in mind not of 1940 but of 1930, the year in which she had been a young girl experiencing first love for the officer who had just entered Emilienne's house.

4

IN THOSE days he had been a promising young diplomat lacking the fortune advisable for the successful pursuit of his profession. This lack had not been without its advantageous aspect. When he tired of Marie-Claude, whom the course of true love had transformed from a gayly docile child to a passionately exacting woman, he was able to offer her pride the excuse that he must marry a rich woman. Soon after his dismissing her, Marie-Claude tried to kill herself. Being afraid of heights and incompetent with revolvers, she took an overdose of morphia. Its only effect was to make her exceedingly sick. She did not tell her lover of this attempt, since she had well-founded fears that it would arouse his irony rather than his pity, and he was in any case greatly occupied by his marriage to an English girl with more money than breeding.

Being young and healthy, Marie-Claude survived. But it was a long time before her days ceased to be punctuated by longing for her lover's presence, her nights by longing for his embraces, and both days and nights by a tendency to annotate her past conduct with variations on "if only I had — or hadn't — done that." And a further abortive attempt at the career for which she was best equipped — of loving and being loved — did nothing to remove the impression

made on her by this talented man who was almost as remarkable as her besotted fancy had supposed.

But from the moment, four years later, when she married Gérard, until the outbreak of the war, the contentment enveloping her life had exorcised any feelings for her first lover other than a vague amiability. Now and again she saw photographs of him in an illustrated paper. When they were accompanied by news that he was doing well, she was glad; and over his first divorce she shook her head with an indulgence bred of indifference but unsharpened by malice towards his wife.

Had it been possible for her to feel irritated with Gérard — but of course it was not, he was so good, so kind to her — she might have done so on the morning when he laid an accusing forefinger on an *Illustration* picture of her first love and said in tones that suddenly seemed to her a trifle overhearty, "A fine man in many respects, but the kind that has no business to marry."

Gérard had been right. Naturally. And Marie-Claude was very glad now that she had not been given the opportunity to marry her first love. Very glad indeed. It would never have done. She had not realized the fact at the time — young people never know what is good for them — but she had been undeservedly fortunate: sitting on a tin chair in the Avenue du Bois, Marie-Claude told herself all this several times. But she was not listening to herself. She was watching a young girl in a low-waisted, short-skirted dress and cloche hat pause beside a lilac-festooned, wrought-iron gate held open by a young man who, after wishing her good day in a mockingly formal voice, bent and whispered a remark about the brightness of her eyes that filled her with delight on her own account and with confusion lest the guests following her should have overheard.

Now, as then, the afternoon sun was warm upon her cheek, the smell of the lilacs in the garden strong; and unaware of anything but her determination to feel other than she did, Marie-Claude began to walk towards the woods at the end of the Avenue. There the leafy, sun-shot trees brought her to a standstill. For the first time since her return to Paris she experienced a faint longing for the embattled hilltop village where she and her husband used to spend their summers. In the middle of the strip of sunlight at her feet was a patch of clover. Moved by superstition she bent down and began to search feverishly for a four-leaved stem. The patch was without abnormality, but during the fruitless search contemporary feelings flowed back to her and she was presently able to straighten herself, repowder her face, and determine to return to Emilienne's — and enjoy herself even more than she would have done had there not been this opportunity to display her emotional prosperity to the lover who had rejected her.

She was surprised by the length of time it took her to retrace her steps. Before pulling the bell rope, she had to pause to regain her breath. From a room on her left came the sound of Emilienne's high lisping.

voice and of answering laughter. Presently the sound grew louder, as if the guests were coming towards the window. As they did so Marie-Claude remembered the anachronistic white-gloved footmen dispensing cocktails in a manner that would have done credit to a papal nuncio; remembered the necessity for not catching the irreverent eye of her friend Jacqueline when with accentuated lisp, with the English accent reserved for state occasions, Emilienne introduced them to a princess. And remembering, Marie-Claude dropped the bell rope as if it had been on fire and ran down the path and through the wrought-iron gate.

The sunshine had gone and she shivered as she walked rapidly towards the Arc de Triomphe; and with a faint wish to punish herself for which she could not account, she took part in the battle of the Métro that is a daily feature of liberated Paris and reaches its climax around six o'clock in the evening.

To her surprise Gérard was already home. When he saw her, he exclaimed at her pallor. Instead of answering his question, Marie-Claude put her arms

round him and whispered: "You won't ever get tired of me?"

Gérard looked at her with genuine astonishment. "Has the war rendered you imbecile, my love? You know I couldn't even if I wanted to."

Pressing her forehead against him she muttered: "One never knows. One *says* that, but —"

"One says it indeed." Gérard shook her gently. "Yes, and this particular one means it."

Then, as Marie-Claude lifted her head and looked at him with a curious expression, in which he would have seen defiance had he not known she never had occasion to direct this emotion at him, Gérard added less easily: "But what have you been doing, darling? Where have you been?"

Marie-Claude moistened her lips. But before she had time to speak, Gérard realized that his question had been a stupid one. Because of course he knew where she had been — she always told him every detail of her doings. She had been to Emilienne's party — and Emilienne, though fundamentally a good girl, could be very tiring.



THE RETURN TO LOVE

by ROLLO WALTER BROWN

I

LONG ago I read a sentence of Maeterlinck's which began to have meaning for me by the time I was fifty: "Whence comes the timidity of the divine in man?" For by the time I had arrived at fifty I had come to have not only a general interest in the diversity of ways in which man has in fact shied away from the best in himself, but a specific belief that the most tragic of all these "timidities" has been in his perversion or denial of love. Love was only desire — that was the great "realistic" illusion in which anyone who wished could lose himself. If anybody dared to profess faith or even belief in "romantic" love, he was only an underdeveloped or inexperienced being.

Along with the growing disrepute of "romantic" love, other matters were having more and more attention. There was a sharp decline in the permanence of marriage; there was a frightening increase in juvenile delinquency; there was a disintegration of ideals in the Church; there was an exaltation of any kind of human effort that could show obvious material re-

sults; there was an era of gangsterism that required the best that the Federal representatives of order could give; there was a rise of hatred.

This confusion of life has a closer relation to the fortune of "romantic" love than the proponents of the "realistic" life — that is, the literal life — have ever ventured to call to anybody's attention. When people have thrown away their belief in a fertile margin of mystery in existence — ever-extending mystery — and profess to see only cold, dead boundaries instead of glowing edges of promise, they are certain to experience outbreaks of disharmony and despair.

In this too literal life, everybody has missed something — the proponents of literalness more than anyone else. Only cast an eye over the world and see. But nobody has seemed ready to go into detail about what it is that is missing, or how it might be reclaimed. There have been all sorts of counterfeiters and side-steppers. Count Keyserling visited this country to talk on such subjects as the philosophy of love, but by the time he had dictated the kind of champagne he must have — even in the days of Prohibition — had specified the kind of beautiful young women he must have entertain him from five

Author who through his lectures has carried his creative philosophy to many an American campus, ROLLO WALTER BROWN, the disciple and biographer of Dean Briggs of Harvard, now makes his home in Cambridge, where he is writing his autobiography.

o'clock in the afternoon until the hour of the lecture and afterward, and had exacted large fees for a brief appearance, he left many in his crowded audiences of women wondering whether he advocated some new-style promiscuity of the sexes — or just what?

Certain ministers of the Gospel spoke about the relation of the sexes in the new social order without making clear what relation or what new order. Or they spoke remotely, historically. Love seemed to be only the physical relation of persons of different sex. Or, if not that, then it was some cool theological or metaphysical state, scarcely attainable, and perhaps almost undesirable.

Now just where would a boy and girl of honest youthful aspiration, high devotion to each other, and a fresh and reasonable concern for other mortals like themselves, find in all this jumble the specific assurances on which they would live? The only patent fact to be heard every day was that the divorce courts were more and more crowded — in an age known for its roughshod heartlessness.

It ought to be time, then, for somebody to speak in behalf of love. It ought to be time to declare that since love is a going-out, a giving, and since the human life that is worth mentioning — the only one happily remembered — is the outward-bound life, we must have both if we are to have either in completeness. And inasmuch as the love between man and woman — when it is love, in truth — is love's basic expression, there ought to be good reason for making it a beginning.

The inclination of the young to magnify qualities in those they love, to feel chivalrously, generously toward their civilized fellows, ought to be kept in unbroken continuity. But the clumsy, disordered world that we have permitted to accumulate around us makes any continuity of emotional experience next to impossible. The young who wish to marry early — early in their twenties, let us say — ought to have full opportunity. But the young man of this age — already as old as many men have been when they have made great contributions to the world — falls inescapably into the hands of the manipulators.

He must proceed in college and medical school and hospital, for instance, in such an unvarying march that he is thirty or thirty-two years old before he can feel at all established and ready to assume the responsibility of a household. Or after college and professional education, the corporation that is sending him to Central Africa or China or South America has it clearly understood that he had better not try to take a wife along. Or in some other fashion his life is manipulated to the destruction of any natural continuity of emotional experience.

Somebody makes it seem inevitable that young men and women, at the very time when they most need this continuity of emotional experience, must float around for years miscellaneously, promiscuously perhaps, before contemplating marriage. In the name of some educational or economic abstraction, we are led to blink the loss of one of the greatest potential

strengths in human society: the deep poetry of life for two people who find delight in making each other psychically at ease, and who have a great constantly multiplying body of beliefs and interests in which they can live stimulatingly together.

No one could reside in such a center as Cambridge, Massachusetts, in wartime and see the little families consisting of young naval officer, wife, and a babe or two, snatching any few available minutes to walk together outside the Harvard gates, to sit together more or less in a heap on a bench in the Common, to walk by the Charles River to enjoy the turf under their feet and clear skies overhead, without having a great new reverence for the sanctity of love. These are representative of the countless young men and women who are ready to take all sorts of chances with any halfway decent fate in order to live in a monogamous state where sex and parenthood and permanence of abode are fused by love into a great single reality. The life they dream of living is a very profound life, and altogether invaluable to civilized peoples.

And always, too, it must be remembered that love can increase. Not that it always does. Most men and women that I have known who have turned sixty have either burned out the candle by burning both ends, or yielded up to a complete fatty degeneration of spirit. "As the years come, love goes," they say. But nothing could be farther from the truth. They only reveal one more of the tragedies of confusing love and desire.

Love stays — when once it is there. Not only that. Its great profundities come late. The emotional life is cumulative. The simplest incident as it has come along through the years has attached to itself all sorts of enriching associations. There is a kind of cross-fertilization of experiences, too. Thus it comes to pass that a song familiar to a grayhead from the days of his youth does carry for him a meaning that it cannot possibly have for his grandchildren, try as they may to appreciate it. Thus it comes that love in late years is a multiplied experience, an enriched experience that causes the most precious young love to seem undernourished and undeveloped.

2

BUT love cannot by anybody's narrow definition be restricted to the love between man and woman. Never has enough been said in praise of those who have found their completest love — the going-out to something that one wishes to be in harmony with, the eagerness to give oneself utterly, the readiness to sacrifice oneself, and the resulting warmth of life — in devotion to merciful serving or to an artistic ideal. They have found their own approach to happiness.

Nuns, I am sure, keep their renunciant vows. I have by chance been brought into the presence of a few thousand of them — in the hospital, in institutions of learning, on the street, in audiences, in houses where sorrow has come. Yet I have never looked into

the face of one who seemed to be unhappy. If there are human beings who cannot know love unless their devotion is centered in a person of the opposite sex — and there are many such persons — there are also those who can live their devotion in solitude.

But there must be no confusion of loyalties. Nor may there be any assumption that loyalty is of little concern. I have known, for instance, a number of people who have tried a substitute for what they called "restrictive marriage" — a substitute that was a kind of unanchored arrangement which permitted all privileges and required no obligations. But even the most promising instances brought in the end a greater disillusionment than the most commonplace marriage imaginable. It must be an unconfused devotion. Neither the nuns nor the young wives and husbands meeting outside the Harvard Yard got their radiant faces by messing around.

There are workers in the arts too, who are so given to a great distant ideal, who go out to the life they find in their work with such warmth, and who have such a sure feeling of the "divine" in themselves, that they have much the same profound experience of love that those have who find love in a religious perfection. "Every good thing I have been able to do," said a brilliant poet, "I have done out of love."

In essence love is life's going out harmoniously to life. So if one believes that the creative spirit — as we use the expression when we are thinking of the arts — has come straight through to us from the source of all life, the soul of the universe, it is logical, even inevitable, that some sensitive natures, placed in given circumstances, find in the living ideal of creative work the "object" to which their deepest love can turn. Nor can the deftly analytic, who have in most instances become incapable of knowing the creative spirit by experiencing it, explain away all such great love as only some kind of frustration — unless everyone is to be called frustrated who practices a self-denial in order to enjoy a cherished perfection.

There are great lovers, too, whose lives go out inclusively. So deeply is the sweeping sense of our common destiny ingrained in their lives — "the solidarity in mysterious origin, in toil, in joy, in hope, in uncertain fate," which Joseph Conrad found binding men to each other — and so ardent are they in their belief in the potential good in men, that they have in all honesty a love for humankind.

A man of unquestioned austerity confessed to me one day that as he had sat in a streetcar opposite a ten-year-old Negro boy who seemed to fear that somebody was about to pounce upon him, he was moved by an irresistible impulse to go over and put his arm round the boy's shoulders and assure him that they were very much alike, after all, and had every reason for feeling at home in each other's presence. Soldiers who have felt the imminent death together have grown to love each other as brothers. Men do have these elemental experiences. And men do go wild with joy when someone like Dostoyevsky is moved to stand up and declare that a sense of

brotherhood, of understanding love, will some day encompass the earth.

Whenever we are able to free ourselves from the pseudo-sophisticate mind that results from arrested growth we know the truth: Love transfigures men and women. My memory is full of instances. I have seen a young husband and wife filled with the greatest happiness they had ever known when they discovered that they — they themselves — could unite in forestalling the devastating clashes of will that had disrupted their married life. For them, it was love's greatest triumph when love made them do love's bidding.

A woman who declared in her late forties that she had everything the world could give except happiness was led by a chance sight of suffering, and an ardent resolve to get rid of some of it, into such a state of joyous concern that her only regret was that every day was sure to be too short. I have seen coal miners and woodsmen and all sorts of supposedly commonplace men filled with the capacity of poets to "see the invisible" when in any of a hundred chance ways their lives were touched by love.

And some of the increase of life is enjoyed by those who only come within the presence of those who love. This I know. When I have walked solitary and perhaps travel-weary along the quiet paths of some college campus and have met two students whose love for each other was expressed in mutual respect, intelligent concern, and a sense of the importance of life, I have felt a great assurance for the rest of the day.

And when a sturdy Italian shoemaker volunteered to come to his shop on Sunday to repair my wartime shoes and justified such unusual procedure by saying in a kind of unending sentence, "My three big boys are all right — never got a scratch — and my girl, she's got a good job with the Army Intelligence Service down at Washington — but my little boy, I have lost him — he was in Germany just a month — and I can't stay home all day Sunday and think — so I come down here and try to do a good job at something" — when I had heard that, I experienced a great clarity of sight for an indefinite time.

3

BUT is there anything to be done about it all? Is it possible to lift the percentage of favorable instances high enough to cause any change worth mentioning? Well, I think yes. If we can but remember, as Alfred de Vigny once said, that a great life is a thought in youth wrought out in ripening years, then there is something to be done. We can give attention to the "thought in youth." The young are always the great potential believers in the power of love.

When I had once been left in an Iowa college town for a free day after I had lectured there for a week, the professor of sociology invited me to visit one of his classes. "I believe it will interest you. We are

devoting a term to the consideration of marriage."

I was skeptical. I wondered just how much thirty or forty boys and girls would say, would learn, about marriage in the open of a college course. But the professor was not professorial in his methods. He had been very, very patient. He was considerate of every sensitivity. He was full of the sound implication that most people do not get half so much out of life as is really there. In consequence, he had gained the confidence of his students — and their admiration.

Early in the hour somebody wished to ask the visitor a question: How long had I been married? When I replied, "Thirty-eight years — married early, you see," a bright girl said, "Well, we want to know how you've kept married that long." And before I knew it, I was trying to do something that I had never done in my life: I was standing up at the professor's desk trying to tell them. They smoked me out; they demanded definite statements.

When I said in reply to the bright girl that perhaps one reason why we had "kept married" had been that we kept ourselves for each other, another girl asked: "But couldn't that be boresome?" I tried to explain that it could, conceivably, but that love is an awakening, and when two people who really love each other live together, each life expands in its own way so that there is in each of them every day a new interest for the other. I sketched my wife busy with Mozart, or Brahms while I sit off by myself two rooms away. What she plays is stimulating to me, and my presence back there where I am busy with something of my own seems to mean something to her.

"But how do you manage your women friends?" another girl wished to know. "You don't want to spend all your time with your wife, do you?" And I explained how a central unshakable love is just what is required to provide one with the true freedom to enjoy the friendship of persons of the other sex. There is something parallel, too, where the love is not between man and woman: a deep central love enables one to go out and be in unconfused relation to all things else.

They kept after me in this fashion. But as always when I deal with the young, I felt sure that I was the one who gained most. They made me know how great is youth's hungering for a satisfying, growing love — and how shamefully their elders underestimate the readiness of the young to consider love seriously as a power in life, to apply belief in love to a world of hate.

We can take our choice. If we do not believe that the awakening, the generosity, the loyalty, the warmth, expressed in love can transform the world into something more livable than what we now have, then we can take the alternative and believe that husbands and wives who cannot endure each other, neighbors who cannot endure each other, races who cannot endure each other, people who scoff at anybody who would make an improvement, can somehow, added together, constitute one world living in amity. We can wait among our raucous hatreds until somebody somewhere decides to enforce his special hatred with some super-super atomic bomb. That is something definite and "realistic." But might we not have a more interesting world if we tried love?



IPHIGENIA IN AMERICA

by ROSEMARY THOMAS

WE SHALL know Iphigenia well, she
whom her father held captive,
exchanging blood for blood — oh, we
shall know Iphigenia well
when Achilles shall not return.

Where is her brother, he pursued by Furies,
who trailed the dark blue seas
until he found her? Where is Pylades,
his friend, who shielded him
from death's despair? All, all these

are living again — now are men
on the shores of Greece,
on the shores of Rome,
who know the tug of the long homesickness
under the sharp erotic arrow.

We shall know Iphigenia well
when the warriors, without Achilles, return.



TEA AT THE RECTORY

by DOROTHY WHIPPLE

IT WAS Christmas Eve and, at four o'clock in the afternoon, almost dark. The Miss Whartons, at their gate, hesitated which way to go to the Rectory, whether by the field path or the road. Their grandnephew Richard waited for them to make up their minds, which always took time.

He sighed and was ashamed of himself. In the desert, in Italy, in Normandy, he had thought of his great-aunts with much affection. Since his parents had been killed and his home destroyed in the blitz, his thoughts had no one to turn to but his aunts. All the time he was in hospital he had longed to get home to them, remembering their kindness, their endearing oddity. Why then, now that he was with them, was he so often exasperated, and not only with them but with all of life, with everything, big and little? Why did going to tea at the Rectory seem the last straw, seem so unbearable? He told himself it must be because he wasn't well yet, but he really felt that things would never be right again. Never. How could they be in this war-shattered world?

He waited, looking at his aunts. In the last wild light from the winter sky, or any light at all for that matter, they were an odd-looking pair only to be met with, surely, in the English countryside. Two maiden ladies in tweeds and felt hats, unfashionable, indefatigable in spite of their seventy-odd years, voluble, argumentative, and much given to erratic and frequently startling gestures. They were pointing vigorously with their stout sticks, now to the field, now to the road, and now for some unexplained reason to the whole sweep of the sky, arguing meanwhile.

Richard, listening, — he tried nowadays to listen closely to keep his mind from his dark thoughts, —

wondered why so many people of his aunts' class and generation had such difficulty with their *r*'s. Had it been a fashion in their youth, was it a pose, or was it a real speech defect? There was nothing else posey about the Miss Whartons, but to roll an *r* was beyond either.

"My dear," one would say to the other, "I'm afwaid I shall have to wepwimand Wose." Rose was the small maid, frequently in trouble, at Rambler Cottage. The aunts were now taking Wichard to tea with the dear Wector. "If only they would make up their minds which way to go!" he thought, standing there with his fists doubled on his hips, tall, thin, — far too thin, — and still, after the interminable years of war, only twenty-six.

The argument came to a sudden end. The sisters had decided upon the field path. They never went this way after nightfall, they explained, because of the darkness under the elms, but since Richard was with them, it would be all right. Everything seemed all right to the Miss Whartons when Richard was with them.

He helped them over the high stile; first Aunt Emmy, then Aunt Jemmy. Their baptismal names, Emmeline and Jemima, had very early in life been thus shortened. They hurried down the field path now, brandishing their sticks so wildly that Richard often flinched as if about to be hit. Once he would have called out "Hi!" in laughing protest, but now he said nothing.

Volubly, the Miss Whartons conjectured who would be at the Rectory for tea. Mrs. Ware, Mrs. Burton, Miss Pike were sure to be there, because they always were. They hoped Pamela Lane was home for Christmas; if so, she would also be there and she was such a dear girl, they assured Richard.

"But if Miss Pike awwives with a bag today," cried Miss Emmy, raising her stick in a threatening

Novelist DOROTHY WHIPPLE, who lives with her family in Nottingham, England, published her first book, *Young Ann*, in 1927 and her latest novel, *They Were Sisters*, in 1943. This is her first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

manner, "you can expect twouble. Because I shall tell her what I think of her and her kettle-holders. There's no social gathewing of any kind in this village any longer but Miss Pike is there to thwust her kettle-holders upon the guests. Well, I've had enough, and today I shall tell her so."

"You have my full permission, dear," said Miss Jemmy.

Hurrying over the rough path, they chattered on, but they were not so inconsequent and unobservant as Richard thought and hoped. Their chatter was partly designed to cover his silence, to enable him to be silent. The hearts of the two old ladies yearned over the war-torn boy. They wanted desperately to heal and help him, but feared they did not know how. They feared too that they had annoyed him by that foolish argument at the gate. At least, it appeared foolish in retrospect, because the Rectory was only a quarter of a mile away and what could it matter which way they went?

The Miss Whartons almost always came to this conclusion about their arguments, and would make the warmest amends and apologies to each other, each laughingly protesting that the other was right, or even if she wasn't, it didn't matter.

"It does *matter*, my dear," one would say, and the other would say, "No, of course it doesn't." And they would both laugh heartily. Outsiders were frequently bewildered by this rapid change of front, but the sisters understood each other very well.

They felt, however, that Richard, since he had come home from the war, found them exasperating. They wanted to reform their ways, but they kept forgetting, and behaved as they had behaved for the last seventy years. They were remorseful now and hoped there would be a nice tea at the Rectory, that Miss Pike would not be too tiresome, that Pamela would be there, that the Rector would be able to do something for Richard. They didn't know what, but something. That somebody would do something, since they couldn't. If only they had a piano. It was a dreadful thing to be without a piano for Richard, who was so musical. But there was no room at Rambler Cottage that a piano could have been got into; they were all far too small. Everybody had been so kind, putting their pianos at Richard's disposal, but he wouldn't go and play on any of them. Poor boy — how long would it be before he was healed of the terrible years of war?

Richard strode beside his aunts. "Why am I going to this place?" he asked himself. "Why do I drag about like this? I'm crushed. Crushed. Ye gods, what am I doing — going to tea at the Rectory!" He felt, like one about to be given an anesthetic, a fear of what he might say. He felt he might break out with all his savage, bitter thoughts this afternoon. He felt that the very mildness of the company might provoke an outburst that would hurt his aunts and do what he hated most: draw attention to himself and his suffering.

The bare branches of the elms reached up into the

night sky. The little church lay at the foot of the grassy hill. Above it shone a single star. The star of Bethlehem, perhaps. How often he had thought, abroad, of Christmas in England. In the heat of the desert, tormented by dust and flies, he had kept himself sane by thinking of the Pastoral he would write for Christmas when he was home once more. But now that Christmas was here, and he was here, he couldn't do it. He never would do it, he told himself.

They went through the wicket gate, through the churchyard where the old stones leaned peacefully under the yews. In the Rectory drive, Richard halted. He wanted to say, "I'm not coming in. You shouldn't expect it of me. Damn it all, what do I want with tea at the Rectory?" But when his Aunt Jemmy said, "Come along, dear," he went forward obediently.

2

MISS JEMMY rapped with the brass knocker on the white Georgian door. The ladies stood with their muzzles lifted like two dogs waiting to be let in, Richard as if he would bolt at any minute. An ancient maid, far too old ever to have been called up, admitted them to the paneled hall. The Miss Whartons surrendered their sticks as if entering a museum — and a museum this place probably was, reflected Richard, following his aunts up three shallow steps to the drawing room.

When the door was opened, such a rush of heat and noise was let out that he fell back. The room seemed to be full of women and shrieking birds. It was a second or two before he realized that the birds were on the wallpaper and quite silent. It must be the women who were shrieking. Certainly they seemed to be rising at him from all sides, taking him by the hand, saying how d'you do, lovely for you to be home for Christmas, it is so nice, are you better, I'm so glad, you're not quite well yet are you, sit here, nearer the fire, have some tea, sugar, muffin, or sandwich.

He answered at random and, sitting down at last, found himself almost at floor level on a plush chair without sides. Queer what a chair can do to you. This one gave him an inferiority complex. It also embarrassed him. When he stretched out his legs, he appeared to be lying at full length; so he drew them up and let his knees poke above his head, since that was the only alternative. His cup shuddered on its fluted saucer, betraying the trembling of his hands. He was annoyed; this wretched tea party had set his hands off again just when he had thought they were cured.

He bit into his muffin. It was cold and damp like a piece of felt left out all night. He put it down and looked round the lofty room. A period piece. Victorian, with the life of the prime mover of that age portrayed in huge engravings round the walls. The Coronation of Victoria, the Marriage of the Queen, the Christening of the Prince of Wales, the Marriage

of the Prince of Wales. August, very tidy assemblies such as we shall not see again. Under them stood a full-sized grand piano. He dared bet, he told himself, that no one ever touched it.

He took up his muffin again, since he had to. If he didn't dispose of it, it would hold everything up. With this piece of muffin, he could prolong tea indefinitely. He thought of doing it, in revenge for having come. But he took another bite and looked round at the company.

Among the collection of felt hats, bobbing in animated conversation, his host's bald head was conspicuous and his hostess's snow-white hair. Also the scarlet cap of a girl at the other side of the room. Not a bad-looking girl either, though he felt no interest in her. He supposed he must have been introduced, but hadn't noticed it.

He located his aunts. Miss Emmy was at some distance. Beside her was a middle-aged woman at whose feet, leaning trustfully like a dog, was a large American-cloth bag, stuffed to capacity. In every pause of the conversation, Miss Pike laid a hand tentatively on this bag, but under Miss Emmy's threatening eye she withdrew it.

In the circle of chairs, Miss Jemmy was next but one to her nephew. Mrs. Ware was between them. Richard, having disposed of his muffin and refused all else, now became aware that she was telling him how much money she had made for the Red Cross from the sale of her raffia baskets.

He murmured in congratulation. "This room," he thought, "is frightfully hot," and wrenched at his collar. Miss Jemmy glanced at him with anxiety.

"That is one of my wastepaper baskets," said Mrs. Ware, indicating a sort of Leaning Tower of Pisa in straw beside the mantelpiece. It was ornamented, though that is not the word, by the usual female figure in a crinoline and poke bonnet. The bonnet hid the face, which was convenient because Mrs. Ware was not good at faces. "I sometimes put a row of delphiniums instead of hollyhocks," said Mrs. Ware, "and I *sometimes* put my lady the other way round."

"Really?" said Richard, looking wild.

"Of course, I don't only make wastepaper baskets. I make shopping and garden baskets. In fact, every conceivable kind of basket, and I do so enjoy it. It is my way of expressing myself, you know. The Rector and dear Mrs. Kenworthy have always been so encouraging. They have one of my baskets in every room, and since there are twenty-four rooms in the Rectory — a William and Mary house, you know — you will understand that they have been very good customers of mine. Of course, you know," said Mrs. Ware confidentially, "I made them one for nothing. One for the Rector's study. I left the lady out on that one — just put extra flahs. I thought it was more suitable."

"Wichard!" cried Miss Jemmy, making everybody jump. "Piano! Play something while you have the chance, dear boy. Play. Play."

"Please do," invited the hostess, rising at once to

open the piano. "I'm afraid no one has played on this piano for quite some time. But we keep it tuned, you know. Mr. Wharton, do give us the pleasure of some music."

3

RICHARD, looking hunted, went to the piano. He wasn't fond of performing in public, but anything would be better than sitting on that chair, by that furnace of a fire, at the mercy of Mrs. Ware and her raffia baskets. He sat down and touched the keys. The piano was all right. What of the audience? The faces, all turned towards him from the circle round the fire, irritated him. "I wish I liked the human race," he thought, his hands tentatively on the keys. "I wish I liked its silly face. Bah!" he thought, crashing out a few of Henry Cowell's cluster chords. The felt hats jumped perceptibly. "Yes, that makes them sit up," he thought. But he hadn't made up his mind what to play, so he let them off for a few minutes, playing quietly.

One by one the hats turned inwards to the circle. They didn't know what he was playing. Something modern, they supposed. They tried to look as if they were listening, but they couldn't keep it up. Sitting silent, talk was collecting inside them. Talk is like love; the more it is suppressed, the more it must come out. It gathers force from hindrance. From nods and becks and an occasional whisper, they began to lean one towards the other and a hum arose.

Richard, hesitating, without ceasing to play, between Ornstein and Sorabji, crashed into more Henry Cowell. But they were beyond surprise. They were well away now, he noted, and had given up all pretense of listening.

Except the girl, Pamela Lane. She was directly opposite Richard at the piano and could watch him. "These young men," she thought. He wasn't much older than she was, but what he had gone through! He looked savage and bitter, and he played as if he meant to get his own back — possibly on the world. She saw him glance sideways at the company and burst into fresh discords. "Why must they talk when he's playing?" she wondered. It was so rude. If they couldn't understand, at least they could keep quiet.

The music, though unheeded, was nevertheless having an effect on the company. The louder Richard played, the louder they talked. Pamela sat up straight on her chair, her lips parted in alarm. Richard looked across at her and smiled. He saw that she was in on the game. He burst into Rubinstein's Octave Study, and almost burst into laughter.

The talkers jerked like marionettes. The Rector so far forgot himself as to get up and shovel a lot of coal on the fire. The room and its occupants seemed bewitched. Richard wondered what on earth all the talk could be about. Fragments reached him. "That girl of Swinton's." "What — again?" "Dear Mrs. Burton, are you sure of your facts?" "Those wretched goats — completely eaten the hedge —"

"They say, though of course I don't know —" And the tones of his Aunt Emmy, alas, as strident as anybody's. He looked at her. She had a hand on Miss Pike's bag. "No, Miss Pike," she was saying. "No kettle-holders. I won't buy any of your kettle-holders and no one else wants to. You make a nuisance of yourself at every social gathering, Miss Pike. Now do be sensible and give it up. Or make something else. Move with the times. Kettle-holders have gone out. All kettles have heat-proof handles nowadays."

But Miss Pike, struggling indignantly, freed her bag and, in spite of Miss Emmy, brought out a bundle of velveteen squares. These she passed round the circle. But the company took no more notice of Miss Pike's kettle-holders than of Richard's music. Absently, talking hard, they passed the bundle on. Until, when it reached Miss Emmy, it remained on her knee, whether from malice or preoccupation Richard did not know. He caught Pamela's eye and laughed outright. Their young faces lit with laughter, they rocked in their places. Everything seemed deliciously funny. She was so glad he could laugh, and he thought she was lovely. That swinging hair, those dark eyes — were they blue? — and that lovely laughing mouth! Why hadn't he noticed when he came in that he was in the presence of a most beautiful girl?

And now an end to all this tomfoolery. "This is what I wanted to play," he told her mutely across the piano, beginning the Pastorale. "This is what I wanted to write as soon as I came home. It's for Christmas. It was like this," he thought, playing. The winter silence, the Mother and Child, the trustfulness of the animals, the star and the following men. It's old and always new. Simple and still a mystery, holy, homely. "It was like this," he thought, play-

ing, listening both to himself and to what was beyond. "It's like this," he said to the girl, using no words, feeling his way on the keys. "Listen. I only half hear it yet, but do you? Can you hear? It's like this," he played. His face was happy. He looked at her and smiled.

He played as far as he heard. More would come. More would come, now that some strange terrible obstruction in his spirit had gone. His hands fell from the keys. He looked at the company. Everybody was quiet. The faces were all turned towards him, smiling. He smiled too, and getting up from the piano, he went over to Pamela and sat down beside her.

"It needed somebody of his own age," thought Miss Emmy gratefully.

"Miss Pike," she cried, startling that aggrieved lady. "Give me some of your kettle-holders. I'll buy some after all. I'll stuff them and they'll do for the shoes. Now that is a good idea, Miss Pike. Stuff the things and sell them as shoe-polishers. They'll go like hot cakes."

"I believe they would," said Miss Pike, beaming happily. "I'll take your excellent advice, Miss Emmy. You see," she said confidentially, moving closer, "I had only my old dining-room curtains that I could use for the N.S.P.C.C. and I simply didn't know what I could make from them but kettle-holders."

"And your windows are *huge*. No wonder you made so many," said Miss Emmy, now all sympathy. "Well, I think you'll find shoe-polishers —"

"It feels like Christmas, doesn't it?" said Richard, lighting Pamela's cigarette with a steady hand. "My first at home for five years."

"I hope it will be a happy one," she said.

"It is," he said, smiling at her.

HAUNTED HOUSE

by JESSICA NELSON NORTH

THEY say a man lived here. He had hands. He had eyes.
He was blessed with a brain — cursed with a tongue that spoke.
Stupid and wise,
He wore sex like a flower, like a yoke.

Loved badly and well.
Fondled a child. Beat the child till it cried.
Sweated and slept. Invited Heaven and Hell.
Lived. Died.

Life was his house. We walk in its rooms and are glad.
Drink from its well. Kneel on its floor to pray.
Here was his grief and all the joy he had,
So they say.

BOR'S UPRISING

by ANNA LOUISE STRONG

1

THE Warsaw uprising was launched by General Bor, commander of the Home Army, on August 1, 1944, as the Red Army was approaching the city. It was crushed by the Germans in two months of bloody slaughter. An estimated quarter of a million people, most of them non-participating civilians, were killed. The Red Army meanwhile fought its way into the eastern section of Warsaw, known as Praga, and in the sixth week of the uprising entrenched itself along the bank of the Vistula. The Germans continued the destruction of the main city on the western shore.

All the long-accumulated frictions between the London Poles and the Russians flamed high over this tragedy. The Moscow press denounced Bor for staging an uprising without correlating it with Red Army strategy or consulting any of the Allies. General Zymierski, whose Polish Army was an ally to the Red Army, said that Bor deserved court-martial for "sacrificing the Polish capital and its residents in the forlorn hope of a political *coup d'état*." The London Poles countered with the charge that the Red Army had halted its offensive right at the gates of Warsaw, delivering the city to slaughter rather than see the government-in-exile take power. The controversy was still sizzling when I went to Poland.

When the Warsaw uprising was launched by General Bor, the Germans had retreated across the eastern third of Poland, which presents no natural line of defense. They were pouring westward through the streets of Warsaw, creating panic among German civilians and arousing hope among Poles. The Red Army came so fast into the eastern suburbs of Warsaw that the people expected to be free at any moment without a battle. This was the civilian expectation on which General Bor capitalized.

But military men knew that the Germans had their main defense line along the Vistula — the widest water barrier between the Dnieper and Berlin. Gen-

eral (then Colonel) Marion Spychalski of the First Polish Army gave me an engineer's view of these German fortifications. His past as a city planner in Warsaw made them clear in his mind.

"Warsaw-Praga was fortified as the keystone of the German defense. South of Warsaw the fortifications coincided with the Vistula. To the north they swerved eastward toward East Prussia through difficult swamps along the Narew River. The 'Warsaw Shield' consisted of two fortified belts in the shape of a semicircle east of Praga. The outer belt ran through a series of towns as far as sixty miles away. All of these were powerful fortresses. The inner ring was locked around Praga itself. Between these two rings were numerous intermediary lines. The entire area was a maze of reinforced concrete gun emplacements, broad mine fields, barbed-wire entanglements, anti-tank barriers. The enemy was sparing neither of concrete nor of iron. All the defenses that our troops encountered from the Soviet border to the Vistula were child's play compared to the fortifications of the Warsaw suburbs."

For taking such heavily fortified centers, encirclement is the customary tactic rather than frontal attack. The Red Army planned to take Warsaw by a wide outflanking from the north and south. "This plan was also drawn up with a view to saving the Polish capital, its buildings and inhabitants," said General Zymierski. "The command of the Polish Army, whose entire forces were concentrated on the Warsaw front, knew all about it."

Such a plan required considerable preparation. The Red Army's sustained offensive had driven 260 miles on the southern flank and 340 miles on the northern.

"Our offensive power was spent," said Jan Wende, a Polish officer who heard the discussions that raged during those weeks. "What army in history, of comparable size, ever made such a tremendous drive? Everything about the army, the men, and the equipment had to stop to breathe. Just as we hit those murderous Warsaw fortifications, the Germans threw their fresh tank divisions in. What they did to us was plenty!"

"There were eight bridges over the Central Vistula," explained Spychalski. "Four of these were

Long a sympathizer with Soviet Russia, and author of many books recounting her experience in that country, ANNA LOUISE STRONG was the first American to follow the advance of the Soviet armies which liberated Poland. In Lublin, Warsaw, and the little villages, so many of them reduced to scorched earth, she has been gathering material for the past year for her new book on Poland, which will be published by the Atlantic Monthly Press early in 1946.

in Warsaw, three were south of it, and one was at Modlin, to the north. The entire German retreat from eastern Poland poured westward over the Warsaw bridges. This caused the Warsaw people to exaggerate the German debacle. They did not see the German reserves in the north coming over the Modlin bridge with four fresh tank divisions driving down on the Red Army's flank." The Red Army, at the end of a long offensive and with overextended communications, was pushed back. Only after difficult and bloody battles lasting for several weeks did it force its way into Praga. "We would have postponed the taking of Praga at this time and taken it later — more easily and with fewer losses — had it not been for our desire to bring all possible aid to Warsaw," Zymierski said.

What was going on in Warsaw while the Red Army fought at its approaches? There was disagreement within the city about when the uprising should take place.

Colonel Leon Rawicz of the Security Corps, an armed force affiliated with General Bor's Home Army, left Warsaw as the representative of "several hundred Polish officers" who disagreed with Bor on the time of the rising and wanted to get word to Premier Mikolajczyk, then in Moscow, to postpone it. He told of the discussion in the officers' circles. Some held that the rising should start when the Red Army was within thirty miles, others when the Red Army reached the Vistula line along its entire length, still others when the Red Army had secured bridgeheads west of the Vistula, north and south of Warsaw. All these officers took it for granted that the rising would be made in agreement with the Red Army command and with the many different Polish partisan "armies" inside Warsaw. Bor's failure to establish contact with any of these possible allies was what caused the Security Corps to go over to Zymierski's new Polish Army.

On General Bor, representative of the London government-in-exile and chief of their Home Army, falls sole responsibility for the timing and method of the rising. The Germans apparently realized that something was in the air, for they strengthened their guard on the Vistula bridges and began to mine them a few hours before the rising began. Months later in Lublin, people were still debating why Bor picked this "suicidal time." Some attributed his action to "orders from London," others to "the same obsolete military strategy that led to Poland's downfall in 1939"; still others suspected the presence of enemy agents in Bor's staff — not perhaps in direct control but capable of influencing the plans.

That there were some "orders from London" hardly admits of doubt. The rising synchronized with Mikolajczyk's first visit to Moscow, which he timed on his own initiative. Spychalski, who took part in those Moscow talks, told me that the Prime Minister of the government-in-exile "was evading the Lublin Poles and demanding to be taken straight

into Warsaw by the Red Army. When informed that Warsaw would be taken by encirclement, which, considering the enemy fortifications and counterattacks, would take considerable time, he turned white and was obviously quite disturbed. It was plain to us then that he wanted to be put in Warsaw with the Home Army so that he could by-pass our Lublin Committee entirely."

2

THE rising began in midafternoon of August 1. Major Szaniawski, commanding an underground detachment of the People's Army in Warsaw, thought little of the first shots. "Shots were rather common," he told me. He had finished work at four o'clock in the afternoon and gone home to dinner. "A friend came and told me there was a rising. I started at once for my post, but I could not even cross the street because of heavy German fire. After several vain efforts, we went into the cellar and cut through the walls into the adjoining apartment house. For forty-eight hours we were cutting through walls and dashing from one building to the other to reach our mustering point. Finding nobody there, we went on to Old Town — Stare Miasta, the old market place not far from the river — picking up men along the way."

Jean Forbert, a sturdy girl partisan in Wola district, also made her way to Old Town from the western part of the city. "When the shooting began, my father and mother were two miles south of Wola at Ochota. I couldn't get to them. Then I tried to reach my detachment. I was three days dodging through the streets and crawling close to houses. There were many corpses already. Finally I reached Old Town, got a white-red arm band, and became a soldier. There was great enthusiasm at first. Home Army bulletins announced that the Red Army was crossing the Vistula and already fighting in Warsaw. But in ten days the Germans burned Ochota, bombed Wola into silence, and then came on Old Town from all sides."

A well-to-do Warsaw woman went with her husband to have tea with her parents in a big apartment house a few blocks away. She left her two-year-old baby at home with its nurse. "We were all having tea when the alert sounded. We went down from the sixth floor and found some thirty young men and boys with arm bands and pistols and one tommy gun in the lot. I don't know how they got there; perhaps they were trying to reach the bridge. But the Germans had already surrounded the house and were shooting at it from tanks.

"We stayed in that house three days. There were five hundred people, mostly women and children, for the men never got home from work. There were just those thirty fighters with hardly any ammunition. It was wonderful to see someone at last hitting back at the Germans, and yet it was terrible, for it was so clear that they couldn't succeed. On the third day

came the end. There was no ammunition and the German planes were right over the roofs dropping bombs. The Germans put mines under the walls and prepared to blow us all up. Somebody raised a white flag. A woman ran out and brought back terms of surrender. The men had to come out on one side and women and children on the other. They said the men would be shot.

"We all came out in the rain, forgetting to take coats and handbags. We could only think that our dearest were being torn away. It was heart-rending when those young fighters lay down with their faces to the pavement. One was a boy not over fourteen. He could have hidden his arm band and pistol and nobody would have taken him for a fighter. He was one of the first to lie down to die. They were all shot, but I think their heroic acceptance of death saved the rest of us. The Germans had their victims and didn't kill our civilian men. It hurts me to think those boys' mothers will never know of their heroism. All their identity papers were false."

In the first days, scattered fighting went on in many parts of the city. From the first hour, the Germans were able to isolate these regions from one another. By the third day they had combined tanks, planes, and infantry in a systematic destruction of Warsaw. They blockaded the city, stopping food deliveries. They cut the water mains and fired into queues waiting at the few wells. They held open squares and thoroughfares under fire from multiple-barreled mortars and heavy siege guns. Bombers circled low, dropping incendiary and demolition bombs, wrapping the capital in flame and smoke. House after house was blown up with all its residents.

The Warsaw mother who was separated from her child tried for nearly a month to reach her baby, who was a few blocks away. She took refuge in cellar after cellar until each shelter had in turn been fired and its people either killed or driven on.

"They drove us through a wall of fire to the National Museum. A detachment of Ukrainian nationalist SS stood us against a wall, saying it was time to shoot the women now. After fifteen terrible minutes we found it was just their little joke. Four thousand of us were held in the Museum cellars four days without food, water, or sanitary facilities — imagine what the cement floor was like in a couple of hours! We were 'hostages'; the Germans proclaimed that we would all be shot unless the rising stopped. When I got out alive I believed in miracles!

"The upper floors had all been burned over one cellar where I stayed three weeks. We were all starving there. Seven people were killed the first week trying to get vegetables from a garden in the yard. A six-year-old boy was shot in that garden; he was wounded at first and lay on his back moaning. Every time he moved, the German took a shot at him. We saw him die and couldn't get to him. Nobody in that cellar was fighting; we were only looking for food. When the Germans got around to it they drove the people over the river to the Pruszkow concentration

camp as slaves. We passed through Praga in the dark and I managed to escape."

After four months, she still had no news of her baby.

3

AT FIRST practically everyone took it for granted that the rising had been agreed upon with the Red Army. Knowing that they alone could not hold off the Germans, but expecting help from moment to moment, they fought with superb heroism. All the armed partisan groups in the city, of whatever political complexion, immediately joined in the fighting, handicapped though they were by lack of preparation or warning. An estimated 25,000 of the Home Army and 7500 of the People's Army took part.

Unarmed civilians joined in. People turned street-cars over, tore up rails, threw furniture out of the houses, and knocked over newsstands to make barricades. Girls attacked German tanks with bottles of gasoline. Small children carried messages between houses. Slowly and bitterly came the realization that there had been no coördination of plans with the Red Army, from which they were still separated by the strongest line of enemy fortifications in Poland.

Accounts differ as to whether the insurgents held any strategically important locations at any time. One engineer told me that they temporarily held the telephone exchange, the power plant, the post office, and the Polytechnic Institute. Sergeant Zenon, of the People's Army, charged with rancor that "Bor took places of political rather than of military value — the city hall and the local police stations — so that he would be the government when the Red Army came." The Germans at all times held the bridges and the Warsaw citadel. There is no evidence that the Home Army even tried to cut the communications behind Warsaw, by which German reinforcements were rushed. Months later in Lodz I learned that the local Home Army commander thought of going to the relief of Warsaw, marched out a distance, and then came back.

Isolating the small separate groups of insurgents, the Germans wiped them out one by one. Three places held out longest: the downtown area, containing the headquarters of the Home Army; Old Town, the historic ancient market place; and the northern district, Zoliboz.

When Major Szaniawski reached Old Town in the first week of the rising, he found some 1300 armed men all told, including the Home Army, the People's Army, and smaller units of the Polish Socialist Party battalion and the Union of Young Fighters. They held an area about half a mile square, inhabited by nearly 150,000 unarmed people. Every street was crisscrossed with barricades. Every house became in turn a fortress. Steadily the Germans tightened their encirclement, reducing Old Town house by house. The Major estimates that at least 50,000 people perished in Old Town alone.

"It was bright August weather, but you could not see the sky for smoke during the day, while night was like day because of the fires. German planes were right over the housetops strafing and bombing. One big apartment house after another toppled into the street and the cellar, burying the screaming people. When things got desperate the younger officers of the Home Army began to talk of communicating with the Red Army. We of the People's Army were long since anxious to do this, but the Home Army had the only radio. Finally their commander agreed to send a joint message asking for help. All the fighting organizations in Old Town signed it. We gave it to the Home Army commander to send. Next day I learned that it had gone, not to the Red Army, but to the Polish government in London in code."

"Did any of the British supplies reach you by plane?"

"They tried to help us in mid-August. Five planes dropped pistols, grenades, and anti-tank weapons into Old Town at night. The gesture was heartening but the quantity was small. About three nights later they came again. This time the Germans were ready for them with vicious flak. A British plane was brought down in our area, killing one pilot and wounding the other so badly that he died in our makeshift hospital. That time most of the supplies fell to the Germans. A month later some eighty Flying Fortresses came over at four o'clock in the afternoon, flying very high — 13,000 to 14,000 feet. The sky was full of stuff attached to parachutes, but it was so high that the wind carried most of it to the Germans or across the river. I saw it from Zoliboz. We had been wiped out in Old Town!"

Old Town fell on August 28 after four weeks of fighting. Jean Forbert gave a bit of ghastly detail of the last day when "the house fell on us." Some forty persons had taken shelter in the cellar when four stories came down.

"I was knocked flat. A lieutenant fell on top of me, but the timbers pushed his head into the sand so that he couldn't breathe. He moaned 'Mother! Mother!' and died. He lay on me for hours, but the timber above him kept the rest of the building off. I had one hand free enough to brush away the stones and sand that kept sifting around my face. A man close by went mad and yelled that he had arms and would kill us both. I tried to tell him not to, but the dead lieutenant pressed me so that I could not talk. The man didn't shoot because he couldn't move to get his gun. Our friends dug us out ten hours later and said we must leave at once by sewer for Zoliboz."

4

THE insurgents by this time had become specialists on Warsaw sewers; they were the only connection and means of escape. Smaller pipes were barely a yard in diameter. Here people had to crawl and drag each other along. Some "super-sewers" were seven

feet high; one could walk erect in them. The chief difficulties were the darkness, the rounded slippery bottom, and the sewage itself, which was of varying swiftness and depth. Sometimes it reached the knees, sometimes the chest; sometimes it was rapid enough to sweep people off their feet in the dark. There was also danger of being lost in the underground maze. One man who escaped from Warsaw by a main sewer to the Vistula told me that just where it dipped down to the river the sewer became clogged to the roof. Knowing the outlet was near, he dived through the muck into the open river.

The Germans quickly learned that the Poles were using the sewers. When they heard people passing underneath manholes, they threw grenades or gas bombs. The jamming of sewers with corpses hampered Warsaw's reconstruction after the city was freed. One big sewer in the southern part of the town was blocked by bodies of a thousand people, gassed by the Germans in trying to escape.

Szaniawski gave me an account of the sewer route from Old Town to Zoliboz. "It was about two miles to our destination. The first pipe was of medium size, somewhat more than four feet in diameter. We had to bend over to walk, and the filth came up to my chin. We all had pistols and thought we would shoot ourselves if it got any worse. We came soon to a larger sewer where the going was easier. When we passed under the German posts by the Danzig railway station we had to be especially careful. There was a manhole there and the Germans could hear splashing in the water and throw down grenades."

Zoliboz, where the last stand was made, had at the beginning of September, according to Szaniawski, some 2000 fighters of the Home Army and a small group of the People's Army. "There were of course tens of thousands of unarmed civilians all around, so I drew them in and trained them. Soon I commanded 500 men of the People's Army. We fought side by side with the Home Army men. Good feeling grew between the men and the younger officers of both armies defending the same barricades. But the senior officers of the Home Army remained cold to us.

"The Home Army waited every night for help from England. They put out signals in Wilson Square on orders radioed from the London Poles; night after night they burned their flares in vain. Their radio officer came to me often, saying, 'What's the matter? They've said several times that they would come and they haven't come.'

"At first the Home Army resisted every suggestion that we establish contact with the Red Army across the river. Finally their commander in Zoliboz, Lieutenant Colonel Zywićiel, agreed that we should send two messengers, one from each of us. The Home Army, being larger and nearer to the river, was to give the technical help for crossing. All night they took the messengers in different directions. In the morning they brought them back, saying that it was impossible to pass them through the German lines. I decided to act alone. I charted a roundabout way

through the sewers and told two girls of the People's Army, 'If you can reach the Red Army within four days we may yet be saved.' They left on September 10. Within two days we had the Red Army's answer: —

"Greeting to the heroic fighters of the Warsaw Uprising! Your messengers arrived. We now know your location. Set tonight a triangle of three fires on Lelevela Square. If you have electricity you may use electric lights instead. If this is clear and agreed, set a signal at 6.00 P.M. by sewing four sheets together and placing them on a roof.

"We put our signal on one of the houses of the Fourth Colony. At six a Red Army plane came over, circled several times above our signal, and then went back.

"The supply planes began coming at nine, as soon as dusk fell. More than two hundred of those little 'ducks,' slow U-2 biplanes skimming above the rooftops, dropped stuff right into our hands and went back for more. They kept on until dawn. Some swooped so low that the pilots could yell to us. One called, '*Zdorovo, boitsi* — good going, boys.' Another promised, 'See you tomorrow.' They threw mostly food the first night. We were starving but we grumbled, 'Why don't they pass the ammunition?' The Germans kept shelling the square and killed many of our men who were picking up the stuff, but the Red Army help continued. In ten nights they dropped more than 1000 tommy guns, 300 anti-tank guns, 250 hand mortars, and the necessary ammunition.

"Two radiomen from Rokossovsky's staff were also dropped for liaison. Two others from the First Polish Army managed to get through by the river. They were quartered with the staff of the Home Army and radioed our needs to the Red Army. We got the artillery support we asked for. Red Army planes also cleared the sky of German aircraft. A battalion of the Polish First even crossed the river to help us. They succeeded in taking a narrow strip near Marymont, outside the levee. I only learned of it on the third day, for the Home Army was on that side of Zoliboz and beyond them a line of German posts.

"I immediately urged the Home Army commander to make contact with the First Polish. He replied that Rokossovsky radioed not to move. I did not believe him, but I could not ask the radioman, whom he kept almost like a prisoner. Two days later, from a high observation post in Marymont, I saw the Germans turn artillery against that narrow strip held by the First Polish and destroy them all."

5

AFTER smashing the First Polish battalion, the Germans attacked the Zoliboz insurgents from all directions. Artillery, tanks, and infantry drove the de-

fenders eastward toward the German machine-gun posts between them and the river. "We fought all day on September 28 and lost about half of our men. We held on the north and west but the enemy broke in from the south, to cut us in two. We no longer had space even to set out signals for Red Army planes. Everyone knew that we had come to the end."

That night the two commands met together. Zywiiciel of the Home Army proposed "to fight from house to house until the end." Szaniawski opposed this as useless suicide, saying, "We needn't die to the last man. We can cross the river to the First Polish Army." The younger Home Army officers supported him. The Red Army, when asked for help, replied with the details of its proposed support with artillery and boats.

In the swift playing out of the drama's last act the conflicting purposes of the two commanders became sharp and clear. According to Szaniawski, the crossing was fixed first at 9.20 on the morning of September 30. "At 10.30 I asked Zywiiciel why it was not taking place. He replied that strong winds made impossible the necessary smoke screen and that it was postponed to 8.00 P.M. At 7.00, Colonel Wachnowski of the Home Army's staff appeared in Zoliboz with an order to surrender. Sergeant Zenon of the People's Army asked him how he got there. The colonel first said that he drove over, but then caught himself and said that he came through the sewer. However, he looked spick-and-span. After a short talk with us he went off in the direction of the German positions and soon returned; it was plain that he had gone to consult the Germans.

"Zywiiciel called together all the commanders and read the order to surrender. All the younger officers protested. Some even wept, saying: 'We've agreed with the First Polish — let's go.' To this Zywiiciel replied that the Germans had broken our code and had set up such strong opposition — tanks, barbed wire, mines, machine guns — that 'not even a mouse could get over, let alone a man.' This convinced them. Even I believed that perhaps not a man could get through. But we of the People's Army were doomed anyway, for the Home Army's terms of surrender got prisoner-of-war status only for their own men, leaving us to be slaughtered as outlaws. Death either way was probable. So I put no pressure on my men; I told them that I myself would try to cross the river. Forty-eight decided to go with me.

"The Red Army artillery began at 8.00 punctually. Zywiiciel hurried to me and said: 'Tell the radioman to wire Praga to stop the artillery.' Then I exulted, for I knew now the Germans hadn't broken the code or they wouldn't need our radioman. We still had a chance. I told him: 'Tell your German friends to send the word.' We went down Digasienskigo Street towards the river.

"For an hour the Red Army artillery pounded the German positions between us and the Vistula. Then the fire divided, making a corridor, and we went

through. There were just two enemy machine guns that hadn't been silenced; they opened on us from a hundred feet; they got twenty men before we put them out of commission. They wounded a kid of thirteen who attached himself to our forces; he grabbed my hand crying: 'Daddy, don't let go!' I helped him along to the river. He's in our Polish Army now.

"We reached the river ahead of schedule. The boats weren't there. We found a leaky canoe and put a girl in it to hold our things; then four of us swam over, pushing the canoe. On the other side we met soldiers bringing boats. I told them where to go; in an hour they brought everybody over. Forty-eight men left Zoliboz with me; only twenty-eight got through. But we could have brought the whole three thousand we planned — fifteen hundred fighters and fifteen hundred civilians — with the loss of that same twenty."

Jean Forbert was one of the four that swam the river. She supplies the detail that she reached the other shore "dead beat in nothing but a wet chemise." Excitement kept her awake while they took her all night from one staff headquarters to another — "just wrapped in a big army coat while that chemise was drying, but they gave me things everywhere till I had a full uniform" — to tell about the uprising and its fate.

6

I WENT to General Wladislaw Korczyk for an account of the attempts made by the First Polish Army to help the Poles on the other shore. No signposts led to his quarters. They were only a mile or so from the front-line positions. I found them through a phone call by Spychalski, which led to a mud road and a waiting Polish officer and at last to a bunch of small, dilapidated cottages. Inside, in a comfortable, efficiently arranged staff office, sat a solid man whose chest was covered with decorations. He had come all the way with the Polish First and was preparing the final drive to free Warsaw and set the Polish standard in Berlin.

"When the Warsaw uprising broke out we were forty-five miles south of the city and on the opposite shore, with the German fortifications between. General Bor made no attempt to inform us either before or afterwards. As we fought our way into Praga, all that we could tell from observation posts was that there was fighting in a few small, scattered points on the opposite bank. We couldn't tell where the Germans were and where the Poles. Only when those two girls from Szaniawski got through to us did we

know the positions. They brought word not only about Zoliboz but about the central downtown area, which communicated with Zoliboz through sewers. At once we dropped supplies to both places and liaison men to Zoliboz with full radio equipment. They were ordered to make contact with all insurgent forces, whether of the Home Army or the People's Army, and communicate their needs.

"We fulfilled requests when sent. They said, 'Send artillery,' and we sent it. They said, 'Repeat,' or, 'Send it more to the left,' and we fulfilled their desire. Yet not once did they tell us their plans or even who was sending the instructions. They expected to give orders to the Red Army without telling us who gave the orders. We did not even know whether Bor himself was in Warsaw until the Germans announced him as their prisoner."

"How could you know the requests came from Poles and not from Germans?"

"Easily enough. Our radiomen were with Bor's officers in Zoliboz. They relayed the requests from the center of the city. They never told the names of their commanders or what they intended.

"We made many attempts to cross the river to help the insurgents. From a military standpoint these attempts were foolish; the conditions were incredibly bad. But we could not leave Poles who were fighting Germans all alone. Despite the bad conditions, we might have enabled the insurgents to hold some areas if we could have attained joint action. All these attempts failed because Bor's men avoided contact.

"What a waste of life there was in Warsaw," Korczyk concluded. "Pistols against tanks. Young boys heroically offered their lives and were thrown away when they might have been beating the Germans with us. And a city of more than a million broken and scattered."

"That's what I call high treason," judged a young Polish officer in the river-front positions. "To call a rising without correlation with one's allies, to throw a million defenseless civilians into it, to wreck Poland's capital, to surrender men and supplies which might have reached other Polish forces over the river, and to surrender on terms that doomed the men of the People's Army — loyally fighting alongside the Home Army — to die as outlaws."

We looked across the Vistula where the smoke was still heavy over the city which the Germans — using the rising as a pretext — had for three months systematically destroyed. I cannot hope to reproduce the bitter contempt with which he added: "And for that the London Poles made Bor their commander-in-chief!"

SHIP'S AUCTION

by GRETCHEN FINLETTER

I

TRAVELING with my father was always comfortable and efficient, particularly if there were not too many sisters along. If one was alone with my father one shared equally in all the services that sprang up at his appearance. Drawing rooms on trains were found for him when all had supposedly been reserved by other people; and when the orchestra was with him, engineers made special stops and whole timetables were altered.

My father and I had one trait in common: we liked to arrive in plenty of time to catch a train. Neither of us was capable of being late. The morning that we knew we were going on a journey we were in a nervous fever of excitement for several hours before we had to go to the station.

One year I went with my father to Saratoga Springs, where he was to conduct a pair of concerts. The orchestra had gone the day before on a special train and we were to follow the next day on the 10.00 A.M. We breakfasted at a quarter to eight and at ten of nine were at the station in time to catch the earlier train for Saratoga, the 9.05. This pleased my father: it was proof positive that we were on time. I was for taking the first train, but my father liked to stick to what he called "the arrangements." He bought the papers which we had read at breakfast and said that we could amuse ourselves by "studying human nature." We studied human nature for four minutes and were done with it. The 9.05 had not yet gone and we still had a chance to make it, but my father did not trust it. It wasn't his train. So we waited the hour, caught the ten o'clock, and were standing in the aisle, ready to get out again, a good twenty minutes before the train reached Saratoga.

My mother took a chance on any journey. It never bothered her if she had no reservations. She climbed into an upper berth or sat up all night and took it all very casually. If there was a stopover of a couple of hours, she went sight-seeing. She drove out in a cab to see the waterfalls or the outside of the new insane

asylum while my father waited agitatedly at the station looking anxiously every few minutes at his big gold watch. My father had more confidence in his watch than in station clocks, which he claimed ran about ten minutes slow.

My father traveled so much and so far on his tours with the orchestra that he associated train trips with work. To my mother a trip was adventure and an escape from home and children. As a result, their attitudes were very different. My father, knowing he had a schedule with a number of one-night stands, followed the timetable carefully. But he tried to make himself as comfortable as possible. He often sent a bottle of wine into the dining car to be iced for dinner, and he liked to discuss with the steward what might be specially cooked for him. Trout appeared at his table alone, and the salad was mixed according to his directions.

All this was too much like home for my mother. She ordered a chop and a baked potato for her first meal and never varied the order through thirty-five states. In vain did my father try to argue her into eating something different. My mother wanted to get back to the book she finally had time to read, or jump out at the next station for a seven-minute look down the town's main street. My mother and father both liked traveling, but for quite different reasons.

It was on an ocean voyage that my father really relaxed. The arrangements had been made; there was no timetable to study, and he could give himself over to amusing himself with human nature and enjoying his popularity with the passengers and crew. Particularly did my father blossom on the French Line.

The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique was to us, as to many other Americans, the most remarkable line that existed, and we helped support it for many years. We had been on British boats but we never had so good a time. The English were apparently determined to make us remember we were on the ocean. Their boat drills were serious and genuine affairs. A lady, except for first place in the lifeboat, seemed to have no privileges. She was kept out of smoking rooms and bars and was allowed in only one *salon*, where she could drink tea. No English passengers spoke to us or even to fellow Britishers without an introduction. I used to wonder whether, if we and

One of the four daughters of Walter Damrosch, GRETCHEN FINLETTER has had as festive and stimulating a bringing up as one could imagine, whether in New York or abroad, in the realm of music. Over the past two years she has made an affectionate place for herself in the *Atlantic* with her series of reminiscences which are to be published in book form early in the spring.

the English landed in a lifeboat together, after the third day of washing around we would break the ice and shake hands. I never was sure.

An English ship seemed designed to keep people apart. The passengers liked privacy and that was the last thing my sisters and I wanted on a voyage. The English made us feel younger than we were, and on a boat for a week each of us wanted to add at least three years.

With the French Line, from the moment we stepped on board it was gala, gala. The French tried to conceal from their passengers the fact that they were at sea. Sometimes there were life preservers in the cabin, often not. A sign pointed to *Canot de Sauvetage*, but if one followed the sign, the lifeboat might not be there at all. If there was a whistle for a boat drill, passengers might lift their faces from their Vermouth Cassis to wonder what the noise was about, but it was a sign of a complete lack of sophistication to go anywhere.

I humiliated myself on an early trip by appearing tied into a life preserver, on Pont B. Standing there were a bored stewardess, a nurse, and a child. That was all. Covered with shame, I rushed back to my cabin. I had done the unpardonable; I had not been sophisticated. How my sisters would laugh at me if they knew.

One reason for the success of the French Line was the illusion that it gave to all its passengers that they had a special drag. Businessmen, students, buyers, felt that the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique knew that they were *les grands amis de la France* and wanted to recognize this fact by bettering their cabins. A long line formed outside the purser's office, and for three days everyone changed accommodations. Somehow the pursers, from Monsieur Latour-Maigret down, gave the passengers the illusion that their claims were recognized and something immediately would be done about them. If the cabin one had originally been given had Art Moderne *décor*, one was moved to an identical cabin, *décor* Louis Seize. All decks played a kind of gigantic "Going to Jerusalem" and seized each other's places.

There was one group that did have a special pull and whose claims were genuinely recognized. These were the artists. The French loved and understood the musicians and the actors, and no cabin was considered too good for them. Pianists, conductors, or leading ladies, from the moment they stepped on board, were treated with particular attention and flattery. What was more, judgments of the worth of an artist were very genuine. Señor Arbos, for example, the Spanish conductor, on his first trip to America, received a bigger cabin than the newest star of the movies, though the star earned ten times as much as Señor Arbos.

The ships' concerts had a list of performers that rivaled Paris or New York. The piano was always in tune, and somehow the man who thought he could whistle and the lady who was determined to sing "Home, Home, from the Hills" were eliminated and

a delighted, though often an intoxicated, audience heard and cheered Paul Kochanski or Artur Rubinstein.

2

ONE August my father found he had to return from Europe earlier than he had planned, and brought Polly back with him. The ship was the *France*, the handsomest of the French Line. Monsieur Latour-Maigret was the purser, and when my father appeared at his office, Monsieur Latour-Maigret embraced him with joy and then threw up his hands in despair on his problems of cabin assignments. The boat was too crowded on this trip. *Le bureau à Paris* had made a dozen mistakes, having sold the same space several times over.

Monsieur Latour-Maigret of course immediately found a better cabin for my father, with private bath—but for Mademoiselle Pollee, *très, très difficile*. Would she consent to share a cabin with Mademoiselle Piccard, *une chanteuse ravissante*, and in two days, *parole d'honneur*, a perfect single cabin would present itself.

Polly looked at the arrangement with some misgivings, for her French was weak, particularly in verbs and high numbers, though she made a constant effort to be idiomatic. She had seen in her French reading the expression *hein*, which she used frequently but pronounced it to rhyme with "fine." If she could survive the language difficulties with Mademoiselle Piccard, the cabin presented a definite advantage. It was on a lower deck than my father's and so would give her greater independence.

Polly was adding the customary three years for the trip. She had several new dresses from Paris and some belonging to her sisters that she was taking home for them. She planned to wear them all in rotation so that she could assure the customs in New York that they were old stuff. It was a point of honor for all of us to get as much as possible through the customs without declaration. In Polly's shoes were little bottles of liqueurs, and perfume was hidden in hats and in the pockets and linings of her coat. When she walked, she clinked like John Gilpin.

When Polly arrived at the cabin, Mademoiselle Piccard was already lying in the lower berth with a thick cream spread over her face. Polly was not sure if she was awake, so she climbed into the upper berth as quietly as possible. A guttural voice spoke.

"Croyez-vous en Dieu, Mademoiselle?"

"Croyez-vous?" asked Polly anxiously.

"Naturellement, mais en même temps —"

"Bon soir," said Polly determinedly.

The next day Mademoiselle Piccard had herself moved to another cabin, having found conversation with Polly unrewarding.

Captain Jacquemot immediately asked my father and Polly to sit at his table. Captain Jacquemot was a handsome Breton with black hair and dark eyes and possessed a fine tenor voice. He loved to sing, and

late at night when the bar and *salon* were nearly deserted he would leave the bridge and perform happily with the musicians who were on the trip. He also liked to dance and play bridge, and his dark eye was well aware of which women who were making the voyage were *jolies, délicieuses, or formidables*.

Captain Jacquemot was enchanted with Polly. Polly possessed an eerie quality which only exasperated my father — he never could make out if she understood the point he was making or was merely giving him her wide smile and thinking of something else. But Captain Jacquemot became convinced Mademoiselle Pollee grasped every one of his best nuances. He placed her opposite to him, then on his left, then on his right, and he constantly lifted his glass to her. He believed or did not believe her alleged age — but he was interested in the variety of costumes that Polly was conscientiously wearing, some so wintry, some so spring-like, and he improved her French in a soft undertone.

The chief steward would bend his head close to Captain Jacquemot while they discussed whether the Bombe Glacée or the Crêpes Suzette Flambées would interest Mademoiselle Pollee more. Then the sommelier, his neck covered with chains, would bend over to the other side and murmur, “Parfaitement, mon Capitaine,” as Captain Jacquemot ordered *un vin rosé un peu mousseux* which he believed Polly would like. The sommelier would disappear and bring the special bottle, and after pouring a little into Captain Jacquemot’s glass would pour a great deal into Polly’s glass. Then Captain Jacquemot would raise his glass and the toasts began.

Each night a different guest at the Captain’s table ordered a special wine as a present to the other guests. Besides my father and Polly, there was an actress from the Comédie, a French Industrialist, Mordkin of the Russian ballet, and some Americans who said they were Steel, and Copper, and Sugar Refining Inc., and they all became very gay and lively. Polly of course found this delightful. Muffled in fur or swathed in chiffon, depending on which sister’s dress she was aging, she lifted her glass to Steel and Copper while the steward pressed on her ice hollowed in the shape of a swan in which there was caviar, and invariably she and Captain Jacquemot clinked their *rosé* together and ended the dinner with Crêpes Suzette.

One evening the Captain asked Polly if there was anything further that he could do for her pleasure.

“Oui,” said Polly suddenly, “je voudrais bien voir un iceberg.”

Captain Jacquemot was startled. The ship was nowhere near the icebergs. He raised his glass again to Polly: “Pour vous je ferais n’importe quoi!”

3

POLLY lay on her berth and studied the ship’s newspaper. First she read the leading article, *Les Parfums*

de Grasse. Then she turned to the second page, *Le Maroc, Pays Féérique du Soleil*. This was illustrated by a blurred photograph of a bearded old man in a fez. Opposite this was another long piece, *Baudelaire — Poète de la Vénus Noire*. On the next page there was a heading *Dernière Heure* and under it a brief account of what was happening in England and China. Under this in larger type came the heading *La Bourse* with four stock quotations. Next came a heading, *Le Sport. Le Shuffle et Le Deck Tennis à 3 heures*, and so on. Finally, in very large type, appeared the words, “Gala, Gala, Gala. Dîner du Capitaine; Ship’s Auction — M. Walter Damrosch.”

My father was considered the top auctioneer on any voyage and he was invariably invited for this exhausting role. He had the record for raising more money *pour la Société Maritime des Veuves et Orphelins* than any other passenger, and the francs poured in when he went to work. He was justifiably proud of his talent in this direction and he described his methods to Polly as they paced the deck before the Captain’s dinner. Polly had never seen my father in the role of auctioneer, — in fact had never attended an auction, — and she was of course excited at the prospect.

“The important thing,” my father told her, “is to keep the bidding open. Never let anything be knocked down too quickly. Persuade someone to push it another hundred francs and you’re off again and can run it ‘way up.”

Polly listened with deep interest to the words of the master.

“Oh, I hope it will go well tonight,” she said.

“Don’t worry,” laughed my father confidently. “All I have to find is some coöperative jackass who won’t let go and will keep on bidding. That’s all I need.”

“You’ll find one,” declared Polly.

The Captain’s table was strewn with flowers, and the menu, looking like an invitation to a royal wedding, took up two pages. It began with Caviar de Sterlet and Crêpes de Sarrasin, went through Baron d’Agneau de Lait, Asperge de Serre, Sauce Mouseline, and ended with Pêche de Montreuil, Belle Dijonnaise. My father, who had been in consultation with the wine steward in a series of thoughtful meetings, was giving the champagne — Lanson 1904. The first magnum arrived with the dessert and the toasts began.

“À la grande amitié entre la France et l’Amérique!” Everyone stood up. “À la santé de Mademoiselle Dorziat, artiste superbe!” The champagne was making a hit and my father looked about the table happily. Then his eye fell on Polly. She was smiling over her glass at Sugar Refining Inc. and in her glass was the *vin rosé*. He signaled to her quickly to drink champagne. Polly merely raised her *vin rosé* to him.

After dinner my father walked the deck again with Polly. He was perturbed.

“Do you realize what I was giving the table to drink tonight?” he asked.

"Champagne," said Polly.

"Not just champagne — Lanson 1904. One of the finest marks in the world. You refused it!"

"I like the *rosé*," declared Polly.

"I want you to promise me something," said my father earnestly. "I want you to promise me that never again, as long as you live, will you refuse Lanson 1904."

And Polly quite truthfully promised that she never would.

My father faced the large crowd of first class passengers. Behind him on a long table were the donations to be auctioned: perfume, wine, autographed pictures of celebrities, three handbags, a doll, an embroidered sweater, some wooden bears from Switzerland, some white pigeons fastened to an alabaster bowl from Florence, a Spanish shawl — all the vast variety of tourist purchases, including a little Reboux hat.

Polly sat at a table in the corner with Mademoiselle Piccard, the French Industrialist, and Steel, sipping a green mint as she watched the scene with great curiosity. My father after some flattering remarks to the audience picked up his first item, a pair of lady's gloves. He ran them up to three hundred francs and then suggested that Mademoiselle Piccard stand up and wear one glove to show the audience its remarkable shape. The audience applauded Mademoiselle Piccard loudly as she held up her gloved hand. My father then refused to take any bids from the ladies. Only the men were to be allowed to vie with each other in securing *ces gants élégants*. They were finally knocked down for a thousand francs.

From then on the bidding grew lively. Perfumes brought the prices of liqueurs. A picture was held up with a scarf placed over it and my father challenged the audience to secure an unseen masterpiece. He then turned the picture around, pulled up the scarf, and examined it himself. Then he gasped and faced his public.

"All I can tell you, ladies and gentlemen, is that it combines the best of Raphael and El Greco, with a *souçon* of La Vie Parisienne. I will not reveal to you the subject of the picture. Is it old Greece? Is it the female form divine? Is it rugged nature? Only the lucky winner will find this out!"

"Is the artist living or dead?" a man cried out.

My father lifted a corner of the scarf again and peered at the signature with a puzzled expression. The crowd gave a big laugh.

"I cannot tell you that," said my father, "but the picture is immortal!"

The francs and dollars were raised against each other. The picture was finally knocked down to an excited lady.

"You must look at it alone in your cabin," commanded my father, "and then charge 50 francs admission to those who wish to see it. *La Société Maritime des Veuves et Orphelins* will naturally receive the usual 10 per cent commission."

Captain Jacquemot and Monsieur Latour-Maigret looked happily at each other. The *France* was beating every liner on the take tonight.

4

MY FATHER held up the Reboux hat. The audience, exhausted with its efforts to secure the painting, began the bidding languidly.

"Twenty-five francs."

"Twenty-five francs for this handbag — I mean hat," expostulated my father. "Look at it, ladies and gentlemen."

It was a small toque with an overblown rose tucked into the tulle. There was a long pause; the hat did not appeal.

"Come, come," exclaimed my father, "the petals will fall if someone doesn't buy it quickly and put it into water."

"Cinquante francs," said a man.

Polly saw her opportunity. Now was a chance to help my father. She took a sip of the mint and cleared her throat.

"Cinq cents francs," she cried.

The audience buzzed and craned their necks. My father had not recognized the voice.

"There, you see. Someone realizes the value of this remarkable little concoction. Five hundred francs — are you going to let it go so cheaply?"

"Sept cents francs," bid the Industrialist at Polly's table.

"Un mille!" exclaimed Polly, delighted at the interest her bidding was creating. My father had suddenly turned and was looking at her. She waved cheerfully back at him. She wanted him to know that she was right there filling the vacuum he had dreaded — she was the man who was going to keep the bidding open.

Steel now entered the arena.

"Fifteen hundred francs," he cried. But Polly wanted to do her raising in French.

"Deux mille," she shouted back.

"C'est formidable!" exclaimed a group.

My father was flabbergasted. He was justifiably convinced Polly did not understand the principle of an auction. He was equally certain she could not count correctly in such high figures in French. He knew that ultimately he would have to pay the bill. He wanted to get the hat into the hands of someone else and knock it down quickly.

"Deux mille," he repeated. He turned hopefully to Steel. "I am sure the gentleman here — if he wanted this ravishing little hat before — will want it even more ardently, now that there is competition. Do I hear — twenty-five hundred? Do I hear twenty-three hundred —?"

The Industrialist jumped in again.

"Deux mille, deux cent cinquante," he announced.

"Going — going, —" cried my father, rapping with his gavel.

"Twenty-five hundred," yelled Steel.

"Trois mille," screamed Polly.

There was applause and laughter. The audience liked the competition. Polly gazed proudly at my father. She had never seen him so excited. His face was enflamed. His voice actually shook with his next remark.

"We can't let this priceless hat go for a mere three thousand. If one of these gentlemen really wants it, I will knock it down to him quickly. Do I hear something?"

"Thirty-two hundred," said Steel.

"Trois mille, cinq cent!" cried Polly.

"Do I hear another bid?" begged my father looking agonizedly at the Industrialist. "Is Monsieur satisfied to leave it at thirty-five hundred?"

There was a silence.

"Only thirty-five hundred," protested my father, looking with ill-disguised hatred at the rose-draped toque.

"Quatre mille!" called Polly triumphantly.

This was too much for my father. Polly was now bidding against herself. He thought rapidly. What would she do next? Dare he leave it open once more on the faint hope that someone else would speak and he could close the deal before she had time to move, or would she jump herself again?

"This adorable little hat is about to be sold. Is there a last bid?" Knock went the gavel and my father paused for a hopeful second. Then he saw Polly's hand go up and her mouth open.

"Going — gone!" and my father brought the gavel down with increasing rapidity. "Sold for four thousand francs!"

There was long and loud applause. Polly blushed with pride and pleasure as the hat was brought to her.

A steward appeared and asked her for the small formality of signing a little paper. Polly wrote my father's name and the number of his cabin. Then she went into the *grand salon* to dance the tango with the Industrialist.

The next morning my father and Polly again paced the deck. My father began a comprehensive talk on money — money that was yours, and money that wasn't yours; on debts and the rapidity with which they caught up with one; and a gala at night on a ship was a particularly dangerous time to risk somebody else's — that is, your father's — money.

"But I only did it to help you," protested Polly.

"Promise me something," said my father. "Promise me you will never, never try to help me again!" And he gazed out to sea with a martyred look.

The weather had turned surprisingly chilly. Two passengers passed with their coat collars turned up and one remarked that he couldn't understand it, it looked as though the ship was way off its course.

"Can you wear the damned hat?" asked my father.

"It's too tight," said Polly.

This threw my father into an even deeper depression. They continued along the deck and walked slowly under the bridge. Suddenly Captain Jacquemot sprang out and waved at them.

"Mademoiselle Pollee," he shouted, "je suis un homme d'honneur. Regardez!"

There on the port side of the *France* floated a great green iceberg. Captain Jacquemot was joined by two other officers who watched with pleasure Polly's happiness — happiness at the change of subject.

"C'est magnifique — hine?" cried Polly, looking up at them.

The *France* docked five hours late in New York.

NIGHT STORM

by MAY SARTON

WE watched the sky torn by the terrible light,
Bright presences whose jagged swords leap out
While their feet thunder on the stairs of cloud,
The flash of wings where light and darkness crowd.
We watched it all and, trembling, thought of Blake
For whom these presences were angels and did speak:
The wings rushed past. The clouds were overthrown.
We lay there where the naked light leapt down,
Exposed to God's impersonal and distant eyes
That gazed on us and on the Pleiades —
And then against your heart I leaned my fear
And heard it beat and knew that God was near,
The Love that binds the stars' sweet influence,
Heartbeat and thunder in a single Presence:
The angels did not speak a single word
And yet we were transfixed by what we heard.

WHEN THE WALL IS FALLEN

ANONYMOUS

Born in the East Side of New York City and reared in the orthodox Hebrew faith, the author of this searching article had never read the New Testament when, in his twenty-first year, he graduated from C.C.N.Y. with honors in Philosophy. But he married a Gentile, and during his years of teaching in Midwestern colleges he repeatedly disregarded the partitions of sectarianism in his search for the brotherhood of man. This true story raises the question of how far men of different creeds may go in the assimilation of a great democracy.

— THE EDITOR

I

RECENTLY, I came across a pamphlet published by young Catholics on a certain college campus. One article in it, entitled "Indifferentism" and written by a student, discussed the prevalence of good people in other faiths, but insisted that despite their virtues, they lacked a peculiar grace which only the Church could impart. Catholic youth apparently believe in a mystical quality which is inherent in the teachings and practices of their church and sets them apart from all others. This sort of "differentism" reminded me of my own young days, the long spiritual pilgrimage since then, and the unanswered query concerning the ultimate outcome of sectarian determinism which adds its rift to a world already divided.

As a Jewish boy born in the East Side of New York City, the fact uppermost in my awareness was this "differentism," which placed me irrevocably behind an impassable wall. My youthful state of mind was a mixture of suspicion and contempt for the non-Jews. It was my practice to hold my breath and quicken my footsteps whenever I passed Christian churches, of which there were very few, for the Goyim among us were represented by a sprinkling of Irish and Germans. These were often the kindly janitors of the houses where we burrowed in droves. Their women had large bosoms that smelled more clean than those of our aunts, and we were content to nestle in security on strong Christian arms that picked us up out of street dangers.

But somehow, in our developing minds, these Christians were outcasts, different from us of proud heritage. Only a rudimentary relationship with them was tolerated. On the Sabbath evening and morning, since Jews are not permitted to touch fire, they were admitted to our homes to turn down the lamps or light kitchen stoves, the only source of heat in winter in our surly tenement caves. This contact never aroused any sense of interdependence or friendliness. These people were strangers who dwelt in our midst.

Yet there was one name among them that began to stand out early in my consciousness as a name of dread, of an archenemy, a vague personality without time or place, but threatening all the dangers of an evil force. In my own family I never heard the name. To utter it would have brought anathema on the speaker. At the age of seven, as soon as I was old enough to borrow juvenile literature from the public library branch, I became aware of the curious fact that this name, wherever printed, had been effaced by previous readers. Yet it was freely ejaculated among us in street oaths in one form or another.

Thus in the years of adolescence I grew up with the idea that the execrated appellation was the epitome of all that is hateful and inimical to the Jew. I can remember when I was twelve and Christmas was approaching. We boys were mightily excited by the season, which concerned us in no way except that we got an extended school vacation. When we became old enough to realize that the people on the other side of the wall were exchanging presents, we turned wistful eyes in their direction.

But at that time, and in my home, Christmas furnished only an occasion for fortification. What an opportunity for an old rabbinical teacher to decry the hated name of him whose birthday the Goyische world was celebrating! My rabbi gathered about him some twenty of the older boys, candidates for confirmation into the Jewish synagogue, and with bated breath told them the truth about Jesus. Iesel, it seems, was a wicked lad who, like the sorcerer's apprentice, wanted to know more than he should. He haunted the Sacred Tabernacle and, seizing his chance, penetrated into the Holy of Holies, where he overheard the sacred word that gave him many powers.

Fortunately, his theft was discovered early and the High Priest pursued him. With the aid of the magic formula which he had stolen, Jesus rose in the air to escape the righteous wrath. But the High Priest was

mightier, for he rose even higher and forced Jesus down to earth, where he was deprived of his magic. The story went no further, but we boys walked out with a sense of our superiority over this vague enemy because of whom we had suffered so much through the centuries, yet who could not prevail against our High Priest, for all his stolen sorcery. This constituted my first official teaching on the life and works of Jesus.

I had become, at thirteen, a full-fledged member of the synagogue. In the later teens I found it increasingly hard to obey all the precepts of an exacting religious practice. The wearing of the phylacteries in the morning conflicted with the need of doing early chores in a store and getting off to school for a nine o'clock class. Yet the holy cubes were respectfully worn every day, even if the rapid mumble-jumble in Hebrew that accompanied the sacred act became more and more merged into a prolonged murmur. And so, on through a city college, where at graduation I received a medal in Philosophy though I had not read the New Testament, and where I was accorded the distinction of Phi Beta Kappa, though, incredible as it may seem, I did not know of the Goyim that, while they were primarily Christians, they were also Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians.

So effectively had public education been organized, through the elementary grades, high school, and college, that the name of Jesus had been obliterated from my instruction. Here was a lad of twenty, with much Hebrew lore in his baggage but no vital spiritual concept; with an entire ignorance of what constituted Christianity but possessing an ingrained aversion to it; an enemy of Jesus by accident of birth but without personal animosity; a citizen prepared by public instruction to dwell on the Israelite side of the immemorial palisade raised against the Philistines.

I am surprised, in my present sophisticated awareness of religious denominationalism, that I could have lived in New York as a boy and gone through college and still not have learned the names of the various partitions behind which Christians have grouped themselves. By the age of twenty-nine, when I returned from the First World War, I had vaguely heard of the Methodists and a few others, but I should not have been able to tell how they divided themselves from one another. (It would be an interesting venture if a questionnaire were circulated among professing members of the various Protestant churches today, aiming to ascertain what they knew of the essential differences between the sects.)

2

WHAT I have to relate of my adventures with Protestants will be more credible if I here pay homage to a man who was born a Catholic. I chanced to meet him in my early twenties in an East Side settlement house where he was a worker, and I soon realized that I was coming under a new influence. Here

was a man without any church connection now, yet leading a life of goodness and mercy, indeed a follower of Jesus on earth. In his presence I learned to mention the detested name without self-consciousness, and presently with wonder. From my friend I received the accolade of spiritual living based on the vital principle of an all-embracing love, a sentiment the doxologies that I had chanted in my teens to the Lord of Hosts had never brought me. This man, at one magic touch, had crumbled my walls.

So freed had I become that I actually committed the crime of marrying a Gentile woman. The heart-rending disgrace for my orthodox parents was something that I can barely understand today. After burying me with religious ceremony, they hurriedly left the neighborhood in which they had lived honored and respected.

I resumed my work of teaching after the cataclysm of 1914-1918, during which I served abroad, still ignorant of modern Christianity. The president of a small but nationally known college in the Middle West invited my wife and me to dinner in New York, in order to see what we were like. When the demitasse was served, I offered him a cigarette which he accepted and smoked with the air of a habitu  . It was only after my arrival on his campus, situated in a town where local option had banned the sale of cigarettes, that I discovered that I should not mention the presidential transgression. This was the first of a series of local taboos on certain subjects which included sex, Prohibition, politics favorable to the Democratic or Socialist parties, dancing, and religion.

At the beginning, my transgressions due to ignorance were forgiven, and I accepted the taboos as I gradually discovered them. It was in this preliminary stage of adaptation that I learned from a Methodist friend on the faculty, a professor of science, what the Methodists stood for, and also that while he did not believe in the doctrine of the Trinity, he publicly accepted it for the sake of "the masses." I wondered what role the masses played in this town of two thousand souls, and I was so surprised at this revelation of self-sacrifice through hypocrisy that I hesitated to peer further into the local beliefs. But there was another Methodist on the faculty, a sweet, wise spirit and a learned mind, who really believed in the Trinity, and who restored the balance for me.

Before I took the position in this college, I had made it clear to the president that I was a Jew, and that I had no intention of substituting any denominational adherence for my discarded orthodoxy. This was amicably understood between us. I found my ignorant aversion for churches a positive influence, and during my first year in this small Midwestern community I never entered one. Be it said to the credit of the Christian folk with whom I dwelt that they accepted me cordially if wonderingly, opening their homes, and eventually their hearts, to me.

At the request of the president, who heard that I had a bass voice, I joined the college chapel choir. This was the only nudge of a religious type that I

experienced, but I found it agreeable to assist in the chapel services and to sing certain hymns, while other hymns, by their wording, provoked a shocked silence in me. I was surprised at hearing young, fine-looking American men and women chanting the inanities contained in violent verses that predicted cataclysms and judgment resurrections or employed symbols dripping with blood. Those stanzas struck me as grievously as the more ancient rituals from which I had freed myself. But these things left me interested, and I eagerly began to inquire and read concerning Christianity.

At the age of thirty I read the four Gospels for the first time. After that, I walked everywhere among brothers. Blessings seemed to sprout from our contacts. I look back to this first life among Christians as a blissful regenerative time when I caught glimpses of beauty in every spirit and when something joyously infectious kindled in us a happy radiance as we met.

From the very beginning of my stay in this new, invigorating West I began to hear much of the Congregational minister. He was away, serving after the war with the Y.M.C.A. abroad, attached to our returning troops. My friends gave me the impression that he was a great power for good, an admirable man, a true Christian, and they wanted me to meet him. I began to look forward to his return, promising myself the privilege of knowing a man so revered and loved by a community. He finally came, and in no way disappointed my high expectations. In spite of the resumption of his churchly duties and his many friendships, he found time and curiosity for me. He made the first advances, visiting me on the campus and asking me out for an occasional walk. His courtesy was exquisite, and I surprised myself one Sunday by suggesting to my wife that we visit his church.

3

I BEHELD on the platform bare of symbolical decoration, between two vases of flowers, my friend the minister. He led the service simply and with a graceful tact that indicated his sense of rest and ease amid divine inspirations. I can remember nothing today of his sermon, — the first I had ever heard, — but I can never forget the undeniable presence of the spirit in the man, the evidence in his outward semblance and bearing of great things unseen. I remember how stirred I was by his simple sincerity. After that first visit, I made many others.

One day he asked me to speak at Wednesday evening prayer meeting concerning my Jewish training. I demurred. He asked it as a personal favor and I consented. The Sunday-school room was fairly well filled. As I spoke of our orthodox Jewish religious education, I became persistently aware that on the wall behind me hung a picture of Jesus being questioned by the elders of the synagogue, draped in their prayer-shawls. They were the silent ancient host

listening to my testimony. The graceful boy radiant with light seemed to reach forth and touch me, imparting a glowing respect for long tradition known to him, and into which he had attempted to breathe a new vigor. I was asked to speak again, on the following Wednesday, and the community seemed to crowd into the room.

After that my pastor friend began to urge me to join his Congregational church. I told him I could not join because I could not accept any formal creed or submit to any ceremony such as baptism or communion. In answer, he asked me to meet with the board of deacons at the church and make before them a frank profession of the faith I had, allowing them to judge whether my acceptance into the church was possible. This, for his sake, I promised to do, certain beforehand that the spirit of the elders upon the wall would be upon the deacons, and that they would never accept into their midst a man who could not conform to the essential observances to which they had been born.

We met — I standing before them, they a dozen men and women seated around me. In words that came straight from my heart I told them how much I appreciated their kindness to me during my stay with them. The idea of drawing even closer the tie between us had come from their minister, but for me the bond was already indissoluble. I then spoke of my undogmatic state, no longer influenced by or dependent on any formal religious observance, yet inwardly responsive to the most perfect sources we have, the two Testaments. From the Old I received the inspiration of strength and character; from the New the lesson of love, the key to all hearts. I spoke of my acceptance of the Sermon on the Mount as my ultimate guide to conduct. This was as far as I could go.

As I spoke, a glowing spirit seemed to shed its warmth on all of us. These men and women of the Western plains, bred in definite Christian doctrine and practice, were with one accord moved not to ask of me any statement beyond the strangely stirring one I had already uttered. I humbly stated my inability to accept either baptism or communion as essential to my spiritual welfare. There was an undeniable pause. Then the oldest Congregationalist among them spoke, saying that he saw no necessity of urging me to accept either of these forms. The others chimed in. They asked me to join their membership.

My habits and thinking were not visibly influenced by this closer association with the Christian world about me. It was easy to slip into the simple routine of Sunday attendance at church, for the presence and inspiration of our leader in worship were vitalizing to me. The experience was transfused with a quality I had never known in connection with the Hebrew ritual. The orthodox Jew does not go to a synagogue primarily for the sake of his neighbor, but because he is moved to religious conformity by long custom and by a sincere desire to be on the credit side of God's

ledger at the time of annual reckoning, the dread days of New Year. The Protestant Christian, I noticed, was much more social-minded in his pious observance, and the notion of the meetinghouse identified with the house of prayer rather attracted me in the early days of my pilgrim's progress.

I warmed quickly to the sociability of it, the friendly exchange with approving souls who hailed my advent in their midst with frank pleasure. I slipped into the regular relationship with amazing simplicity, as if the changing from one faith to another were a simple transfer from one railway center to another across the city. If I had thought of this travel figure then, I should have been pleased with it, for I felt I was taking passage aboard the Congregational train at the beginning of an auspicious journey into a land of promise. It is true that there were other competing lines in that town, particularly the efficient Methodist System, but all these rails seemed to me to run in the same direction, and like true parallels, to converge as they met at infinity. Yet other pastors, as I met them socially, seemed to me sect-minded men who did not radiate that generous force which my Congregational friend possessed in such rich measure.

The effect of my first year of Christian fellowship was to draw me more directly to the study of Christ, who became an absorbing figure for me. To me he was a Jew dissatisfied with the formalism of lip service. He drew from his great resources remonstrances which seemed clothed with peculiarly poignant feeling. His teaching became a source of delight and of inspiring thinking. His ways were simple and direct. Conduct ceased to be a problem to be regulated by practical considerations. It became instead a natural living out of the personal inspirations that his teaching instilled. I visioned clearly and in detail the boyhood of this son of Joseph, his eager revolt from creedal subservience, his retreat in early manhood to the sources of his being, his illumination and preaching, and his tragic end. I had indeed traveled a long way from my early detestation of the name of Jesus.

4

Two years later I joined the faculty of a small college in the Middle West situated in a progressive city of some thirty thousand people. In my new home I rapidly found congenial companionship among the townspeople as well as the faculty. The college is one of the best-known of its type, and I never had any reason to regret my decision to go there. In this town also it happened that the Congregational church was the largest and most influential. I was welcomed, and I worshiped with people who soon became friends and happy acquaintances.

The minister was a fine man, of splendid attainment, of distinction in his sermons, of high integrity in his dealings. Yet he gave me the impression that he was following the rules, and that his acts were un-

accompanied by an inner quality of revelation. He made joy seem quite distant, in a mystic future. Present conduct seemed to be a measuring up to a dimensional ethical world, instead of a natural flow from the self in touch with its divine sources.

I liked this minister, I admired him, but I could not love him. For the first time I realized with surprise that my church attendance was directly connected with the minister's personal appeal, and soon the mere social act of Sunday appearance at service was not significant enough to me to warrant the effort. I had, however, an effective sentimental attachment to the Congregational church which led me to contribute to its annual budget and to signify, by my occasional presence at the services, that I preserved my faith in its importance and usefulness.

In this town there were perhaps a dozen Jewish families. Considering their inferiority in number, they had surprising prominence in civic and charitable matters and occupied a high place in the respect of the community. They were not drifters, but scions of a second generation, the first having been among the pioneers who had helped to develop the town. Their old orthodoxy had been worn away in the process of the Western years, lost in the inexorable demands of a new environment where the male adults had not been numerous enough, in the early days, to produce the minyan (ten) necessary for communal worship.

These Jews preserved nothing but a racial consciousness that manifested itself once a year during the dread days of New Year and Atonement. They met then, in some church building, under the monotonous leadership of an insurance man from a neighboring larger city who still preserved some rudiments of Hebrew, and listened to a service predominantly in English, with only an occasional ancient phrase. This ceremony was far removed in spirit and content from the orthodoxy I had once known. It felt more like a memorial gathering in honor of a vanishing tradition, to commemorate the forefathers.

For the Ark of the Covenant a glass bookcase was used, in which there reposed a slender feeble imitation of a scroll that was never taken out and read. Even *my* sensibilities were shocked when on New Year's Eve, as I entered the Episcopal church where the Jewish services were to be held, I saw the golden Christian cross gleaming in its wonted place, directly above the drab bookcase with its woebegone Holy of Holies. Shades of John Singer Sargent and his paintings of synagogue crumbling and church triumphant!

The next day the cross was removed, but the organ, the choir stalls, the hymn numbers on the walls, all remained to remind us in our simulation of worship that we were exiles, with the hand of the Lord against us, the glory of Israel somehow departed because the Ark of the Law was no longer there. The English phrases and the voices of two hired Gentile women singers, chanting from notes the ancient burdens, re-echoed strangely and sadly against the background of my memories of the toneless lament of my people

in their redolent synagogue. These quiet American businessmen in smart apparel, sitting with their well-dressed wives, contrasted oddly with my memory of bearded men in striped prayer-shawls swaying to the fervor of supplication while in a distant corner bulky wives in holiday finery moaned in humble monotone.

I went to this annual racial gathering moved by a social consciousness and a sense of solidarity with my people. To the Congregational church I went infrequently as a token of my interest in an institution which had my respect. To neither did I go for worship, which became for me more and more a private act. I felt myself to be a Jew who was a Christian, a Christian who remained a Jew. There was no shock to my reason in my adherence to two faiths. One developed from the other; they differed in language but often used identical Old Testament phrases in their services. The shock occurred when I tried to join a third religious society.

5

THERE came to our city a young minister called by an influential Presbyterian church. In his youth he had played football; in the war he had served at the front. He possessed the conviction of a man who had tried all kinds of living and through some cataclysm of experience had emerged consecrated to the service of humanity. His soul was eager within him and flamed high, warming many who sought what he had to give. He lavished his time and strength upon a thousand generous enterprises. He began a noonday service for businessmen, he slaved for the charity chest, he trudged to visit the sick, he went into the line of our college football team in the dim autumn afternoons and helped the coach to substitute morale for profanity.

This minister attracted me when I met him socially, and I soon came to know him and love him. I went to hear him preach and found myself deeply moved by the undeniable flame that burned in him and found expression in his sermons. Brotherhood, love, the life of the spirit, again became familiar terms exemplified in a marvelous personality. Presently I was sending an annual check to his church, as a token of my valid sympathy for the work he was doing.

And gradually the idea of joining his church took shape. I knew that Christians did not belong to two different churches at the same time, though they often changed from one to another, but I saw no obstacles in the way of my identification with various institutions for good, whose doctrines and practices were very similar and fundamentally derived from the same source. I had no religious habits, no sense of a church home, nothing that discouraged me from the venture of belonging to as many churches as my means and my inclination permitted. The church seemed a sanctuary for the spiritual urge of mankind where all those who worshiped could feel at home.

It had only one practice that still perturbed me,

the sudden interruption of service by the crude financial insistence upon a collection. The emergence of money in religious worship, its ancient prominence within the temple, had always irritated me, whether manifested by the jangling box in the hands of the priest preceded by beadle with mace, or by the auctioneering before the Ark of sections of the chapters of the Law to be read in the synagogue, or again by the rapid collection plate wafted along the rows of coin-dropping sitters under the control of intent ushers.

But this was a very minor dissatisfaction, and I determined to become a Presbyterian. It was of course my intention to ask to be taken without form or creed, in the spirit and not in the letter. As a matter of fact, I was innocently uncertain whether the Presbyterians really required any statement of faith beyond acceptance of the teaching of Jesus.

On a certain day, while these ideas were still taking shape in me, I happened to walk homeward with the president of my college, a young man I deeply respected and admired. I asked him into my house and I conferred upon him the honor of a seat in my favorite rocker. I opened my heart to my president, who was the son of a minister and had a long, intimate knowledge of Christian tradition. My rocker almost collapsed when he heard that I was planning to join the Presbyterian church.

"How about the Congregational church, of which you are a member?"

"What about it?"

"Why do you want to resign from it?"

"But I don't intend to resign!"

It had never occurred to him that one could be a member of two such organizations and he did not see how I could serve both. To him it seemed that I was trying to be in two places at the same time, a ubiquity conceded only to divinity. To him, the church was a place; to me it was a living spirit. I have often heard cynics ask to which church Christ would go if he returned to earth. My answer was ready: he would go to all that worshiped in spirit. I could easily imagine him blessing them all as he wandered from one to another, reproving, approving, perhaps here and there again driving out the money changers, but in the main glad of the gradual miracles wrought by the leaven of his spirit. I sometimes permitted myself to imagine that he might feel at home also in the orthodox Hebrew worship, with its unique and marvelous succession of praises to one God, the Universal Father, the King of the World. Why might not I, preserving my roots in his ancient Hebrew tradition, permit my branches to take nourishment from all healthful sources of his spiritual radiation?

It was at this impasse that my friend, the president, hit upon the argument that prevailed. The Presbyterian minister would himself pose no objection to my being taken into his church without doctrinal conformity. He would, in fact, be just the man to be fired by such a project and to try to carry it out in the face of certain opposition of some of his deacons. He

was already in hot water because in several matters he had tried to break free from control in order to let a warming generosity guide his conduct of church business. If I added this major problem to his vexations, I should merely complicate his situation and achieve no good for anyone concerned.

I could not face the prospect of adding to my friend's burdens, and I trusted the president, whose experience and contacts enabled him to envisage the likely embarrassing implications of my idea. What had seemed so simple and straightforward suddenly appeared complicated and full of pitfalls. Shortly after that my Presbyterian friend left preaching for teaching. He never knew of the plan I had fondled and the vexations I had spared him. For me, there resulted some discouragement at his departure.

6

SOMETHING of the original fire and incentive slipped away from me, as well as the impulse toward religious initiative. I stopped going to church altogether and practiced for myself a quiet worship that, with all its attainment, did not entirely satisfy. The meaning of the admonition appeared to me that where two or three are gathered together in His name, there would He be in the midst of them. I saw clearly the obvious value and necessity for divine adoration together with others. The dim chapel in Catholic France, with its groups of mute women humbly kneeling, was infinitely satisfying to the questing spirit. Here one could find the proper combination of individual worship in company. In such places I have often been strangely stirred to a quiet, sincere approach to God, with altar candles a vivid blur, Mary and her attendant saints a friendly but unobtrusive band, myself stripped of foibles and vanities under the essential hunger of the spirit.

In far-away Spain, wandering among drab mountain villages fettered in poverty, in an ancient synagogue which now houses a bleeding Christ, I have understood the vision of Isaiah and his six-winged seraphim. These apocalyptic glimpses, deep inner promptings absorbed from the vibrant atmosphere of the land of the mystics, were quite different from the warm, generous uplift surging in me as I listened to the ethical discourses in the Protestant churches of more northerly latitudes. Yet all these places of worship fulfilled a great mission and satisfied a true need for the human spirit. Why could one not dwell at will among them, absorbing the inspiration that each has to give to the questing soul in the groping stages of its pilgrimage?

Actually, my wanderings and peerings behind denominational enclosures have been very limited. These seem still to remain, mightily cutting across the lovely human landscape, while I wander afield, now foot-loose and uninquisitive. Aware of the rigidity of certain sectarian barriers, I seem to have stopped becoming a Christian, though more under-

standingly than ever before filled with homage of Jesus.

Often I meet fellow men from these sectarian frontiers who, like me, are disengaged from sanctimonious servitude to a name, and with them I hold communion. Their names are Catholic and Protestant and Jew, and like me they preserve a wistfulness for the security of discarded ramparts. Their gaze, however, is not turned backward, but rather forward to boundless horizons undistorted by straggling walls. Their ears listen eagerly, though not too expectantly yet, for the gigantic crumbling that the ages will bring when the newer chosen of God, emerging from the long deserts of time and multiplied in number as the sands of the sea, will circle Jericho seven times on the seventh day. Once in a while, a reassuring vision strikes their eyes, like that of the four clergymen, a Catholic, two Protestants, and a Jew, who, having given their lifebelts to young soldiers on a vessel torpedoed in the winter of 1943, locked arms on deck and said their prayers together as the boat went down.

It is in a time of pressing general danger that our gaze penetrates to the underlying brotherhood of mankind. Such a crisis is upon us now, and all of us are engulfed in the tidal waves driven up by the new world hurricane. We are newly sensitive to the dangers that threaten us all as we listen to the cry of the persecuted and the oppressed. That is why I am not deeply alarmed by anti-Semitism, a blight that is fundamentally more anti-Christian than it is anti-Jewish. I have faith in the prompting of self-preservation to lead thinking Christians of all sects to condemn instinctively, for their own safety, attempts at racial or religious discrimination. Wherever anti-Semitism has flourished on a national and political scale, there the flood of hate has always destroyed the haters.

We are today very vocal about these matters, which is a good sign, and should not lead us into mistaking our painful awareness for an aggravation of our malady. On the contrary, the more openly this weakness is analyzed, the closer is its eventual cure. Danger resides only in the secretive hushing of this poisonous evil. The rays of the light of a great teaching will always heal the infection of destructive and demoralizing prejudices that enable hypocrites to lead fools, though like the poor these may yet be with us for long, long years.

In the meantime I occasionally take my large atlas off its shelf and turn to one of its pages which pictures a huge semicircle. In segments of different color and size, it neatly represents the principal religions of the earth, with green Catholics hardly more numerous than violet Mohammedans or orange Brahmans, with gray Protestants slightly predominant over the rosy heathen, with blue Jews forming a slender thread against the expansive red strip of the Buddhists. And I wonder when some magnificent future atlas will picture all these children of God in the radiant blending of white spiritual consciousness.



THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

THE YOUNG TOLSTOY

Literature for the People

by ERNEST J. SIMMONS

Leo Tolstoy was the fourth son of Count Nikolai Tolstoy, a Russian nobleman whose family had been elevated and enriched during the reigns of Peter I and Catherine II. He knew little of his mother, who died before he was two, and not much more of his good-natured but ineffectual father, who died when Leo was eight. Leo's golden age was spent with his three brothers, Dmitri, Sergei, and Nikolai, on the huge family estate, Yasnaya Polyana, with its thousands of acres and hundreds of serfs. But for the future novelist — supersensitive, vain, foppish, intensely passionate, an indifferent student and a social misfit, obsessed with an ideal of perfection that he could never approach — the road to the palace of wisdom lay through the valley of excess. He joined the army in time to command a battery in the heroic defense of Sevastopol, and in his spare time during that action he began to write in a dugout the sketches that brought him immediate fame.

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ON A December morning in 1855 the poet A. A. Fet, then an army officer on a furlough to Petersburg, called upon his good friend Turgenev for a glass of tea and a chat. In the hallway he noticed a short saber hanging on the wall and asked the dignified servant about it. The man answered in a low voice that the saber belonged to Count Tolstoy, a guest of his master.

For an hour Fet and Turgenev conversed in whispers in the latter's study for fear of waking the sleeping count in the next room. "He is like this all the time," Turgenev smilingly explained. "He has come from his battery at Sevastopol, is staying with me, and has gone off on a tangent. Sprees, gypsies, and cards every night; then he sleeps like the dead until two o'clock in the day. I tried to restrain him, but I've given it up now." Tolstoy finally sauntered in and was introduced. Fet remarked of the meeting: "From the first moment I noticed in young Tolstoy an involuntary opposition to all commonly accepted opinion" — a hasty but shrewd judgment.

The Petersburg literary group was curious about the mysterious "L.N.T." and eager to welcome him as one of them. On the road to Petersburg from Sevastopol he had received a letter from Turgenev, who offered to go as far as Tula to meet him, and Tolstoy accepted his generous invitation to stay at his

apartment in the capital. With such a sponsor as Turgenev, the leader of the capital's literary world, he soon met all the important writers.

In the 1850's the Petersburg literary set consisted of a group of self-indulgent men, whose concern for their own immortality did not prevent them from being interested in the vital social and political questions of the day. It was a relatively small and provincial group, and it moved in a Masonic-lodge atmosphere of half-mystery and jealous devotion to literary ritual and comradeship. Their favorite publication was the *Contemporary*, and its editors, N. A. Nekrasov and I. I. Panayev, were the artful engineers of frequent literary gatherings in the interest of their magazine.

On such occasions the perennial hostess was Panayev's wife, the beautiful black-eyed Avdotya. Gossip had it that the co-editors were also co-husbands — a form of George Sandism common enough among Russian liberals of the time. Nekrasov and Panayev had been followers of Belinski, radical critic and leader of the Westerners, and they had turned the *Contemporary*, founded by Pushkin and Pletnyov, into the most living literary review in Russia and the rallying-ground of all progressives.

With the accession of Alexander II the hope of reform filled the air, and writers of the *Contemporary* helped to spread liberal ideas. There were, however, varying degrees of liberalism among them, and sharp controversies had already broken out. Chernyshevski and Dobrolyubov, young radical contributors who had sprung from the people, were beginning to attack the tired liberalism and non-social literature of Turgenev and the older aristocratic writers. This

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was the group that the sublieutenant fresh from Sevastopol took by storm at the end of 1855.

Tolstoy was perhaps too obviously conscious of the fact that he was the lion of the moment; soon some of his admirers set him down as a cub, and nearly all of them eventually felt his claws. The day after his arrival he dined with Nekrasov. It was their first meeting, although they had been corresponding for three years. This hard-living, democratic poet, clever gambler, and astute publisher was much impressed by his young, aristocratic author.

Turgenev was delighted with his guest and wrote to the elegant critic P. V. Annenkov, who in a review of *Reminiscences of a Billiard-Marker* had already included Tolstoy among the immortals: "Imagine, for more than two weeks now Tolstoy has been living with me, and what I would not give to see you both together! You cannot picture to yourself what a dear and remarkable man he is, although I have nicknamed him the 'troglodyte,' because of his savage ardor and buffalo-like obstinacy. I have grown to love him with a strange feeling that is almost parental." The troglodyte, however, would creep into the cave of his own mind and roar at the parental Turgenev who, although only ten years older, insisted in watching over his guest "like an old nurse," as he expressed it.

At first Tolstoy was pleased and flattered with all this attention. At the Hôtel Napoléon he held an evening of his own for the *Contemporary* set and introduced some gay gypsy entertainers to take the minds of these literary pundits off shop talk. In his immaculate uniform he conducted himself with severe decorum at these gatherings. It was as though he were acting according to a studied course of behavior. With individuals he sometimes showed the temper of his mind, but in large groups he remained mostly silent and observant. He was coldly taking the measure of his admiring literary colleagues.

Still in the army, Tolstoy had been detailed as an inspector in a Petersburg munitions factory. After a month in the city, he obtained a brief leave to go to Moscow, for there another literary group was eager to honor him. The stern Moscow Slavophiles, with their deeply rooted nationalist convictions, detested the Petersburg Westerners and the progressive views of the *Contemporary* set. But their "convictions" — a fashion-word among intellectuals in Russia then, much as "ideology" has been in America — irritated Tolstoy. So did the "convictions" of the Petersburg literary group. He thought that both sets were tilting at windmills.

The serious illness of his brother Dmitri cut short Tolstoy's pleasant visit in Moscow. He hurried to Orël, and found Dmitri dying from consumption. The appearance of his childhood playmate shocked him. Dmitri's enormous hands hung to the two bones of his arms, and his wasted face seemed all eyes — the same beautiful, serious eyes as of old, but now fixed on him with a continually questioning look. Pock-marked Masha, the girl he had taken from a brothel, tenderly watched over him. Tolstoy

mentions in his diary that all the evil thoughts he used to have about Dmitri crumbled into dust, and he felt terribly depressed. He stayed only two days and returned to Petersburg by way of Moscow. There he learned that Dmitri, unloved member of the family, had died on January 21. A naked reference to the fact is all that appears in the diary.

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BACK in the capital the lion began to show his claws. By now he had a clear comprehension of the "civil war" that raged among the *Contemporary* circle. He saw that each side hailed his talent and hoped to get his allegiance, but that both were afraid and jealous of him. The aristocratic liberals were sure of him; after all, he was a count, and they expected him to share their hate for Chernyshevski and Dobrolyubov — the snake and rattlesnake, Turgenev dubbed them. Tolstoy called a plague on both their houses, and did not hesitate to roar at either.

It came as a painful surprise that Tolstoy should first direct his fire at the liberal aristocrats, and most of all at their leader, Turgenev. There has been much speculation over the quarrel of these two famous writers and not a little wonderment at their inability to form a firm friendship. Both were aristocrats and novelists who, on the surface at least, appeared to have a sincere appreciation of each other's ability.

But Turgenev's conviction of "disinterested love for utter truth" annoyed Tolstoy. It was merely a phrase, he believed, coming from a flabby nature. This giant of a man, with his huge shoulders, striking features, and shock of prematurely graying hair, strangely failed to impress discerning people like Tolstoy, who found in him a lack of spirituality; he seemed capable of experiencing only physical feelings.

With persistent and deadly effect Tolstoy began nagging Turgenev on his "political convictions." Men were really being hypocritical, he declared, when they flaunted their convictions. Convictions were simply invented by the intelligentsia in order to have something to talk about. As for himself, he would have asserted that he lived by instinct. The "rules" that he compounded to guide his existence were suggested not by conviction, but by moral instinct. And moral instinct he could trust, but only his own. Here was the quintessence of individualism.

Tolstoy's involuntary opposition to all commonly accepted opinion was evident in literary as well as political and social questions. He strove always for originality in discussion. Even Shakespeare was sacrificed to this passion. "How sorry I am that you are late," Panayev declared to a friend who called on him just as Tolstoy left. "What marvels you would have heard! You would have learned that Shakespeare is an ordinary writer, and that our astonishment and delight over Shakespeare are nothing more than a desire to keep up with others and the habit of repeating foreign opinion. . . . Yes, how curious! The

man simply does not wish to know any traditions, either theoretical or historical."

The war was on. Tolstoy harried Turgenev, nor did he spare other members of the novelist's group. He was invited to a dinner for the staff of the *Contemporary* at Nekrasov's. When someone praised George Sand's new novel, he abruptly blurted out his hatred for this favorite French author. And he shocked all present by declaring that if such women as George Sand's heroines really existed, then they ought to be bound to the hangman's cart and driven through the streets of Petersburg for the general edification. Avdotya Panayev, the hostess, whose worship of George Sand was common knowledge, preserved a pained silence. In an instant the room was in an uproar. But Tolstoy maintained his point. George Sand's love of sheer animalism in man while disguising it with a cloak of poetry and aesthetic feeling disgusted him. He considered her unable to distinguish good from evil.

Turgenev appears once more to have borne the brunt of Tolstoy's argumentative wrath. For in his diary the next day Tolstoy mentions that he has quarreled with Turgenev. Turgenev struck back, not very cleverly or successfully. He was no match for Tolstoy in an argument. With an ironical expression on his face, Tolstoy would listen to his opponent, piercing him with his penetrating glance, his lips pressed together in an expression of concentration that suggested he was thinking up some devastating epigram or an answer that would perplex by its unexpectedness. Turgenev complained that his young rival never believed in people's sincerity, and he confessed that Tolstoy's inquisitorial look, when accompanied by biting words, goaded a man to fury.

The boiling-over point was reached in a quarrel that the novelist and wit Grigorovich humorously described to the poet Fet. Again, the unfortunate Nekrasov's quarters were the locus. "You cannot imagine what a scene it was," said Grigorovich. "'Ach, my God!' Turgenev squeaked and squeaked, holding his hand to his throat; and with the eyes of a dying gazelle, he whispered: 'I can stand no more! I have bronchitis!' And with huge strides he began pacing back and forth through three rooms. . . . We were all agitated and did not know what to say. Tolstoy in the middle room lay sulking on a morocco divan, while Turgenev, spreading the tails of his short coat by placing his hands in his pockets, continued to go back and forth through all three rooms. To avert a catastrophe, I went up to the divan and said: 'My dear Tolstoy, do not agitate yourself! You do not know how he esteems and loves you!' 'I will not permit him to do anything evil to me!' exclaimed Tolstoy with dilated nostrils. 'Look how he keeps marching past me on purpose, wagging his democratic haunches!'"

Not only the democratic haunches of the *Contemporary's* liberal aristocrats bothered Tolstoy; so did the radical haunches of Chernyshevski and his followers. He tolerated them for a brief time, but he

soon turned on them and their exiled oracle Herzen, who in distant London had highly praised *Childhood*. These liberals were preaching equality and reforms when he knew that many of them were devoted to swilling, gambling, and immorality. The fact nauseated him. His own private life was far from being exemplary, but he was willing to admit the fact, and he did not try to reform others.

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WITHIN a few months after his arrival in Petersburg from Sevastopol, Tolstoy had more or less deservedly won for himself in the *Contemporary* circle the reputation of being a "savage" young man. And he augmented this opinion by challenging M. N. Longinov to a duel. At a card party one evening a letter arrived for Nekrasov from Longinov, a genial but not too reputable historian of literature and contributor to the *Contemporary*. Busy with his hand, Nekrasov requested Tolstoy to read the letter. Unfortunately it contained an aspersion on Tolstoy's liberalism. He read through to the end, said nothing, but went home and sent a challenge to Longinov.

Nekrasov learned of the matter and the next day pleaded with Tolstoy to withdraw the challenge or he himself would have to shoot it out with Longinov, for the editor insisted on assuming full responsibility for the mess. Tolstoy remained adamant. Happily, Longinov settled the whole matter by the simple, unorthodox procedure of not answering the challenge. Only three months later, in the peaceful seclusion of Yasnaya Polyana, did it suddenly occur to Tolstoy how offensive his behavior had been, and he at once wrote to Nekrasov to ask his pardon and promised to do the same with Longinov.

Statements in the diaries and correspondence of the *Contemporary* circle in 1856 indicate that their final judgment on Tolstoy was a mixed one of bewilderment over his views and conduct and admiration for his talent. They perceived in him an enormous literary and moral force, and the several groups trying to influence opinion on the magazine were willing to overlook his prickly and independent nature if they could gain his support. For a time he allowed himself to be swayed by the most conservative faction, principally by Druzhinin, and somewhat by Botkin and Annenkov.

Of the whole Petersburg group at this time, only the poet Fet retained Tolstoy's lasting friendship. And perhaps it is significant that Fet was the least "literary" of the circle and the most conservative. Years later, in his *Confession*, Tolstoy condemned these writers and their influence on him, and yet admitted how proud he had been to be accepted by them. His inability to get along was not merely a case of bad manners or of his irritating, contradictory nature, of which he was entirely conscious. He tells in the diary how he disputed with the Slavophil Konstantin Aksakov, and the same day argued with a

differently-minded opponent from exactly the opposite point of view.

He was not being reactionary in turning his back on the *Contemporary's* progressives, for he really shared some of their advanced views. But now, as later, his powerful individualism would not permit him to subordinate his views. All must come from within himself. It was both an aesthetic and an intellectual pride. The thinker, like the artist, insisted upon originality.

The literary group did not monopolize Tolstoy's time, and his stay of six months in Petersburg was a repetition of his feverish social life of some four years before. He had acquired more poise and worldliness, and his fame as an author had widened the circle of his acquaintances and made him a much desired guest in the homes of prominent families where he was occasionally persuaded to read his stories. Neither had his capacity for light entertainment diminished, nor the stern conscience that censured his indulgence. There are frequent clipped references to the city's grisettes, particularly to an Alexandra Petrovna and Alexandra Zhukov, who claimed a great deal of his attention.

Apparently as a precaution for the future, he sets himself the rule not to drink more than half a glass of vodka, one glass of strong wine, and one tumbler of light wine. A few weeks later an entry relates how he and a friend went with two girls to an amusement park. "Disgusting!" he writes. "Girls, stupid music, girls, an artificial nightingale, girls, heat, cigarette smoke, girls, vodka, cheese, wild shrieks, girls, girls, girls!" And the next day he underlines: "*I make myself this rule forever: never to enter a pub or a single brothel!*" Before the day was over, another lapse obliged him that night to repeat in a postscript to this entry: "My foot will never, never enter a public place, except a concert or theatre."

Among Tolstoy's new friends at this time in the Petersburg social world, perhaps the one who remained closest to him and influenced him most in later life was his "aunt" (actually a first cousin once removed), Countess Alexandra Andreyevna Tolstoy, eleven years his senior. She was a Maid of Honor and governess in the family of Grand Duchess Marie, daughter of Nicholas I. A woman of remarkable tact and unusual gifts of heart and brain, she occupied a position of consequence in the political and literary world of the capital. Their affection for each other deepened over the years, and her strong intellect and love of truth inspired a trust and confidence in her judgment that Tolstoy rarely accorded.

A reviewer had lyrically advised Tolstoy in print not to write better but more. He improved upon the advice and wrote both more and better during this brief period. Direct contact with literary admirers gave him a sense of great things expected of him. With not a little pride he mentions in the diary and repeats in a letter to his brother Sergei that the Emperor read *Childhood* to his wife and wept. He

had no doubts about his future career now, and the praise of friends and rivals had banished uncertainty about his talents. Subjects for stories filled his mind, and living material on the Petersburg streets — a constable settling an altercation, or the character of a Russian crowd listening to an orator — he jotted down for future reference.

In December, 1855, Tolstoy finished *Sevastopol in August*, the first of his works to appear under his full name (it was published in the January *Contemporary*, 1856). The inspired war correspondent of the two previous Sevastopol sketches has disappeared; in the third he is the storyteller transposing the stuff of life into art. The didactic element and pathetic lyricism are absent. Living characters, especially the Kozeltsov brothers, lend a touch of unity to a loosely constructed story. In its leisurely, panoramic method of narration, in the manner in which plot is sacrificed to accumulating detail, and in the studied objectivity, one can detect the certain influence of Thackeray, whom Tolstoy had been eagerly reading and deeply admiring over this period. The three Sevastopol pieces are clearly efforts in the direction of *War and Peace*.

Tolstoy's popularity with the reading public suggested the feasibility of publishing his collected works in book form even at this early stage. In September, 1856, his *Army Tales* appeared as a book, and the next month *Childhood* and *Boyhood*. They received very little notice and sold poorly. The failure was perhaps partly due to the fact that the stories had already appeared in the *Contemporary*. Something of the cool reception, however, must be attributed to the changing attitude of the liberal Petersburg critics whom he had offended. They were demanding works of political and social significance to meet the new progressive spirit of the age.

But Tolstoy was not a writer to fall into an accepted groove; he had to carve his own. He wanted to try his hand at new forms and new subjects. Over this period he worked on at least four separate plans for dramas. And in the diary he expressed his desire to strike out on new literary paths: "How I long to have done with magazines in order to write in the way I am now beginning to think about art: awfully lofty and pure."

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As Turgenev pointed out in a letter to Druzhinin, *A Landlord's Morning* conveys the unpleasant impression that all efforts of landowners to enlighten or improve the conditions of the peasantry lead to nothing. The real moral of the work, however, is that so long as serfdom exists, there is no possibility of the two sides drawing together despite the most disinterested endeavor to do so.

In March of this year, the young Alexander II had made an historic address before the assembled nobles of Moscow. He warned them that the time would soon come when Russia's serfs must be freed, and he

concluded with the famous statement that it would "therefore be much better for it to come from above than from below." While the government prepared its own program for abolishing serfdom, the way was left open for individual owners to take action.

Tolstoy decided to take such action. He spared no effort to devise an acceptable scheme, and when the project was drafted, he went to Yasnaya Polyana to place it before the serfs.

Yasnaya Polyana seemed sad and out of harmony with his feelings. A year of war had altered his opinions; the man who had scorned the organized liberalism of the *Contemporary* circle now observed in the diary: "In comparison with my former Yasnaya recollections of myself, I feel how much I have changed in the liberal sense. Even T. A. [Auntie Tatyana] displeases me. In 100 years you could not knock into her head the injustice of serfdom."

Tolstoy had prepared his plan to free his serfs with care and business acumen. The drafts, notes, and even the speech he wrote to introduce the project have been found among his papers and recently published. All this material testifies to his excellent practical sense, an attribute rarely ascribed to him. A meeting of his 309 male serfs was called, and he explained his plan of liberating them and, at the same time, selling them small parcels of land for a low, fixed price to be paid over a long period of time.

Tolstoy was well pleased with this first meeting and he felt that the peasants believed in him. But he failed to take into consideration the innate hostility for the master that centuries of slavery had deeply rooted in the peasantry. He kept a record, *The Diary of a Landowner*, of the meetings with his serfs and individual peasants. This account clearly reveals their traditional fear of change and their inborn suspicion of a master bearing gifts. Finally, they refused to agree to Tolstoy's plan, and they justified their refusal by seizing upon a wild rumor — widely believed by the peasants — that at the approaching coronation the young tsar would free the serfs and give them all the land, and hence their master was scheming to forestall this blessing by obligating them to a prior contract.

The failure of his project was a keen disappointment. At their request Tolstoy tried to remedy the immediate condition of his serfs by releasing some of them from obligatory labor by substituting a fixed yearly payment, not an unusual arrangement. Rather bitterly he told himself that the peasants did not want their freedom, and in the diary he well summed up the relationship between him and his serfs: "Two powerful men are joined with a sharp chain; it hurts both of them, and when one of them moves, he involuntarily cuts the other, and neither has room to work."

The behavior of the peasants in this whole matter alarmed Tolstoy, and he drafted an extraordinary letter of warning to his Petersburg friend Count D. N. Bludov, influential President of the Department of Laws. He relates the outcome of his project

and then goes on to add: "The despotism of the landowners has already engendered despotism in the peasants. When they told me at the meeting that I should give them all the land outright, and I said that I should be left without my shirt, they laughed, and it was impossible to blame them." He concludes: "If within 6 months the serfs are not freed, there will be a conflagration. Everything is ready for it. Treasonable hands are not lacking to light the fire of revolt, and then the conflagration will spread everywhere."

Tolstoy's prophecy of a revolution was right, but his chronology was off by some sixty years. The emancipation of the serfs took place five years after his letter and without any serious disturbances. But the letter reveals Tolstoy in a confused state of mind, pulled this way and that by both liberal and conservative tendencies.

Essentially, his approach to the peasant question was a moral one: he felt a moral, not a political, duty to give them their freedom. And his lack of success at Yasnaya Polyana did not change his point of view in this respect. Yet at the time he could not aspire to the absolute moral position of his later years, when he condemned all private property. The letter to Bludov shows him attempting to serve two ends: to acquit himself of a moral duty by freeing the serfs, and in a bourgeois fashion to protect himself economically by keeping his land, without which the peasants would starve. Nor did he ever completely find his way out of this dilemma, despite the moral absolutism of his later years.

Flagrant village immorality intensified Tolstoy's marked emotional instability at this time. His debauched surroundings suggested a play, *Free Love*, that would involve — he noted in the diary — the perverted relations of a "proprietary with her footman, a brother with his sister, and a father's natural son with the father's wife, etc." On his own part, the Petersburg grisettes that had tempted him were now displaced by willing village girls, nor did the wives and daughters of his neighbors escape his attention. In vain did he flagellate himself for his "terrible lust" and try desperately to control his sensual thoughts.

The remedy of marriage had already suggested itself to Tolstoy. His continual state of emotional excitation, he felt, was bad. After all, he was twenty-eight, and it was time to settle down. From the age of fifteen he had clung to the idea of a happy family life with a wife whom he would love as no woman had ever been loved before. He wanted to love and be loved. While in Petersburg he had written to Aunt Pelageya that he was thinking about marriage and would regard every eligible young lady he met from this point of view.

On November 28 he received his long-awaited discharge from the army, and he decided to gratify a wish that had been with him for some time: to go abroad. He left Petersburg January 12, and after stops in Moscow and Warsaw he arrived in Paris February 9.

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ARISTOCRATIC Russians, like the English, regarded a *grand tour* through the countries of Western Europe as a fitting climax to a young man's education. Tolstoy was a bit old for such a finishing touch; he had come to Paris not so much with the desire to learn from foreign travel as to escape — to escape from the Petersburg literary circle and from one of his periodic attacks of dissatisfaction with the lack of purpose in his life.

Paris turned out to be more than an agreeable haven for the fugitive; it was a veritable Isle of the Blest — for a time at least. All the charm and pleasures of the city were open to Tolstoy, without the foreigner's usual lonely introduction to them. For here solicitous "old nurse" Turgenev eagerly greeted his troglodyte and found suitable quarters, where French sociability and conversation, interspersed with jests and puns in a babel of languages, cheered him at once. At the typical *pension* table he found a philosopher, a Spanish countess spangled with romantic adventures, an opinionated American doctor, an Italian priest who declaimed the *Divine Comedy*, a playwright with long hair, and a female pianist who had composed the best polka in the world. After dinner, chairs and tables were pushed back for dancing on the dusty carpet, and in the dark hallway furtive flirting went on.

Aristocratic Russian families in the city gladly opened their doors to Tolstoy, and touring cousins were happy to dine with him. At the *salon* of his distant relatives, the Trubetskoi's, he met a weird assortment of people, from Jesuits to unsuccessful revolutionists. Nor was he indifferent to the Trubetskoi's daughter, whose marriage soon took place and wrung from him a confession of "sadness and envy." He was also welcome at the Lvovs, until the jealous husband began to suspect his guest's attentions to his wife.

Tolstoy was really interested in their niece, the attractive Princess Ekaterina Lvov. Interest blossomed into affection. He noted in the diary that he was a fool not to marry her. Later, when away from Paris, he even wrote to Turgenev for his frank opinion of whether or not a proposal to the princess would be acceptable. Nothing came of the matter; he was still unready to cross the threshold of love.

Tolstoy was endlessly curious and tireless in his activities. An Italian and an English teacher were engaged to give him lessons. He visited all the stock tourist places — the museums, the Bourse, Fontainebleau and Versailles. He attended the theater diligently and enjoyed nearly all of it. Of the French dramatists he had harsh words only for one: "Racine's drama and the like are Europe's poetic wound. Thank God we have not got it and shall not have it." The opera, always a bastard art to Tolstoy, he enjoyed in Paris almost against his will, but the concerts threw him into ecstasies. After a performance

of Beethoven's *Trio* (Opus 70), he decided that the French play him like gods. Attending lectures of distinguished professors was more in fashion among tourists then than now, and Tolstoy went to the Sorbonne and the Collège de France to hear talks on dramatic poetry, the classics, political economy, and international law.

Like Byron with his women, Turgenev could not seem to live with Tolstoy or live without him. They saw each other frequently, and Tolstoy's opinion of his friend fluctuated from day to day. At one moment he found him "good but terribly weak," then he was "vain and shallow," and a few days later he decided that Turgenev "does not believe in anything" and "does not love, but wants to love." Upon saying farewell to him in Paris, however, Tolstoy confessed in the diary: "I wept. I don't know why. I am very fond of him. He has made and is making a different man of me."

The period was a low one in the fortunes of Turgenev. He was ill and having difficulties with the great love of his life, the famous singer, Pauline Viardot-Garcia. Tolstoy thought that he exaggerated both complaints, and was annoyed by his feminine querulousness and self-pity. After he had been in Paris a short time, he agreed to go with Turgenev to Dijon to help him get over his "moral loneliness," his illness, and the feeling that his imaginative powers were failing.

In a letter to Annenkov, Turgenev described the two of them at work in a little hotel room in Dijon, almost sitting on the hot coals to keep warm. He looks on wistfully — and laments that he has long since sucked his own lemon dry — while Tolstoy industriously scribbles page after page. And with a sunset glow of artist's temperament, he orders Annenkov either to print the last manuscript he has sent him or "consign it to a peaceful end in the watercloset."

They got along capitally together, and Tolstoy even admitted that he had misunderstood him in the past and generously granted his artistic superiority. Within five days this literary honeymoon ended. Tolstoy read the draft of a new tale to him, and Turgenev reacted coldly. He decided categorically that Turgenev has "never loved anyone." They quarreled once again, and Tolstoy left for Paris. In all their relations his esteem for Turgenev as a great artist was patent. In fact, this feeling irritated him, and he wished to free himself of it.

Back in Paris, Tolstoy once more applied himself wide-eyed to monuments and cocottes. He felt his "lack of knowledge" amid the culture and art of the French capital. Sergei arrived, but Tolstoy's sincere delight over the presence of his brother quickly vanished. He now discovered that they had little in common. Nikolai, with his artistic soul (his charming *Hunting in the Caucasus* had just appeared in the *Contemporary*), understood him thoroughly; Sergei loved without understanding him. Somewhat to Tolstoy's relief, he soon left Paris.

After almost two months of dizzy, delightful play-

ing, Tolstoy started a letter to Botkin (March 24), in which he enthusiastically declared that he could not foresee the time when this great city would lose interest for him. He described the artistic pleasures he had enjoyed and the striking differences in French and Russian life, "especially the social freedom of which I did not even have a comprehension in Russia." Two months more at least, he reported, must be spent in this delectable place.

The next day Tolstoy completed the letter, but Paris in the brief interval had taken on all the aspects of a Sodom. Early that morning he had gone, in the spirit of a tourist seeing the sights, to witness the execution of a certain Francis Richeux, who had killed and robbed two persons. The scene shocked Tolstoy's sensibilities. The image of the guillotine haunted him. "A stout, white robust neck and chest," he jotted down in the diary. "He kissed the Gospels, and then — death. How senseless!" He had nightmares. The glistening knife descended on him. He awoke trembling and felt his neck for a cut. The scene would not fade from his mind.

Paris became hateful to Tolstoy. He did not stop to reason objectively that Moscow or Petersburg could present scenes of equal horror. The fact is that his intensely impressionable nature revolted at any display of human cruelty. His mind was keyed to the disharmony between absolute good and man-made laws, even to the extent that he was beginning to doubt the so-called benefits of civilization. Now, he could find no further charm in this city of refinement and culture, and the day after the execution, he notes in the diary: "Suddenly a simple and sensible idea occurred to me — to leave Paris." The following day he set out for Geneva.

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TOLSTOY's reason for selecting Geneva as a haven was the presence there of his cousin, Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. She was traveling with the family of the Grand Duchess Marie, as an attendant upon her children. The day after his arrival Tolstoy called on his cousin at the luxurious Villa Bocage and vehemently poured out his disgust for Paris. He had almost gone out of his mind with the things he had seen. Nineteen of the thirty-six couples in the apartment building where he had lived, he charged, were unmarried. It had revolted him. And then the execution had murdered his sleep. So he had rushed headlong to his dear cousin, feeling sure that she would save him.

Happily, "Granny" (so Tolstoy humorously called the countess, because he thought her too young for the usual Russian appellation of "Aunt") thoroughly understood her eccentric "grandson." His impressions, she guessed, were nearly always extreme, but she was very fond of him and liked his modesty, liveliness, and kindly, expressive eyes. With her sharp intellect she had already recognized in him a kindred

characteristic: they were "both terrible enthusiasts and analysers — who loved goodness, but did not know how to follow it properly."

Soon they were on terms of intimate friendship and acted together like two youths off on a holiday frolic. His visits were always welcome, for both children and grownups unfailingly responded to his intense, active personality. Tolstoy and the countess had long discussions, with lancet in hand but always with mutual affection and respect for each other's views. The subject was often religion, in which they had no common ground, for she was a serious and devoted believer, and he was altogether uncertain of what he believed. Yet his sudden attendance at church and reading the Bible at this time may have been somewhat inspired by her influence. This woman who had remained unmarried by choice, despite all her charm and high connections, came close to fulfilling his idea of the wife whom he would love more than any woman had ever been loved. "I am so ready to fall in love that it is terrible," he wrote in the diary. "If A[lexandra] were only ten years younger! A fine nature." She was young enough to be his "granny" but too old to be his wife.

Tolstoy set out for Turin on June 1 to join Botkin and Druzhinin. They visited art galleries, monasteries, and Roman ruins. His literary friends accompanied him back to Clarens, walking part of the distance by way of St. Bernard. Although he worried about consumption, which ran in the family, Tolstoy's energy seemed inexhaustible. Copious entries in the diary also indicate that little escaped his observing eye — least of all, pretty maids and waitresses, whom he could not always forbear to pinch. The good and bad impulses still waged their war within him, and in the diary he repeatedly reminded himself that he must marry and find his own little corner and settle down.

A few days' rest in Clarens and Tolstoy was off again. At Lucerne a curious incident occurred. Returning to the Schweizerhof Hotel at night, he noticed a tiny man who stood outside and sang Tyrolean songs to a guitar. The balconies of the hotel were crowded with well-to-do tourists who enjoyed the singularly fine performance. When the street singer begged for money, however, the guests turned away in silence. He went off muttering to himself and the crowd ridiculed him. Tolstoy overtook the man and invited him back to this exclusive hotel for a drink. The guests were shocked, and the waiter and hall porter grew offensive over this breach of decorum. Tolstoy became furiously angry and scolded them all.

A few days later, Granny also arrived at Lucerne. She found Tolstoy still excited and burning with indignation over the incident of the itinerant singer. The affair made such a strong impression on him that it involuntarily communicated itself to others. After he had told her of how he had ordered supper and champagne for the man, she judiciously commented: "I scarcely think the guests or even the poor musician himself quite appreciated the irony of

this action." Within a few days Tolstoy called on Granny and her party to read them *Lucerne*. The story of the humiliated singer had received the form of enduring art.

Tolstoy remained in Lucerne for a few more days, spending much of his time with Granny and amusing the Grand Duchess's children. The youngsters were infinitely diverted by his antics, and expressed wonderment at the number of cherries he could eat at a sitting. So much had he endeared himself to them that they begged for his company when the Grand Duchess's party moved on by boat to Küssnacht. Tolstoy was invited to go along, and he pushed on further to Zurich, Schaffhausen, and Friedrichshafen, continuing to Stuttgart and Baden-Baden, where he arrived July 12.

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A LETTER to Auntie Tatyana from Lucerne had mentioned an extensive itinerary for the remainder of Tolstoy's stay abroad — Holland, London, then back to Paris, Rome, Naples, and possibly a return to Russia by way of Constantinople and Odessa. This plan was gambled away at the roulette wheels of Baden-Baden. He ventured a few francs and lost. The next morning he was back and played well into the night with indifferent success. As in the Caucasus and Sevastopol, the gambling fever gripped him. The following day he lost everything, borrowed two hundred francs, and lost again. He promised himself to play no more, having already run through three thousand francs.

Penniless, Tolstoy dispatched a telegram to Nekrasov for money, and wrote letters to Sergei, Botkin, Turgenev, and Granny, who at once sent him funds. The good Turgenev, who was staying at Sinzig on the Rhine at the time, worried over his troglodyte and set out for Baden-Baden. The money that Turgenev lent him, however, quickly went the way of the rest, and Tolstoy damned himself as a "pig" and a "good-for-nothing." (Curiously enough, it was also Turgenev who lent Dostoyevsky money at Baden-Baden; and like Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky gambled the loan away.)

This final loss convinced Tolstoy of the necessity of leaving the city and returning to Russia. A letter from Sergei strengthened his decision, for he learned that their sister had finally broken with her husband; because of his many infidelities, Marya declared that she did not care to be the chief sultana in his harem, and left him.

Tolstoy's first stop was at Frankfurt, where he met up again with Granny. Distinguished guests were present when he visited. She recalls the occasion: "I almost cried out in horror when the door opened and Leo stood there in a more than incredible costume. Neither before nor after have I seen anything like it. He was like a bandit, not a gambler who had lost all his money. Obviously displeased that he did not find me alone, he stayed a brief time and vanished."

When the guests learned that this "singular personage" was Tolstoy, they were disappointed at not being introduced, and went into raptures over his literary talent.

Tolstoy went on to Dresden. He visited the music and book shops and the art gallery, where the Sistine Madonna moved him deeply. At Marienbad he met a group of Russians, among them the Lvovs. His interest in the pretty princess flared up again, and it was with some reluctance that he left for Berlin. There he attended a concert, but the "street debauchery" disgusted him. The following day he took the boat at Stettin and arrived in Petersburg July 30.

During this first tour abroad Tolstoy worked on four pieces: *The Cossacks*, *Far-Away Field* (a projected novel on which he made only a beginning), a short story, *Albert*, and *Lucerne*. At the end of 1856, social and political questions had been much on his mind; now he was concerned with the question of art. Art, he felt, must be based upon some "moral truth" that would go deeper than the "convictions" of the Petersburg theorists. And *Albert* was designed to convey this belief. The life of the talented but hopelessly drunken violinist Kiesewetter, whom he had met in Moscow the previous winter, provided the material for *Albert*. In a sense the story is a protest against society's inability to understand and protect real art, and it was his first literary failure.

Lucerne actually appeared before *Albert*, although written after, and may be considered a variant of it. Tolstoy called it an "article" and packed into it all that the limitations of fiction prevented him from saying in *Albert*. The theme is the incident of the humiliated little singer before the Schweizerhof Hotel, and Tolstoy wrote it in a few days in a white heat of indignation. *Lucerne* is his first moralistic tract. Here he develops ideas of the beauty of primitive art and its blending with nature, and of the fixed opposition of nature, morality, and art to political laws, organized government, and civilization. *Lucerne* is a slight thing in the totality of Tolstoy's vast literary creations, but it is a highly important signpost because it points the direction of much of his future thought.

In truth, these few months abroad coincide with an obvious step forward in the growth of Tolstoy's historic mission. His contact with the culture and civilization of Western Europe did not so much change as accelerate a consistent development in his thinking. Upon his arrival in Paris he had prophetically observed in the diary that this trip "must certainly mark an epoch" in his life. Tremendous doubts about the meaning of life had only timidly knocked at the door of his mind; now they boldly enter it and absorb his attention.

Rebellious thoughts and feelings prompted by Tolstoy's experiences in the Caucasus and at Sevastopol are affirmed in an uncompromising and dogmatic manner. His experiences at Sevastopol definitely marked the end of his career as a militarist and the

beginning of that of pacifist. Not that he at once began preaching the beating of bayonets into plowshares: even when he treated the subject of war in a more formal manner in *War and Peace*, he could not escape an attack of patriotism in writing about Napoleon's invasion of Russia.

At Sevastopol his mind had been stored with a wealth of argument and his heart with a feeling of implacable hatred for war. Arguments and feeling emerged first in 1889 in a preface he was asked to contribute to A. I. Ershov's *Recollections of Sevastopol*. There, in brief form, he condemns the terrible bloodshed of the siege and points out its utter futility. What is more frightful than the suffering, mutilation, and death of man's body, he maintains, is the mutilation and death that war brings to man's soul.

He went to the Invalides to see the imposing sarcophagus of Napoleon. Angrily he commented: "This deification of a malefactor is terrible. Soldiers are animals taught to bite everybody. They ought to die of hunger. Legs torn off — serves them right." An entry in his notebook is less bitter: "Is it worthwhile to dress a man in uniform, separate him from his family, and give him a drum to beat in order to make an animal of him?"

There is much in the notebooks over this brief period abroad that shows a surprising advance in Tolstoy's political, social, and moral views. He condemns British imperialism and the shedding of blood for any political gain; he hazards the guess that socialism is impossible; and he asserts that the Russian people are capable of living under a republican form of government. The twenty-nine-year-old thinker has already found the road that will lead him straight to this future, epoch-making revolt against the whole organization of modern civilization.

While he was abroad, Tolstoy's fresh reflections on art, which were strikingly revealed in *Albert* and *Lucerne*, had filled him with doubt concerning his future as a writer. He realized that he had no sympathy with the current literary trend, and at the same time he felt dissatisfied with his own efforts. On February 4, 1859, he was inducted into the Moscow Society of Lovers of Russian Literature, and he used the occasion to vent his wrath against contemporary literature. The tendentiousness that had entered Russian literature at about the time of Gogol had by now swept all before it. Art was expected to indict political and social abuses or offer a progressive program of reform. Unfortunately the literary atmosphere became almost as muddled and disputatious as the political atmosphere in the nineteenth century, but such a result was almost inevitable in a modern country still struggling with political feudalism and a nascent economic capitalism.

The time would come when Tolstoy's own views on "literature for the people" would radically change, but at the moment he had reached a point of despair, and thought of giving up writing entirely. Stories such as *Lucerne* and *Albert* had fallen on barren soil.

At most, he would sit in Yasnaya Polyana, tend to the estate, and write for himself, not for publication. To scribble stories is stupid and shameful, he told Fet in a burst of enthusiastic confidence, when he learned that this poet was thinking of settling on an estate near him and making literature secondary to husbandry. And to Druzhinin he explained that if he were only tormented by ideas that aroused him by their boldness and audacity, he would write, but in the future he would not lift a finger to scribble pretty stories agreeable to read.

Turgenev railed at Tolstoy's new resolution. "What a man!" he wrote to a friend. "With perfect feet, he is determined to walk on his head."

Tolstoy, however, could not give up literature any more than he could cease his search for truth; one was the essential medium for the expression of the other. With assurance and insight, Granny wrote to him from abroad at this time: "When you have erred and sought for one thing and another without ever being satisfied, you may perhaps attain truth. Your kind and unconsciously Christian heart will steer you into harbors unknown to yourself; I have no doubt of that."

Before the end of 1859 he had already found a harbor, a temporary but important one on his long voyage through life. The idea that he had thought of abroad — of starting a village school — now took hold of him with peculiar force. Once before, in that burst of youthful enthusiasm for bettering the lot of his peasants in 1847, he had unsuccessfully attempted to provide them with schooling.

Now the idea took on new meaning, since he saw in it a direct connection with his retreat from literature. For whom did Russian authors write? For themselves and the cultured few. For masses of illiterate Russian peasants, literature was useless. If they could not read his writings, then he would teach them. This was the first and essential step towards the creation of a "literature for the people." Here was a purpose that would satisfy his thirst for activity and moral influence.

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ON A fine morning in early autumn, 1859, a group of some twenty peasant children waited expectantly at the manor house door of Yasnaya Polyana. The master had announced that a school would be opened and lessons given free. All the youngsters were dressed for the occasion — clean white shirts, new bast shoes, and unruly hair glistening and plastered down with oil. Suspicious parents stood around and talked in nervous, subdued tones among themselves. What was their strange, unpredictable master up to now? Did he wish to teach their children and then hand them over to the Tsar to be soldiers? One cautious mother kept insisting that the lessons were free. Why, Ivan Fokanov had been going to the sexton for lessons for three winters at two rubles a month, and he had still not learned a thing! It was

said that the master would also take grownups free, and several parents signified their intention of attending the school.

Suddenly a loud voice sounded from behind the door. Parents hurriedly admonished their children again to bow low and say: "I wish you health, your Excellency!" Tolstoy appeared. All bared heads and bowed to the ground.

"Good morning! Have you brought your children?" Tolstoy asked, turning to the parents.

"Just so, your Excellency," they chorused with bows.

"Well, I'm very glad," he said, smiling and looking them all over. His appearance did not accord with their notions of a teacher. He was so plainly dressed, his hair as long as theirs, and his common face with its broad peasant nose was covered with a thick black beard, like that of a gypsy. With assurance he walked into the crowd of children and singled one out.

"Do you wish to learn?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Danilka."

Swiftly he questioned the others in similar fashion, a smile on his lips and merriment in his eyes. Then he led them into the house, up the stairway, and through the huge living room. Scared, wide-eyed children noticed the lofty ceiling and the floor cleaner than the tables in their wretched little thatched huts. Numerous portraits on the walls at once caught their attention. These figures looked so magnificent, holy, like the icons they saw in church. Several of the youngsters involuntarily started to cross themselves.

"Those are not gods, but people — my relatives and friends," the teacher explained.

Tolstoy shepherded them into a neighboring room that had been fitted up with benches and blackboards. This was the schoolroom, he announced. Regular lessons would begin on the morrow. Today, he would just write a few letters of the alphabet on the board and they would try to learn them. But first he questioned them a bit further about their work in the fields and their reasons for wanting to go to school. He used humor, kindness, and simplicity to banish timidity and win confidence. Soon they were repeating the letters of the alphabet after him, their young voices rising to a fearless crescendo as he prompted, "Louder! Louder!" In no time they were a happy, excited group working together and following the teacher with rapt attention until the lesson ended.

"Now go home and God bless you!" Tolstoy said. "Come early tomorrow. We'll have another lesson. Come. I'll be waiting."

They left the school and said good-bye to their dear teacher, promising to come early on the morrow. Their rapture was boundless. Each told the other

over and over again, as though he had been the only one to notice it, how the teacher appeared, how he questioned them, how he talked, and how he had smiled.

Work at the new school filled Tolstoy with an energy that delighted some of his friends. Estate affairs became a bore; "pretty stories" were scorned; and even his precious diary was allowed to lapse in the excitement of proving in practice that all existing methods of education were necessarily wrong.

After six months of successful teaching, Tolstoy realized his lack of historical knowledge and decided to go abroad again to make a firsthand study of foreign pedagogical methods. Having placed his school in charge of a teacher who had been working under his direction, he left Petersburg and went first to Berlin. For nine months he visited schools in Germany, France, and Italy, with side trips to Geneva, London, and Brussels. He returned to Russia with an immense amount of educational material which he was eager to digest, and resumed his teaching.

Tolstoy's retreat from literature and his hostile attitude towards contemporary radical reformers may have created psychological factors that insensibly helped to lead him into educational work. But once fairly in it he embraced the enterprise with the same uncompromising spirit he had shown in his earlier attempts to serve the peasants. His philosophy of education was based on freedom — intellectual, moral, and physical; on individualism; and on experience with life. Education, he declared, was history and therefore had no final aim. Its only method was experience; its only criterion, freedom.

By September of 1862, however, there were plenty of indications that Tolstoy's zeal for his school was waning. His absorbing experiment had fulfilled its purpose: the school contributed as much to the historical development of Tolstoy as it had to the education of peasant children — it brought him back to his career of writing fiction.

It was as though a kind of catharsis had been effected that once again left his mind and spirit free for artistic work. His literary stagnation had troubled Tolstoy, for he was first of all an artist. In the full tide of enthusiasm for educational work, he had complained of an acute dissatisfaction with himself. His thoughts were in a chaos and he seemed to be getting nowhere.

The fundamental demand of his nature was the need to search — to search for truth, for the meaning of life, for the ultimate aims of art, for family happiness, for God. Now, at the age of thirty-four, he was about to achieve two of these goals — family happiness and the very pinnacle of great art, *War and Peace*.

With this fourth installment, we bring to a close our serialization of the first half of Mr. Simons's distinctive biography. The latter half, dealing with Tolstoy's maturity, will appear in the Atlantic beginning in the summer of 1946. — THE EDITOR

DDT AND THE BALANCE OF NATURE

by V. B. WIGGLESWORTH

FROM ancient times diseases conveyed by insects have been the main cause of casualties in military campaigns: the housefly as a carrier of dysentery and typhoid, the louse as the carrier of famine fever or epidemic typhus, the *Anopheles* mosquito as the carrier of malaria. There are many ways of combating these insects and breaking the chain of transmission of disease from man to insect and to man again. Among the methods is the use of insecticides.

At the outbreak of the war there was one insecticide which occupied a key position in relation to these insects of medical importance; and that was pyrethrum, the extract from the daisy flower *Pyrethrum Cinerariaefolium*, a substance exceedingly poisonous to insects but practically harmless to man. The world's supply of pyrethrum came chiefly from Japan and from Kenya in East Africa. At first there was plenty of pyrethrum available for the British forces. But as the war extended into tropical areas, the supply could not keep pace with the demand. The war with Japan closed one main source of supply; the entry of the United States into the conflict enormously increased the demand, and the situation became acute.

In time of peace the United States was the chief consumer of pyrethrum, and it came as something of a shock to British entomologists to discover that virtually the whole of the available stocks of pyrethrum, grown by British planters in Kenya, had been bought up by America! This situation was met by negotiations which led to restriction in the use of pyrethrum for agricultural or other civil purposes, and to the sharing of the available supplies between the two countries according to their military needs. But these supplies were hopelessly inadequate to meet the rising demands, — skyrocketing from month to month, — and desperate efforts were made to find a sufficient substitute. It was against this background of anxiety that DDT appeared.

Pyrethrum is a contact insecticide: it kills insects when it comes in contact with the surface of their bodies. So is the other famous vegetable insecticide, derris. For many years chemists had been seeking to

produce a synthetic contact insecticide, capable of being made in the laboratory and manufactured on a large scale in the chemical works, which would rival these vegetable products in effectiveness and surpass them in cheapness and availability. But until the war these hopes had been largely disappointed.

Arrival of DDT

In 1940 the Swiss firm of J. R. Geigy, A.G., of Basle discovered the insecticidal properties of a chemical that is known as 2,2-bis (parachlorophenyl) 1,1,1-trichloroethane or more familiarly as dichlorodiphenyltrichloroethane, later abbreviated to DDT. The firm took out patents to cover the manufacture of this chemical and its use as an insecticide, and early in 1942 the British and American branches of the firm brought these patents to the notice of the entomologists in the two countries, who were seeking a substitute for pyrethrum.

In England we read those patents and were frankly skeptical. It seemed to us that too much was claimed. The new insecticide appeared to be so exactly what we wanted that it looked too good to be true. But clearly the stuff should be tested. A 100-pound sample was obtained from Switzerland. A small laboratory sample was prepared in Manchester. Both had the same properties: they were colorless solids, nearly odorless or with a not unpleasant odor, highly poisonous to insects. The body louse was killed by an amount little greater than the minute dose of pyrethrum needed for this purpose.

Meanwhile the same thing was happening in America. The Swiss claims were fully substantiated. And immediately, on both sides of the Atlantic, entomologists got to work to discover how best to use the new material in the fight against the disease-carrying insects. There was the closest coöperation throughout between the British and American scientists, and development went forward rapidly along parallel lines. New ways of using DDT were discovered, as it seemed, almost daily — until both British and American entomologists almost came to feel that they had discovered the stuff.

The chemists worked with equal speed. Improved methods of manufacture were devised, chemical plants were set up by the manufacturing firms in America

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and England, and soon after the requirements were defined the supplies were available. As the months went by, more uses were discovered; requirements went up and up; until, with an output of some scores of tons a month, the military demands could still scarcely be fully met.

DDT against the louse

Mixed as a dust and rubbed into the clothing, DDT is exceedingly effective in killing lice; and unlike the vegetable insecticides pyrethrum and derris, which soon lose their potency, DDT is extremely stable and will continue to kill lice for three or four weeks after it has been applied.

Early in 1944, an outbreak of typhus occurred in Naples. Judging by what has happened in the past when typhus has broken out among an overcrowded, dirty, and ill-fed population during the winter months, this might have been expected to become a great and spreading epidemic. Dusts, at first containing pyrethrum and later containing DDT, were puffed up the sleeves and trouser legs, down necks and into the waists of skirts and trousers, systematically throughout the affected population. The results were dramatic: the epidemic, instead of rising to a terrifying peak, just faded out.

On the western front in World War I there was an efficient organization for destroying body lice, mainly by heat treatment of clothing, and by soaping and bathing of the men. But the methods employed had one great defect: they left the soldier's clothing ready to become infested again as soon as he could pick up fresh lice from his comrades; thus, in spite of systematic delousing, the men in the trenches were always heavily infested and the louse-borne "trench fever" was prevalent.

What was needed was some treatment that would leave the clothing proofed against lice for a long period. DDT has proved ideal for this purpose. It dissolves in oils but not in water. By dipping shirts and underclothes in suitable emulsions or solutions of DDT they can be so impregnated that lice which crawl over them are killed. The effect lasts several weeks even in clothing worn continuously. And some effect persists even after washing several times in hot soap and water. This impregnated clothing was highly successful in the prevention of lousiness in the armies that liberated Europe. The percentage of men infested with lice among the American and British forces was exceedingly low — in striking contrast with conditions in the German armies.

Mosquitoes and malaria

The full story of malaria in the war has yet to be written. But this much can be said. The maintenance and operation of large armies in the highly malarious jungles of Burma or New Guinea could never have been effected without steps being taken for the prevention of malaria. Furthermore, these

preventive measures, as well as the medical treatment of malaria, were so much more efficient among the American, Australian, and British Armies (indeed preventive measures were almost nonexistent among the Japanese) that, in the war in the Far East, malaria was our most potent ally.

Perhaps the most important single measure in this fight against malaria was the regular use of drugs, quinine or atabrine (mepacrine), which suppress the symptoms of the disease. But measures directed against the *Anopheles* mosquitoes which carry the infection from man to man were certainly valuable, sometimes very valuable, and among these measures DDT figured prominently.

Mists containing DDT and a little pyrethrum, dispersed by means of ordinary hand spray guns, proved better for killing the adult winged mosquitoes than the standard pyrethrum sprays. The famous "aerosol bomb" devised by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, in which pyrethrum was blown out as a fine mist by freon kept liquefied by pressure, was later filled with DDT instead; and there were many other ingenious methods for producing a suspended cloud of DDT that would kill mosquitoes.

But there is another way of killing the winged mosquito. It was early noted by the Swiss workers that if a thin film of DDT was applied to the surface of a wall, houseflies settling on that surface were subsequently killed. This effect persisted for several weeks. Films of DDT act in the same way against the mosquito; the poison appears to be absorbed through the feet of the insect — and this happens without causing it any discomfort, so that the insect is not repelled from the treated surface but remains there until it has taken in the tiny dose that is needed to kill. Treatment of the surface of huts and tents has been one of the most successful means of controlling *Anopheles* mosquitoes.

Since the larval stages of the mosquito are spent in water, most of the classic methods of malaria control have been directed against the larvae in their breeding places. DDT proved valuable in this connection too. A mist of DDT in kerosene sprayed over the surface of the water, the addition of DDT to the petroleum oils commonly used to kill mosquito larvae, the spraying of an emulsion of DDT in water — these were some of the methods. It was found that as little as two ounces of DDT would kill all the larvae over an acre of water surface. But there was one disappointing feature. Whereas it had been hoped that the killing action would persist for long periods, it lasted in fact little more than a week.

It has long been the practice to control mosquito breeding in inaccessible places or over wide expanses of water by distributing Paris green from airplanes. DDT lent itself particularly well to this procedure. Great advances have been made in the regulated dispersion of oily solutions or emulsions of DDT from the air, and this practice has proved very successful in controlling mosquito larvae.

But it was soon discovered that these aerial sprays

yielded a bonus: they also killed the adult mosquitoes. And not only did they kill the day-biting mosquitoes which were on the wing at the time of spraying; they killed the *Anopheles* mosquitoes which shelter in places beyond the reach of the spray during the daytime and come out to feed only at night. Apparently sufficient poison was deposited upon the surface of the vegetation for the mosquitoes to pick up a fatal dose when they alighted on the leaves during their nocturnal flights. For the rapid improvement of malarial conditions in areas newly occupied by troops, or even *before* the landing of invading armies, — that is, until the regular ground organization could get to work, — or for maintaining control in difficult or inaccessible country, this method has proved most valuable. It was used with great success in Italy, in India, and in Guadalcanal and many other regions in the Pacific zone.

Bedbugs too, which can be a troublesome pest in barracks, or in native houses, or on board ship, are killed by residual films of DDT — not so easily as houseflies or mosquitoes, but well enough for practical purposes. The result is that virtual extermination of bedbugs has been achieved in jails, barracks, and ships in many parts of the world. DDT was useful in air-raid shelters in London. A suitably prepared film will continue to kill bedbugs for at least three months and often much longer. Promising results have been obtained by the use of paints (water or oil paints) in which DDT has been incorporated.

For other insects, such as roaches or ants, which may trouble the soldier or the sailor, DDT has been good but not much better than materials already in use.

Use of DDT in peace

The control of malaria by preventing the breeding of mosquitoes has been possible since the end of the last century, when the role of the mosquito in transmitting the disease was first revealed. And it has been put into effect in Panama, in the wealthy Chinese and European settlements in Malaya, in the rich Dutch settlements in Java, and on tea plantations in India and elsewhere — to take a very few examples. This method of control has not been used in the past in the poor rural communities in India or Africa or in the southern part of the United States — because the cost was out of all proportion to the slender resources of people living at a bare level of subsistence.

There are, it is true, certain parts of the world where something has been done for rural malaria by improved water management in the rivers and streams, as in Ceylon and in the Tennessee Valley; or by improved agriculture, as in some of the rice-growing areas in Java; but it is fair to say that where such methods have not been feasible, no *direct* attack on the mosquito has been possible in rural areas.

Has this state of affairs been materially changed by the advent of DDT? It is too early to be sure; but if DDT becomes available at a sufficiently low price,

we may have, for the first time, in the “residual film” deposited on the walls of houses, a really effective method of control that could be applied at a cost within the reach of rural communities.

The control of rural malaria, so long the despair of the malariologist, may at last become a reality. Preliminary trials in West Africa and in India have been highly encouraging. This method figures largely in the “Extended Program” of the U. S. Public Health Service, in which the energetic campaign for the control of malaria in war areas is being enlarged to cover all the malarious regions in the United States; and in the control of rural malaria by the Health and Safety Division of the TVA. It is acceptable to the people; and it has the advantage that its action is concentrated automatically against those mosquitoes that come into houses — which are precisely the mosquitoes that are carrying the disease.

Nations are becoming increasingly aware of the risk they run of new malarial mosquitoes being introduced by airplane from other countries. The terrific epidemic of malaria in Brazil in the early thirties, which followed the introduction of *Anopheles Gambiae* from West Africa, has been an object lesson on what may occur. To meet this risk, international agreements have been made to ensure that airplanes are so treated as to kill any dangerous insects that may be on board.

Spraying with insecticidal mists has been the standard method employed; and sometimes this work is efficiently done. But it must be admitted that not infrequently the performance with the spray gun is a mere formality that can cause little inconvenience to any insects present. A residual film of DDT, thoroughly applied at suitable intervals to the whole interior of the airplane, would be a very great additional safeguard, and is likely to figure largely in the sanitation of commercial planes.

A residual film applied in houses will be of enormous value in the campaign against the bedbug and in helping to keep houses free from flies. Likewise dusts containing DDT will have their use in dealing with head lice in children and with epidemics of typhus and other louse-borne diseases in the countries in which they are likely to occur. But the real cure for all these troubles is an improved standard of hygiene. DDT is a valuable supplement to hygiene and cleanliness. It will not take their place.

Veterinary uses for DDT

Almost all the vast output of DDT during the war years was earmarked for service users. But enough has been made available for trials to prepare the way for what will soon be its main applications — against insects of veterinary importance, against the pests of growing crops, and perhaps against forest insects.

The swarms of flies in unsanitary cow barns constitute a veterinary problem, and the deposit of a film of DDT on the walls has had a spectacular effect upon their numbers, which at once impresses the observer

with the powers of this insecticide. But when we look into the matter a little more closely, the limitations of the method become apparent. DDT as a residual film kills very slowly; it may take two or three hours before the flies resting on the film finally succumb.

However, these flies on the walls do not seriously trouble the herdman. The flies he is concerned about are those which are brought in by the cows when they come from the pasture to the barn for milking. It is these flies, often quite few in number, which irritate the animals and make them restless during milking; and it is sometimes observed that although the whole population of flies which remains behind in the milking shed is killed by DDT on the walls, the cows are still as restless as ever while they are milked.

Moreover, there are a good many sorts of flies on cattle, and they behave in different ways. The houseflies, which tickle the animals but do not bite, readily leave them and settle on the walls and are poisoned. The stable flies, which are biting, bloodsucking insects, stay on the cattle until they have succeeded in getting a meal of blood. They are a source of much annoyance, and a small number may cause a lot of stamping before they leave the cows and come into contact with the treated walls. The horn flies are little bloodsucking insects which never leave the body of the animal save for a few moments when it drops its dung, in which they lay their eggs. They are quite unaffected by DDT on the walls of the barn.

That suggests the possibility of applying DDT to the back of the animal as a spray or in a dip. The effect of this treatment on the stable fly is only short-lived; after a few days its toxicity is almost gone. But against the horn fly, which remains continuously on the animal, the results have been far more satisfactory. In the northern territories of Australia, in Texas, and in Florida, it has been found that spraying or dipping the cattle in a DDT preparation has kept them free from this troublesome insect for several weeks.

In England very promising results have been obtained against the fleece worm or blowfly in sheep by the same means. Instead of trying to kill the young maggots as they develop in the soiled fleece and skin, the wool is treated with DDT to poison the female fly when she is seeking to lay her eggs. Furthermore, it is possible to treat the wool in addition with materials which make the sheep extra-attractive to the egg-laying female and so to turn the treated sheep into a veritable trap for blowflies.

It may be that something of the same sort will prove of value against the tsetse flies in tropical Africa, which carry a number of fatal diseases of stock as well as human sleeping sickness. These flies collect in large numbers on cloth screens or dummy animals, and there is evidence that they can be killed over longish periods if such screens are treated with DDT.

Lice on goats and cattle, and ticks on sheep, are among the pests of stock against which DDT is prov-

ing extremely successful. And it is effective against fleas on cats and dogs.

DDT in agriculture and forestry

In agriculture, DDT has been used with promising results against flea beetles and onion thrips. It has been good against caterpillars, but it has been disappointing against most sorts of aphid or green fly. As a measure for the control of the potato leaf hopper it has been so outstanding that some observers have suggested that its widespread use for this purpose in the United States will create the problem of an excessive production of potatoes unless the acreage devoted to this crop is markedly reduced! DDT is a promising insecticide against the potato beetle. It is without effect on the Mexican bean beetle, however, and it has not proved very successful against grasshoppers.

The codling moth, the Oriental fruit moth, the cotton bollworm, the boll weevil, the corn borer, the Japanese beetle — these are a few of the major pests of agriculture against which DDT is being widely tested. Will DDT make possible control of the corn borer or corn-ear worm on field corn? Will DDT save the United States from invasion by the pink bollworm which is threatening from Mexico and which so far has been kept at bay by quarantine measures? Has an answer at last been found to the problem of the Japanese beetle? These are a few of the questions that agricultural entomologists are asking and seeking to answer.

Most sorts of caterpillars are easily killed by DDT, either from eating vegetation that has been sprayed, or from crawling over a residual film of the chemical. The tent caterpillars which have been so conspicuous in the eastern part of the United States during the past season, although they are not a serious pest, are readily controlled by DDT. The young caterpillars die when they come out from the egg masses in the twigs and creep along the branches if these have been sprayed with DDT — even when the spraying has been done some weeks before.

The gypsy moth too is a ready victim. Although the method has not yet been fully tried out, the spraying of the trunks of trees and debris around the base may prove a useful way of dealing with the gypsy moth in residential areas. Likewise the cankerworm, which so often ruins the shade trees in cities, can be controlled by power sprayers using a variety of insecticides. DDT is proving equal or superior to the best of them.

For use on a really large scale in the forests, the spraying of DDT from the air is a method that has caught the imagination of the scientist and of the general public as holding out some hope of coping with the great outbreaks of the spruce budworm, the various sawflies, or the hemlock looper, which from time to time sweep through vast tracts of forest and defoliate or kill the trees over thousands of acres. Highly concentrated solutions of DDT, when dis-

charged from airplanes as a fine rain, undoubtedly kill these insects.

Wider implications of DDT

So far I have been giving just a general and somewhat superficial account of what DDT appears capable of doing. What remains to be seen is whether the method is feasible economically and desirable biologically.

The organic thiocyanates, which were coming to the fore in the pre-war years, were a big advance in the search for synthetic chemicals which would rival as contact insecticides the natural vegetable products. DDT is another big step forward in that search. But it is quite certain that it is not the last word. DDT has unquestionably provided a tremendous stimulus to experimentation; even the insecticide manufacturers have been amazed at the size of the potential market for a really good insecticide. There are doubtless other chemicals on the way. One has already appeared — the British material gammexane, or 666, which rivals DDT and for certain purposes seems even to surpass it.

What the chemists have been seeking so far is a universal insecticide: a material that will kill every insect with which it comes in contact, and at the same time a material that does not injure the plants upon which it is spread or poison human beings when they eat those plants or when they come into contact with it in the course of manufacture or use. Has this aim been achieved in the discovery of the properties of DDT and is it an objective that is wholly desirable? Those are the questions which biologists are asking themselves today.

DDT seems to have the effect of poisoning some part of the nervous system. Insects which have walked on films of DDT soon begin to stagger in a drunken manner. Their legs twitch and they cannot coördinate their movements. Sometimes they remain for several days in this “drunken” state before dying. The poison appears to enter in minute traces through the feet and elsewhere on the surface of the insect.

In mammals such as rabbits, rats, mice, or guinea pigs, DDT has a somewhat similar effect. There are muscular tremors and spasms, incoördination, and finally paralysis and death. But for reasons that are not understood, a much larger dose of the chemical in proportion to their weight is required by mammals than by insects. Poisoning in the animals can be produced most easily if the DDT is dissolved in oil and then either eaten or rubbed into the skin. It seems harmless when eaten in the dry form and is certainly harmless when applied as powder to the skin.

Large amounts of DDT have been handled and experimented with during the past three years; yet only one case of DDT poisoning in man has been described, and this was in a laboratory worker who had deliberately rubbed into his skin very strong

solutions of DDT in a way that could never happen in practice. The symptoms produced were like those in other animals, but when contact with DDT was stopped he gradually recovered completely.

It is therefore generally felt that, used with ordinary care, DDT is a safe insecticide so far as man and domestic or farm animals are concerned.

Tadpoles and fish are more susceptible to DDT. They are not affected by the very small quantities that are applied to the surface of the water to kill mosquito larvae. But when strong solutions, such as are used for spraying the forests from the air, fall on water, not only are all the aquatic insects — May flies, dragonflies, and others — killed, but trout and other fish are destroyed and the streams rendered practically devoid of animal life.

Plants, on the other hand, are not much affected by DDT if it is suitably applied. Where they have been injured, the harm has generally been traced to the action of other chemicals with which the DDT has been mixed.

Harmful and beneficial insects

Man is the measure of all things. We judge the world by its impact upon ourselves. Insects which convey diseases to domestic animals or to man, or insects which feed upon the crops we wish to eat, are described as harmful. And these insects attract so much attention to themselves that we come to regard all insects as enemies of man. But among the teeming millions of insects there is incessant strife. Under favorable conditions insects can multiply with incredible rapidity, and in the course of several months may increase their numbers a millionfold or more. Their numbers are held in check by fluctuations in the climate, sudden cold or heat, drought or flooding; by the limitation of the available food supply; and by the biological pressure of competitors or of insects and other animals which prey upon them.

Insects, I have said, can multiply at a prodigious rate. But as a rule their numbers do not change very much. Although a female may lay perhaps three hundred eggs, the one generation may be only a little larger or a little smaller than the next. Of the three hundred offspring, two hundred and ninety-eight must have perished. In this colossal mortality other insects play a large part. There are “predaceous” insects which attack and devour their fellows; and there are “parasitic” insects which lay their eggs within the bodies of their victims so that their young may slowly devour them.

This process is commonly known as “biological control,” and many instances could be quoted in which insect parasites have been introduced to deal with an insect pest and have done so to such good purpose that failing industries have been restored to prosperity. It is not surprising that the method has caught the imagination of the world. But aside from these spectacular achievements, our insect friends the insect predators and parasites are everywhere

quietly working all the time, and any decrease of their activities is followed by an outbreak of some insect pest.

Insect pests in farm crops are on the whole much less severe in Britain than in America; and the chief reason for this lies in the better opportunity afforded to the insect friends and the birds in preying upon the pests. In Britain the fields are small, the crops are changed in rotation each year, there are hedgerows around the fields providing shelter for the birds and insects which serve in the defense. But in America the large areas under the same crops, grown perhaps for several years on the same land, provide ideal opportunities for the pests to build up vast populations which decimate the crops.

DDT and the balance of nature

Now let us look again at the action of DDT, bearing in mind that alongside the pests at which we are aiming is a complex assemblage of interacting organisms and that perhaps DDT is like a blunderbuss discharging shot in a manner so haphazard that friend and foe alike are killed.

It may be said at once that the various insects in the house are not limited in numbers by parasites and predators sharing their domestic haunts. Even though spiders kill a certain number of insects indoors, few housewives regard spiders as friendly inmates of the house. John Keats, with the sympathy of the poet, may write in kindly terms of the crickets as "little inmates" of the house, "full of mirth," and call them to witness that the "poetry of earth is never dead"; and the English naturalist of the eighteenth century, Gilbert White, writing in 1790, may refer to the detestable roach, which had then only just arrived in Britain, with something more than tolerance, and may express the hope that this interesting insect which had appeared in his friend's house might soon visit his own. But today all insects in the house are regarded as unwanted aliens. If we can eradicate them all, so much the better. In so doing there is no risk of upsetting the balance of nature.

DDT is popular, when used in houses, precisely for the reason that it destroys insects of all kinds. In America I was told of the colored housewife who complained bitterly, after her house had been treated with DDT to kill malarial mosquitoes, that she was forever having to sweep up "dem damn dead flies"! But some people are never satisfied.

The point is that conditions in the house are such that there is no risk of killing friends along with the enemies. DDT used in this way seems to confer nothing but benefits.

The same is true when we consider the insects which live on the bodies of man and animals. There are no friendly insects which haunt our persons. When we can kill such insects without risk of poisoning their hosts (and we can with DDT) the result is wholly good.

When we turn to the control of mosquitoes in the

open we are on less safe ground. The very small quantities of insecticide which need to be applied on water to kill mosquito larvae do not normally kill fish; but they kill a variable proportion of the other aquatic insects. This result may not matter very much. But it may have far-reaching effects which it is impossible at present to predict. The broadcasting of sprays from airplanes in order to kill the flying mosquito is still more prone to upset the balance of nature. These sprays settle on the vegetation and kill vast numbers of insects of all sorts. Without careful study it is impossible to guess what the ultimate results of this process may be.

Still more drastic are the effects of the highly concentrated sprays of DDT that are being used against the forest pests. These sprays kill other kinds of insects, in addition to the pests against which they are directed. They settle into the streams and kill the aquatic insects. Some fish, such as the speckled trout, are reported to have been killed when they fed on poisoned insects. Crayfish and tadpoles are killed either by contact with the poison or by eating contaminated food. These again are important sources of food for fish, which must suffer when they are destroyed.

There seems little doubt that the general insect population in the forests is greatly reduced and that the natural waters may be nearly sterilized and lifeless. It has even been suggested that nesting birds may suffer from the shortage of insects and be unable properly to feed their young. Only careful experiments can prove whether birds will suffer or not.

When DDT is applied to a small area of woodland it will not matter very much if almost complete destruction of insect life results: the area will soon be colonized again from the surrounding woods. But where really large areas of forest, extending over hundreds of acres, are treated, the effects may be more serious. That problem also must be resolved by experiment, and the results of the trials carried out this year in the United States and in Canada will be awaited with interest.

We already know a little more about the results of applying DDT to farm crops and orchards. We know that DDT sprayed on peach trees with the object of killing the caterpillars of the Oriental fruit moth is even more effective in killing the parasite that is being liberated to control this pest than it is in killing the pest itself. We know that DDT is not much good for killing the woolly aphis. But it is a wonderful insecticide against the *Aphelinus* parasite that normally keeps the numbers of woolly aphis down. Already it has been observed that orchards containing woolly aphis, when they have been sprayed with DDT, have developed outbreaks of this pest such as had never been seen before.

The same thing has happened with the fruit tree red spider. In orchards where this mite has normally been kept within reasonable bounds by the enemies that prey upon it, trees have been literally scarlet with the red spiders after being sprayed with DDT.

DDT and honey bees

There is one insect that is generally regarded as the friend of man; and that is the honey bee. Honey is itself a useful article of commerce, but the making of honey is not the only service we receive from the bee. Unless flowers are pollinated they will not set seed. Bees are among the most valuable pollinators of flowers, and at the present time most beemen consider that the chief value of the bee to man lies in its activities in transferring pollen from one flower to another. In orchards or in the clover fields, the crop may depend upon the bee. In certain areas the yield of clover seed drops from year to year, and one reason is thought to be a growing shortage of bees.

Now there are pests of apple flowers, such as the apple-blossom weevil of Europe, and pests of clover or alfalfa, such as the lygus bugs, which are well controlled by DDT. But DDT kills honey bees. If bees are confined in cages with plants that have been sprayed with DDT they are soon killed. On the other hand, there is some evidence that the effect on bees visiting sprayed blossoms in the field may not be so serious as was feared. Entomologists are cautious as to what they say about the matter at the moment. But beekeepers are a vociferous race. Like the bees they care for, their more lovable qualities may become obscured when they are roused — and they do not take kindly to DDT.

This is no new problem. Beekeepers have suffered in past years from the use of arsenic in orchards during blossom time or from derris. Only careful and unbiased work can determine how and when DDT can be used so as not to impede the invaluable activities of the honey bee.

Chemists and insect pests

It is obvious enough that DDT is a two-edged sword. We can see how seriously it may upset the balance locally between insect enemies and friends.

Now this too is no new thing. The manufacture of chemical insecticides and fungicides for the use of the farmer has increased enormously during the past thirty years; yet more and more of these chemicals are called for. Time was when a couple of arsenical washes were adequate to control the codling moth on apples. Now, five, six, or even seven washes are needed in some orchards. As time goes on, the codling grub, for reasons that are not wholly understood, becomes more resistant to arsenic. Early in this century the California red scale on citrus was readily controlled by fumigation of the tree with hydrogen cyanide. But in recent years a "resistant race" has developed and it becomes increasingly difficult to keep this scale down with cyanide gas. Three or four years ago it was discovered that tartar emetic was the perfect control for the citrus thrips in California. But within two years a race of thrips resistant to tartar emetic had replaced the normal race and tartar emetic ceased to work.

It is the same story with the fungicides used in the orchards. One of the best chemicals for the control of apple scab is sulphur. Sulphur is good for killing the red spider. But it also kills other mites; and in some localities there are many sorts of mites which prey on the red spider, and in order to replace the activities of these mites, more and more chemicals have to be sprayed upon the trees.

All this is grand from the chemist's point of view. The more chemicals are applied, the more they are needed, and the demand for chemical insecticides goes up and up. It is not so good from the grower's point of view, and it is certainly bad from the standpoint of the biologist, who likes to feel that he is controlling nature in an intelligent manner, and not merely throwing grit into the works.

Future of chemical insecticides

Chemicals which upset the balance of nature have been known before. DDT is merely the latest and one of the most violent. It can bring about within a single year a disturbance that it would take other chemicals a good many years to produce. It has thus focused attention on the problem and has provided a great stimulus to entomologists to reflect upon what is happening.

One conclusion they have come to is that we know far too little about the interaction of pests with their physical environment and with the other insects around them. We need to know far more about their ecology — that is, about their natural history studied scientifically. When the ecology of an insect pest is fully known, it is often possible to modify the conditions in such a way that its world no longer suits it. The crop may be planted too early for it; the order of crops in the rotation may be changed; varieties of the plant that are unfavorable for the insect may be grown, and so forth.

But when all these so-called cultural or naturalistic methods of control have been developed, there remains a large residue of pests for which insecticides must be used. Here again more ecology is needed. We want to learn how to apply the insecticide at such a time or in such a way as to touch the pest and not its enemies. We want to choose insecticides which discriminate between friend and foe.

This is probably where the future of insecticides lies — in the development of materials with a selective action. It may well be that in the long run an insecticide which kills 50 per cent of the pest insect and none of its predators or parasites may be far more valuable than one which kills 95 per cent but at the same time eliminates its natural enemies. It has been found in England that in fumigating truck crops with nicotine it is possible to adjust the dose of fumigant to such a level that the aphids or green flies are killed but the insect enemies are spared. That is an example of the type of selective insecticide we need. The development of such materials will provide unlimited scope for the ingenuity of biologists and chemists.

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Accent on Living

Women and Drinks

By Q. de GOÛT

THERE is something about the preparation of mixed drinks which seems to defy the mentality of an otherwise competent woman. It would be no exaggeration to add that a whiskey and soda, even whiskey and water, is too high a hurdle for the ordinary hostess. The choice and service of a simple table wine are more than she can think out or remember. To confront a woman with several of these matters in combination is to turn her tearful, fluttering, and quite useless.

This deep-seated failing of the sex is comparable only to a woman's permanent determination to forget the values of poker hands, no matter how often the formula is jotted down. Each drink is an experiment. What is meant by "three of a kind" is always a conjecture.

Some women can plan and produce a handsomely decorated salmon-in-aspic, make piecrust, or accomplish a risky soufflé. They work cunningly in hors d'oeuvres. Their tables are elegant. Their cocktails are nauseating.

These observations are not offered as complaints, but simply as a report of facts. No one can change these facts. Neither does the author seek to impose his own recipes on the reader, even though he thinks this would be a fine thing to do. Women would ignore his recipes just as they do their husbands' recipes. This is one of the facts. And it would be equally fruitless to belabor any of the other facts of the female drink-mixer: her belief that no one will know the difference between good liquor and bad; her faith in the staying powers of a recorked remnant of soda water; her fondness for colored highball and cocktail glasses (usually magenta); her constant fear that the drinks will never be

sweet enough; her adventuring with additions of maple syrup, crème Yvette, grenadine, and what-all to almost any drinks made in a shaker. Her shaker, finally, is about one-fourth the proper size and it probably leaks.

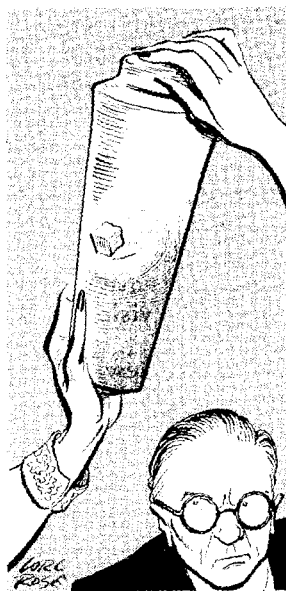
Ice, as used by women, is as massive a difficulty as all these others put together. Women hoard it. They won't put it into a shaker themselves in appreciable quantities and they won't put it out in a bowl except in sample amounts. Cocktails for fifteen or twenty mean six cubes of ice; punch for fifty or

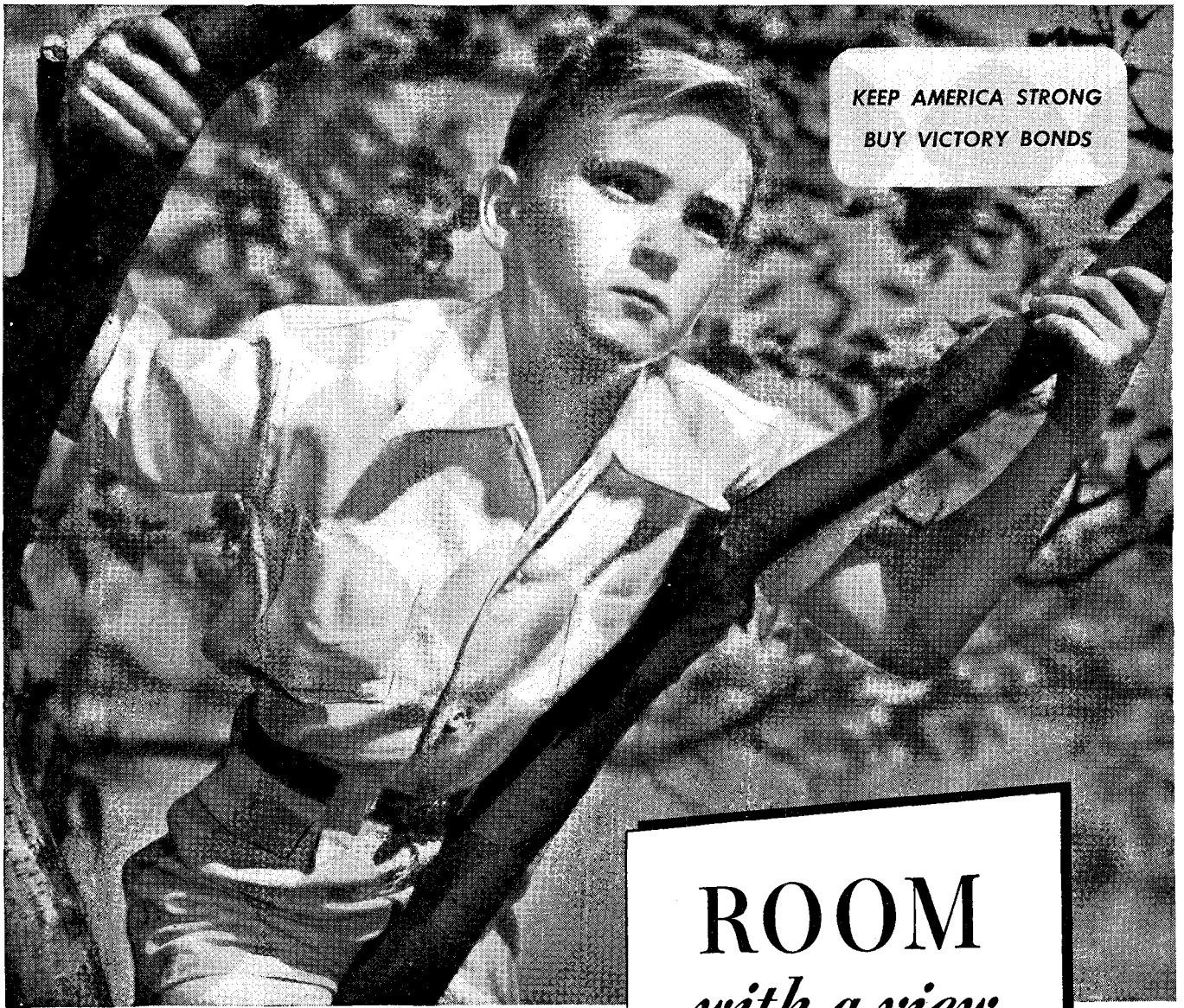
seventy-five means a dozen. A barbecue-and-beer-on-tap picnic for a couple of hundred would bring forth, if a woman were running the show, the amount of ice normally found in the refrigerator of a kitchenette apartment — just enough to dampen the barrel-head.

Ice is cheap. It's rather attractive. It sounds good when agitated in abundance. Yet many a man drafted to shake and pour, in a female establishment, finds himself shaking a lukewarm mixture, quite without noise because it is immediately quite without ice. It swishes up and down; instead of the honest crash and clatter of a coolant, one gets the impression of a rubber-tired silence. When poured, such a drink is usually at about body heat and strong enough to bring a cough from the hardest *bon vivant*. A couple of rounds of them will

set husbands to eying wives with some anxiety. Yet if the man doing the shaking asks for more ice, his hostess seems to count him an inexpedient fellow, a nuisance, given to inordinate caprice.

Consider the plight of a man who has agreed to help out a hostess by mixing her cocktails. She has asked him, she explains, only because he makes such wonderful drinks. The fact that he usually does this simply by sticking to well-tested recipes, using half-





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It's good that they do. For many of them will carry into manhood that same urge to hunt out the new point of view—the fresh slant on things.

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way decent ingredients and plenty of ice, means nothing to the hostess. Her implication, which he has no way of contradicting, is that his mastery of these things borders on the occult.

The man files his disclaimers. All that his hostess will need, he assures her, will be three bottles of rum, a third as much lemon juice, some granulated sugar, and plenty of ice.

For no particular reason, the time of the party is set for 5.00 P.M. The man finds that he must walk off on various office responsibilities, but he rushes out and arrives at 5.15. About a dozen people are already there. No refreshment is being distributed. They all look at him sternly when the hostess announces that they just couldn't have anything to drink until he was there to mix what she insists on calling "his specialties."

Two or three of the male guests are plainly skeptical, but our hero hurries through a few measurements and mixtures. Unable to find the sugar, he asks for some. The hostess hands him a huge bottle of colorless syrup which she says is much better than sugar. However this may be, the man has no way of gauging its values, so he hopefully dumps in a jigger or two. He has just enough ice to make a single floating layer in the shaker, but the company is restive and he concludes that he had better get a round into circulation. He goes ahead, the ice promptly melts, and he finds himself swishing to no purpose.

By this time, guests are crowding about with their glasses. The man takes off the cap from the shaker spout and tries to pour a drink. Enough of a cocktail comes forth to fill perhaps an eighth of the glass. From that point on, the stream is as if from a fountain pen filler. It takes a long time to fill the first glass. The second is getting nowhere, and the man recaps the shaker and gives it a hard shake. He gains enough volume to fill the second glass. Only about fourteen glasses to go.

He removes the cover of the shaker and finds what he had known he would. Its strainer is full of lemon pulp. Just then the hostess comes charging up.

"Here are all these people waiting for your wonderful drinks," she begins gayly.

"I'm afraid I'll have to strain the lemon juice," the man replies.

This really annoys the hostess; and as he picks up the whole tray and bolts for the kitchen, the man can hear her saying, "... has to be so *fussy* about everything."

While he is out straining, the man looks surreptitiously for ice, but he finds that the only tray in the refrigerator is full of tomato jelly. The other trays



are dry, empty, and piled on top of the refrigerator. He never does get any more ice. His first batch of drinks is warm, strong, and astonishingly sweet. His second is even warmer, disagreeably sour. Nobody seems to want a third round.

The hostess now has a couple of bottles of rum on hand and about a pint of unnecessary lemon juice. She doesn't hesitate to wind it all up by saying to the man, "Well, you were so afraid I wouldn't have enough, and now look at all this."

The situation is not likely to improve, but one cannot help theorizing as to why such things must be. My own guess is roughly as follows.

Women get along fairly well on the assumption that men are saps. As an infant is pleased by a bright-colored object, the woman reasons, so does the man enjoy the notion that he has a special aptitude for boiling eggs, tending a fire, and mixing drinks.

The woman knows, just as well as the man, that an eight-year-old child, able to read English, could make an excellent whiskey sour. If a man can be given the illusion that it requires some rare talent of his own, why not let him think so? Incidentally, if any woman wants a recipe for whiskey sours, here it is:—

1 part lemon juice; 3 parts bonded bourbon; granulated sugar to suit; shake well with 500 pounds of cracked ice.

Dunbar's Siamese Cat

By CHARLES P. CURTIS, JR.

THESE are the things I like best to do,
Most of the time it is loving you,
And taking pains I shouldn't show it,
Partly because I know you know it.

Some of my time in catching mice,
And playing with them. Mice are nice.
The reason why I bite their heads
Is partly to make sure they're dead.

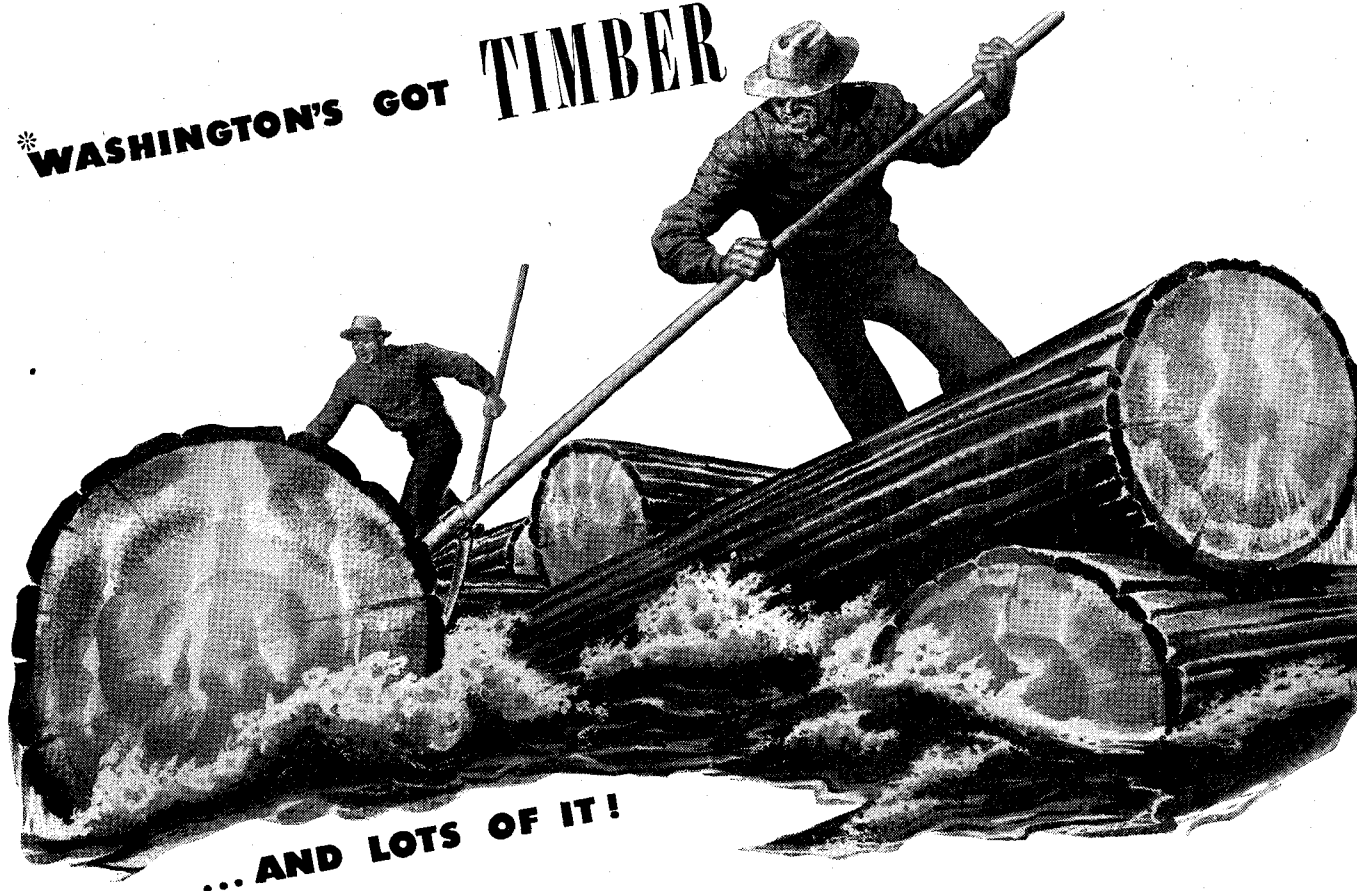
But after you, I love the sun,
And when I can I watch it run
Across the sky from pole to pole,
Like some great mouse from hole to hole.

And, when I'm bored with that, I play
With you. At times I hear you say
You play with me. Cats know
Men like to think that this is so.

And since you are my god-elect,
I shouldn't want you to suspect
That the other way about,
Just as at night I shut you in
When you believe you let me out.



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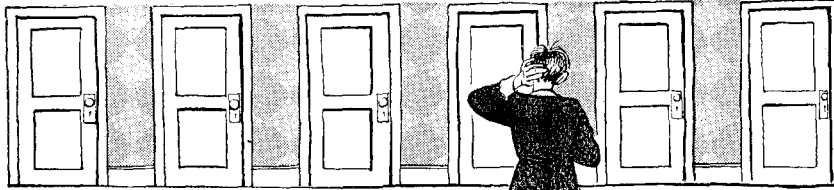


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2 Bedrooms, 6 Baths

By EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS

A NEW type of bathroom has recently been evolved. It invites three persons, regardless of sex, age, or previous condition of acquaintance, to enter the same wash-up and make-up area at the same time. Such a bathroom, to accommodate three, costs but little more than two bathrooms — showing thus a clear gain.

Obviously, new problems of deference and protocol will arise in connection with the three-person bathroom — but not insoluble problems. There will always come to the fore an individual with executive ability, who will carry off the situation with cheerful directness. He will say, “Molly, slip in there, take off your clothes and bathe. Mr. Sprague, shave at the lavatory. I will occupy the cubicle.” In a little while he emerges and efficiently tries to keep out of the way, contorting gymnastically to avoid the radiator. Molly comes out of the bath space. “The cubicle for you, Molly. Mr. Sprague, you take the bath while I shave.” In the midst of lather, as Molly presently reappears, he bubbles, “Send in Mrs. Archer as you go out. Mrs. Archer, very sorry! We have only the cubicle vacant at the moment.” It has perhaps a flavor of indelicacy, but it is all direct and on the beam.

Of course, the pitcher-bowl technique of nostalgic days gone by was more secluded, more leisurely, more sweetly conducive to communion with self. But that was in the far long-ago, impossible of reconstruction now. We are carefully progressing toward the cliff-dweller theme of simplified housekeeping. Sequestered seclusion is no longer feasible. We must recapture the original frankness of which the race was once the master.

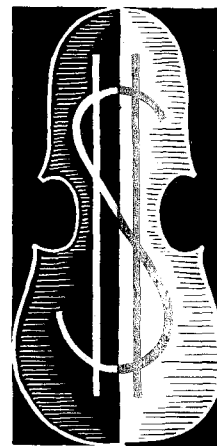
Some of the designers struggle a little against the idea of goldfishing the bathroom routines. They provide a lot of booths against the wall of a hall or against a bedroom wall — the occupants of the room presumably work on a schedule which gets them up early and out of the way.

The prospective bathroomer goes along knocking at doors. He finds a vacant spot, which happens to be a toothbrushing routine. Finished that, he proceeds with his knocking and finds another spot. A lady emerges from the hardest location and he, carrying it off with smile and merry quip, gracefully enters. It

EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS, a native of Philadelphia and a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, now lives in Bethesda, Maryland. He was formerly associated with the Office of the Supervising Architect in the Federal government.

is all in the point of view. Earlier culture consisted of a determination to stand as many things as possible, but to reduce their number. Present culture is the determination to stand as many things as possible.

We inevitably have before us, therefore, the knotty problem of redesigning people who are to occupy houses. Fresh, inspired, carefully studied schemes for houses, similar to these arrangements which advanced thinking has made possible for bathrooms, are bound to appear. We must pause as we confront them. We must humbly realize our shortcomings. We must be aware that our immediate project is, not to build modern houses, but to build people suited to occupy modern houses.



Music

By ERICH LEINSDORF

THE controversy over contemporary music is not restricted to the field of music at all. It has a social implication of the largest order. It seems to me that living composers look to the symphony orchestra as a representative expression of our music life with a certain amount of overoptimism, because symphony orchestras, opera companies, and chamber groups are

part of the musical past but not necessarily of the future. We often forget that music in the past has always been reserved for a small, exclusive group. Nowadays we are striving to reach a much larger audience.

We are today faced for the first time with the problem of making serious music a part of a democratic culture. In our efforts we are hampered by a lot of difficulties which are not easy to solve. Music has never paid for itself, and it does not pay for itself today. Our good will toward living composers is seriously hampered by economic considerations.

I am informed, for example, that the number of recordings of contemporary works is very small. The recording companies say, “How can we sell music which the people don’t know?” They may even say “which the people don’t want.” I don’t know how they know that.

The same applies to the radio. When any program of good music is sponsored commercially, some agency starts meddling and demands certain things

Since he arrived in this country in 1937, ERICH LEINSDORF has established himself in the front rank of our younger symphony conductors, and as a champion of living composers. This paper is the outgrowth of a talk which Mr. Leinsdorf gave at a forum of the New School for Social Research in New York.

If you want to see the pictures of CBS' new high definition, full color television, get the December 1 *New Yorker*. It demonstrates, as closely as paper and ink can reproduce, the quality of the new full color television pictures which were broadcast in the "radar" frequencies by CBS across the New York skyline for the first time in history on October 10.

The *New York Times* called it "the achievement of a radio 'miracle'", and the electronic industry pretty well agrees that it's probably the most important milestone in television's history.

★

The day good old Sixth became the Avenue of the Americas some 4,000 United States sailors were lined up outside Carnegie Hall for a parade. Inside, Artur Rodzinski was rehearsing the New York Philharmonic-Symphony for its Saturday night concert and Sunday afternoon CBS broadcast. In a breathing spell the conductor glanced out the window and got a load of the Navy. A few moments later he had 104 members of the orchestra downstairs, complete with instruments, lined up on the sidewalk, and swung them into *Anchors Aweigh*. The Navy yowled, so he struck up *Stars and Stripes Forever* and a service band at ease joined in. Group cheering ensued, and the orchestra went back indoors to work. Historians will record that this is the Philharmonic's first sidewalk concert in 103 years.

★

Honors come fast to CBS' Norman Corwin. The latest are: (1) the "Page 1 Award" of the American Newspaper Guild for "creating a unique and lasting literature of the air"; (2) the certificate of the Association of Teachers of the Social Studies in New York City; (3) the award of the National Council of Teachers of English.

Here's a fractional reason:

Opening the Herald Tribune Forum, Paul Robeson spoke Corwin's

new *Set Your Clock at U-235*.

He said in part:

"The crackpot poet in Pasadena stands at last within reasonable prospect when he picks a date and says 'On this day the world will end. Selah. Repent, ye Sinners, and prepare.'"

"...As for the latest war, what's to become of its victors and their victory?..."

"Need the laurel wither?"

"Need the sword go blunt again with the rusting-disease of men and metals?"

"Need the worker be lucky to work?"

"Need an epoch hang on the tailored charms of a diplomat?"

"Do not search the broad-minded skies for answers to these and kindred questions..."

"The answers are in us together."



"For only if we've learned that more than one comes but to ONE in the arithmetic of nations..."

"Then only can it be explained to the ghosts of airmen..."

"And to marines whose faces rubbed off on the cinders of Iwo,"

"Then only was it worth the concentration in the camps, and what it was that happened to the little and the lost and unremembered."

★

November 3, 1940 (*Entry from William L. Shirer's Berlin Diary*):

"The Foreign Office still holding up my passport and exit visa... Did my last broadcast from Berlin tonight and fear I swallowed a couple of times..."

November 4, 1945, 5:45 p.m. EST (*Shirer on CBS*):

"This is Berlin. It seems a little strange to say those words again. It's been rather a long time since I began a broadcast like that.

"...The contrast between the German world I knew five years ago at the time I departed and the one I came to this past week is something your...imagination cannot grasp...

When I left there were 1,500,000 homes...today only 300,000 are really habitable.

"...On this Sunday afternoon I watched...rich and poor trundling their little wagons or carts for miles through the streets, to the forests outside Berlin to gather firewood. Yesterday, you could see them trundling their ration of potatoes homeward from the market. They're still relatively well-dressed, but they walk about in a sort of daze. They're bent, hungry, cold. It was a little difficult for me to recognize them as the master race they claimed to be when I was last here.

"...I came upon a bunch of demobilized German soldiers, the ones who goose-stepped so arrogantly through Poland, France, Russia, and other temporarily conquered lands. *Herrenvolk*...they called themselves then, but no more. Yesterday they were broken, dirty, tired, hungry. Their once smart uniforms were tattered and torn and filthy... I stopped to talk with them. 'Where do you come from?'...I asked. 'From Stalingrad,' they said, '*alles kaput!*' And they shuffled and hobbled down the street looking for a garbage can to pick."

★

Station WCHS, the CBS affiliate in Charleston, W. Va., has the kids all excited about writing letters on "My Favorite American School of the Air Program." The best three letters of the winter season will win a free Easter trip to New York, a tour through the Columbia studios, and a chance to meet their favorite radio stars.

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

which were on the repertoire of the beer-hall concerts in Europe fifty years ago.

Last there is the box office. I myself have noticed that some performers are ready to experiment with new music — are ready to give tribute to the new and to the living; but they abandon this endeavor very quickly when it decreases the sale of tickets.

Musicians in general don't think about these problems because they don't buy tickets. I have never in my life bought a ticket to a concert. We get in somehow, and therefore we don't think of that part of the problem. But when you are connected with an organization which sells tickets, you know quite well that when the business manager says to you, "Well, the program is all right, but there is one piece I want you to throw out," that is the piece which has been written in the twentieth century.

I believe that music education is approaching these problems from the wrong end. Music education tries to convince people of the greatness of the past masters. It measures everything that is done today by the standards of the past.

What we have left of the past and what is today our so-called standard repertoire is a very small portion of cream off a huge bottle of milk. We have forgotten that there was a large portion of milk to produce that little cream.

You cannot argue with the public. You cannot even say to the public, "Listen and listen again."

There was once a baritone in an opera company who had very original ideas about costume and interpretation. He was to sing the Scarpia role in *Tosca*. He didn't like the way Scarpia has always been done on the stage. He didn't like the black dress. He didn't like Scarpia to be an old man. So he decided to do it differently. He ordered himself a very elaborate costume, — purple, I think, — and he had a red wig, and he was a young, very handsome man. And he did everything differently.

The night he went on stage, the director of the opera theater, standing in the wings, looked at him, looked at his very strange attire, but didn't say anything. The next day there was a lot of comment on the unusual attire and the unusual interpretation. The director called the baritone into his office and said, "Why have you chosen this way of interpreting Scarpia?" and the baritone gave him a very long talk. He had it all figured out why Scarpia should be done that way. He had good reasons. He explained them with great conviction. He gave the director a long, long sales talk on the way Scarpia should be done, which was exactly the way he had done it the night before.

After he got through with the explanation, the director just looked at him and said, "Did you explain that to the public?"

You don't argue with the public.

There is no doubt that the attitude of our audience is conservative, that what they have accepted of contemporary music is mostly derivative music — music which reminds them of the past. One could give a long explanation of this conservatism. I believe the reason for it lies not in our time, not in our country: it lies in the Europe of the nineteenth century. It lies in the time when the aristocracy, the inherited nobility, ceased to be the only patron of music and when the bourgeoisie took over. The bourgeois society acted not always out of pure love, but for social and economic prestige. They were conservative because they did not want to listen. They wanted to relive certain early impressions of their youth, of their childhood, of their early education. When a certain symphony by Brahms or a certain opera by Mozart had made a deep impression on them at the age of fifteen or at the age of eighteen, they wanted to relive that particular age of their youth by going through the motions of hearing the same old selections again and again.

This inherent conservatism of our audiences is the biggest stumbling block for a real development and real popularity of new music. When I say "new" I don't mean derivative music of living composers. There are living composers who are really dead, and there are composers who are dead in body who are really living.

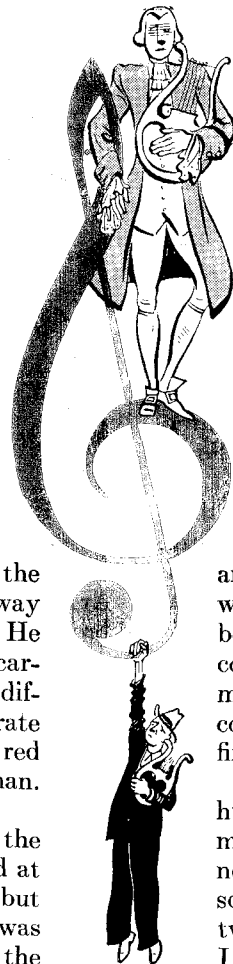
I don't think that the evaluation of contemporary music is helping to make serious music a part of the democratic culture, and I don't think that driving toward success within the existing musical organizations will be more than a passing satisfaction for the composer. I believe that our primary endeavor must be to enlarge our audience, to create for contemporary music a fertile soil where it can find the response it needs.

What we call a repertoire did not exist one hundred years ago. Every concert, every musical presentation, was new or practically new. One didn't fall back on the old and squeeze in the new like a bitter pill between two pieces of cake. That is a recent practice. I personally think that it has nothing to do with the quality of the composers; it has only to do with the quality of our general culture, which is in a state of flux, and in which we have to find, first of all, the larger public.

This larger public cannot be found by simply opening the doors and saying, "Come in, you are welcome. The prices will be cheaper. Enjoy yourself."

No, they won't come in. Today's public is limited. It cannot fill the presentations in New York City. For the most part those who attend concerts are the friends of the performer.

We have been fooling ourselves if we really think



we can present any kind of serious art to a completely uneducated or uninstructed person. I think that our main problem is to raise the standard of musical education, to create a musical public infinitely larger than the one which we have today. Our potentialities are enormous. We have here very large halls, much larger than the halls were in Europe. The radio and the phonograph enable millions of people to hear the same thing. But must it be exactly the same thing, in all cases, which their grandparents heard?

What the Latins Think of Hollywood

By RAY JOSEPHS

FOR the past five years, Hollywood films have been losing ground in South America, while the productions of Argentine and Mexican studios have steadily increased their audiences. One reason is that Latin Americans prefer films with dialogue spoken in Spanish or Portuguese to those with English dialogue and difficult-to-follow Spanish subtitles. Another and less obvious reason for the failure of our films is that, since the beginning of the war, Hollywood has released a large number of pictures which are intensely nationalistic, or which depend for their effect on an intimate knowledge of life in this country. Our audiences and critics like them. The South Americans do not.

Saroyan's *Human Comedy*, for instance, drew critical acclaim and long waiting lines in the States. It flopped miserably in Buenos Aires and Bogotá, Santiago and São Paulo, because it could not be understood. The aspects of the story which were most familiar to *Norteamericanos* and gave the picture its particular down-to-earth appeal were the very weaknesses which caused South American patrons to walk out. The messenger boy hero, the significance of apple pies, Sister's boy friends, and the lovable old telegrapher made little sense to Latin Americans, to whom they constituted, not a related world, but an entirely alien and not very interesting one. And the scene of the innocent good-night kiss given the young soldiers by the small-town girls caused church frowns and censorship deletions in several countries.

Warner's *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, aside from the tough qualities of James Cagney, who is anathema to Latin filmgoers, had a story so Red, White, and Blue that Latins never did understand it. It was the same with the George M. Cohan music — evoking sentimental memories in the States, boredom in Latin America.

Bing Crosby's *Going My Way*, which snapped up

Born in Philadelphia, RAY JOSEPHS attended the University of Pennsylvania, worked for ten years on the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, and went to Latin America in 1940 as correspondent for the Field syndicate and for *Variety*, the film and theatrical trade paper.

almost all of Hollywood's Academy Awards, pictured a singing Catholic priest so different from the Latin conception that there were difficulties in a number of places. Besides, Crosby's crooning, which has kept him among the ten top-grossing stars in the United States for years, has never caught on in Latin America. In *One Foot in Heaven* the picturization of a Protestant minister's small-town ups and downs evoked similar distaste.

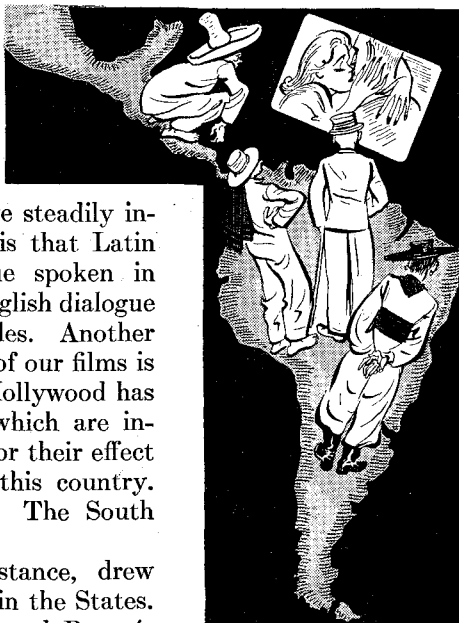
My Friend Flicka, a charming story of a boy and his horse, was rated high by United States critics and audiences. It fared badly in most Latin countries; the differences between the way of life depicted and that known in Latin America were too great.

The same differences have appeared in the reception of the war films which filled our screens after Pearl Harbor. Some were excellent, dramatic in handling and universal in appeal. Latin America liked and bought plenty of tickets to see *Mrs. Miniver*, *Casablanca*, and *Wake Island*, each presenting a different approach to the war. But many others, at least in Latin American opinion, were nothing more than flag-waving, sentimental tear-jerkers and superman heroics.

When Warner's *Air Force* was run off for a group of Argentine Army officers, it was hoped they might be brought around to a little better understanding and appreciation of our forces, which at the time still had to prove their effectiveness in combat. All went well until the smash-bang climax. Then one Berlin-trained Argentine colonel remarked, "A few more Hollywood pilots like those and you won't even need a second front." In varying degree, that was the reaction of most Latins.

Columbia's *Sahara* was making a favorable impression with excellent performances and seeming authenticity until the arrival of what Latin critics called "the classic Hollywood finale" with Humphrey Bogart cleaning up everything in sight. *Winged Victory* produced the same reaction. Audiences either booed or were bored.

But while many of Hollywood's war efforts made no friends, the fun-poking war films, often released at the very time when our armed forces were in their darkest days, actually did harm. Abbott and Costello's *In the Navy*, and similar service epics where admirals get kicked in the pants, — all in dream sequences, of course, — while demonstrating to folks at home that our sense of humor rarely deserts us, simply made Latins gasp. So did the production-line shenanigans in such "morale boosters" as *Swing*



Shift Maisie and *We've Never Been Licked*.

Like the pre-war gangster films, one or two such pictures in themselves mean little. The repetition, especially in poorly made pictures, of what one Uruguayan writer called "first the cowboys, then the cops and robbers, and now the *Americanos* and Nazis" helped contribute to Latin America's lack of enthusiasm for, or understanding of, the war.

In some cases good anti-Nazi films like Bette Davis's *Watch on the Rhine* and *Tomorrow the World* failed because there was too much conversation to translate into subtitles. As in the case of Bob Hope's comedies, those films may go fairly well in the big cities, where many speak or at least understand some English. But not even the fact that Miss Davis is one of the most popular stars down there could keep Latin audiences coming after word got around that the film was all conversation.

There are still no certain guides as to what will be acceptable to Latins. The Andy Hardy series, supposedly thoroughly North American in character, was a great success. Mickey Rooney has long been popular in the other Americas, and the Hardy pictures, with their likable, friendly picturization of small-town life, did as much good to the American cause as anything in years.

A secondary film called *Always in My Heart*, which created no great stir in the States, ran more than fifteen record-smashing weeks in Rio and was a triumph everywhere in Brazil. Why, no one can be certain. Walter Wanger's *Arabian Nights* in technicolor and Universal's *Phantom of the Opera* broke records everywhere. *Blood and Sand*, with bullfighting sequences not permitted at home, was a tremendous hit, even in Argentina and Uruguay, which have no such sport. *Gone with the Wind* does better on its revivals than many new films.

Some of the more progressive American studios are beginning to cater specifically and painstakingly to the 125 millions below the border by establishing equal partnership studios with Latin producers, chiefly in Mexico. This is smart business. It gives them an inside track on information and on the distribution of their own product and may prevent Latin quota laws designed to stimulate national industry. No films made under this arrangement have yet been released.

A number of studios have also concluded that English-language talkies with Spanish subtitles are certain to become less and less popular as local production improves and European makers, especially in France, get back in business. One plan is to "dub" films in Spanish as was done with most American pictures in Italy and elsewhere on the Continent before the war. Twentieth Century-Fox's *Song of Bernadette* dubbed in Mexico City was something of

a test case, and Paramount has released *Double Indemnity* in Spanish.

But dubbing is a difficult, expensive, hazardous process. Some audiences, especially in the big cities, know that Greer Garson and Clark Gable don't speak Spanish, and want the original version. Mexican Spanish, while cinematically acceptable as far south as Peru, isn't popular in the River Plate republic or Chile. Brazil needs an entirely different version. And Argentine and Mexican producers, fearing that successful dubbing may lower their profits, have warned actors doing such work that they may be boycotted.

Another technique used in Europe was simultaneous production in two or more languages. A scene is shot in English, then with the same or other actors in Spanish, French, or anything else. RKO and the Mexican studios Aguila and Fama are already trying it — making a John Steinbeck original, *The Pearl of La Paz*, with a bilingual cast for American and Latin distribution.

Both these methods tackle only one angle of the difficulties our films face in Latin America and throughout the world. Interest in a picture will naturally increase if every word can be understood, but the difference in national points of view will remain. Some producers, aware that the domestic market is worth more than the rest of the world combined (even though it's the showings outside that pile up the profits), intend to make their pictures primarily for home consumption and let the Latins take them or leave them.

Others, however, cite the case of Walt Disney to prove what must be done if Hollywood wants to make real progress in Latin America. When Disney went south a few years ago with some sixty artists and experts, it was no junket but a real research job, carefully planned and plotted. They set up headquarters in every Latin country and really got to know the best artists, writers, and illustrators. They rode with the gauchos over the pampas and with the Panagra pilots over the Andes; they studied the folks and the folklore. They came home and didn't turn out a foot of film for months. The experts said Disney had picked a flop this shot.

Then Mickey Mouse and company released *Saludos*. It was the first time most *Yanquis* had ever heard an honest-to-goodness, non-Hollywood-ized *samba* or learned what goes on on the sidewalks of Buenos Aires. The more recent *Three Caballeros* carried on the idea. Both have been just as popular here as there. Interest, intelligence, originality, and a flair for international showmanship have enabled Disney to build not only good will but good box office in both the Americas — North and South. The rest of Hollywood, says Latin America, can do the same.





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I Become a Mohammedan

By MAX STEELE

REGARDLESS of all my other experiences before the end of the war, I've an idea that when I gather my grandchildren about me, I shall tell them only about my unnerving experiences in Tennessee. They'll understand then the slight hesitation in my speech, my habit of glancing quickly over my shoulder, and the dizzy spells I have when looking at Oriental rugs.

Our group had been in Tennessee three days, and our arms were just becoming sore from shots and vaccines when we were given a two-page questionnaire labeled "Personal Evaluation." Mainly because I was tired of answering questions, I asked the sergeant what the blanks were for.

"Sidesaddles," he answered.

He did not laugh, and I did not. With a grim feeling I began writing again "Name, age, date of birth, city, county, state. . . ." When I came to the religious preference blank, in a thorough state of rebellion I printed very plainly "Mohammedan."

One day two months later, when I came in from the drill field, I found a notice on the bulletin board: "Pvt. Max Steele, call the Persian Rug Cleaning Company immediately." The notice was signed by the captain.

I phoned and asked if anyone there wanted to speak to me. "Ah, yes! Ah, yes!" a heavily accented voice said. "This is Hatim Bahram. We are so glad you called, for we are, my wife and I, glad to learn that there is another Mohammedan in town."

"Yes, sir," I said.

There was a silence which he broke by saying, "We want you to come to dinner Saturday night."

"But — " I said.

"Your Commanding Officer assures me that you will be here."

"Yes," I said. "Yes, sir. Thank you."

"Thank you," he said.

"Yes, sir," I said, vaguely. "Thank you."

Back in the barracks, I lay on my bunk and thought of everything I knew about Mohammedans: "They eat black bread and ride camels. Drink goat's milk. Use chopsticks. Cows are sacred. Wear fezzes. Except for the women — they wear veils. Unclean: pigs." I watched the moon rise in the east and wondered which direction Mecca was from Tennessee.

Saturday morning I went over to the library to find out more about the religion and to read the



Koran. The girl at the desk had never heard of it. Finally I got an old *National Geographic* on Arabia. One of the first sentences said: "Mohammedans are fanatical in their religious zeal; they consider Christians as infidels, and some of the bloodiest battles of the early thirties took place between these two creeds in Palestine."

I thought about those battles that night when I knocked on the door of Hatim's house. The door opened a crack.

"What is it?" a woman's voice asked in that same thick accent that I had heard over the phone.

"I'm Steele," I told her.

"Ah, yes!" she said, opening the door wider but hiding behind it. "Come in. We will be down in a minute."

When I walked into the vestibule, the woman was gone; a curtain to the left was still fluttering. The living room was to the right and on a lower level. Except for the Oriental rug, the room looked very much like a furniture store window advertising an "eight-piece living room suite." I was still walking around when Hatim came to the top step of the vestibule.

He was a rather short man and dark. He was bald on top, but the hair on his temples was very black. He spoke even more precisely than he had over the telephone: "Forgive us for not being ready. We will be dressed in a minute." He had on pin-stripe trousers and was buttoning a white shirt. I noticed that he was barefooted.

"I'm probably early," I said.

"Have off your theengs," he said. "Make yourself at home."

As I already had my cap off, I was puzzled. "Have off your theengs." Probably, I thought, just an idiom that means "You're welcome." I had come prepared for expressions and customs that I would not understand; but then, suddenly, I remembered Hatim's bare feet. I looked at my GI shoes, which seemed enormous now. Already I had made the unpardonable blunder of entering a Mohammedan's house without first removing my shoes.

Even so, I was not worried, for Hatim's reminder had certainly been mild-mannered and polite. I sat down and began unlacing my shoes, wondering if I should try later to make an excuse for my breach of etiquette. I pulled my shoes off and placed them neatly under the sofa. I had just tucked my socks in my shoes when Hatim and his wife entered. They both wore shoes.

During our first exchange of words I was conscious only of being barefooted. When I looked down at my feet, I discovered that I was standing on my right foot and was trying to hide my left foot behind my right trousers leg. As a matter of fact, I was rubbing the top of my left foot up and down my leg from the knee to the ankle.

"Charming! Simply charming!" Hatim's wife was saying. "I don't blame you a bit. Those Army shoes must be heavy."

We are assured by MAX STEELE, a private in the Army, that this story is fiction.

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of ATLANTIC MONTHLY
published Monthly at Concord, N. H.
for October 1st, 1945

State of Massachusetts, County of Suffolk, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Donald B. Snyder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Atlantic Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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(Signature of publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of September 1945.

[SEAL]

Erwin C. Thiessen, Notary Public
(My commission expires February 2, 1950)

Hatim was not so comforting, but he did say, "I liked to go barefooted, sometimes — when I was a child."

Finally I said, "I hope you don't mind."

"Mind?" the woman said, laughing a beautiful laugh. "We love for people to feel free! No pretense here, ever."

She asked me to have off my blouse, but I explained that I should be out of uniform. She took my cap and hung it up. "Your shoes," she said, "can I take them for you?" I showed her where they were, and both she and Hatim agreed that that was an excellent place for them.

Mrs. Bahram was dark like her husband, but she had a full head of hair, very black and braided about her head in two cords. She wore a dark-red velvet dress and heavy costume jewelry. She was easy to talk to, and I was glad that she was there, for Hatim just sat and looked at me. Occasionally I would catch him staring at my feet. (I had not realized until then that I talk with my feet, just as some people do with their hands: during the time that I was telling Mrs. Bahram about Army life in Tennessee, I repeatedly found that I was wiggling my toes in excitement, and that while listening as she talked about her Red Cross first-aid classes, I bent my toes under and rolled my feet backward and forward on them. Hatim sat fascinated.)

Mrs. Bahram was so charming that after I had got my shoes back on, by explaining that my feet felt much better, I was as comfortable as though she and Hatim were not Mohammedans. Actually, I forgot that they were until Mrs. Bahram went in to finish cooking dinner.

Hatim and I were left staring at each other. He looked at the floor, then looked quickly up at me and said, "This Eastern matter is still sickening, isn't it?"

Immediately I remembered the article in the *National Geographic*. "Yes," I said. "It seems like those Christians will have Palestine for some time yet."

Hesitantly he said, "It's the Japanese I'm talking about."

In the silence that followed, Hatim watched me out of the corner of his eye. I started to say, "It's a nice place you've got here," but when he saw that I was going to speak, he turned and looked at me so suddenly that I just sat there with my mouth open, giving somewhat the appearance of a goldfish coming up for air. We both sat for a while gazing at the elaborate rug.

"It's a beautiful rug," I finally said. "Did you make it yourself?"

"Good God!" he said — which was, I thought, no way for a Mohammedan to talk.

Before I could say anything else, Mrs. Bahram came in with three goblets that looked like water goblets, even though it was not water in them. I was

faced with a problem because I had always planned to take my first drink on my twenty-first birthday. I knew that I could not explain that to the Bahrams, because actually I did not understand it myself. Waiting was just something that I was doing without knowing why.

I took the glass and watched the Bahrams. Neither of them sipped from the glasses; they drank freely, tilting the bottoms up. At first I twisted the stem of my glass and watched the reddish-brown reflections. I ate one of the little sandwiches on the tray. For a minute I had to hold my mouth open, for the whole inside of it was burning; then, seeing that Hatim's glass was almost empty, I took a deep breath and drank. It was not bad. "Date brandy," I said to myself, then drank the rest.

When Mrs. Bahram had gone back to the kitchen, Hatim said, "About the rug. It is from the same province that I am from." He then began telling me all about the rug, about the families that made it, about the wool and how it was gathered, and why the colors were not consistent.

He sat down on the floor with his legs crossed neatly and motioned for me to join him. I crossed my legs the way he crossed his, although it was not comfortable or natural.

While we talked, Mrs. Bahram brought in the glasses again, explaining that the meat just wasn't cooking. Hatim pointed out to me some of the more subtle motifs of the intricate and delicate design as we drank the second glass. I did not have to pretend interest, for the pattern was a complex and intriguing one. I couldn't remember ever having enjoyed a rug so much. I even took Hatim's bet that I could not count the different geometrical patterns in one square yard of the design. I followed the curving lines in and out among the flowers and stars, counting and recounting for about ten minutes. When I looked up, the doors of the room seemed round like flowers, and the picture molding was the curving stem from one flower to the other.

Mrs. Bahram was standing in one of the doors offering to fill the glasses again. "No, thank you," I mumbled.

"Really?" she asked.

"No, really, I don't think that I should," I said thickly. To end the evening by not being able to pick myself up from the floor would certainly be worse than wearing shoes, or not wearing them. I tried to move my legs, but they seemed to have disappeared. When I finally stretched them out in front of me, they tingled, and I knew that the circulation had stopped. I remembered that one of my friends at a dance had passed out completely without ever complaining about his legs being numb. I shut my eyes so that I



should not have to see the many-figured rug with its thousands of stars and flowers.

"Aren't you feeling well?" Mrs. Bahram asked when I lay back on the floor and groaned.

"No'm. Not very," I said, opening one eye.

Mrs. Bahram told me to loosen my belt, explaining that she had learned that in her Red Cross class. Then she put a pillow under my feet. "Don't you want your shoes off?" she asked.

Hatim coughed violently. Mrs. Bahram went over to where he was watching from the other side of the room. There they whispered together.

Gradually my pride came back, and I realized how disgraceful it would be to pass out in someone's house or to be asked to leave. "I'm afraid that I shouldn't stay for dinner," I said. "Would you mind calling a cab?"

"I'll take you," Hatim said.

When I stood up I felt much better, and outside in the night air I felt so healthy I could have run the obstacle course. "It was probably that scuppernong tea," Mrs. Bahram said. "I didn't think to ask you whether you liked it or not."

"Scuppernong tea?" I asked.

"Yes," Hatim said. "We always put the juice of the scuppernong in our tea when the season comes and scuppernongs are ripe."

"You will let us know how you are, won't you?" Mrs. Bahram asked as Hatim held open the car door for me.

I told her that I would phone, but somehow I never did. I did send them a Christmas card though. I was in California in December.



Lament for a Dead Sea-Otter

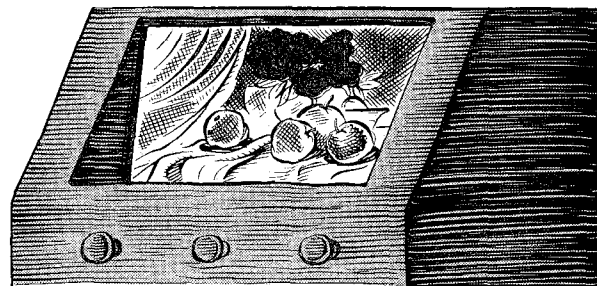
By WINONA McCLINTIC

HEEDLESS of dirt and uncombed whiskers
She keeps her lone regard
Not for those dream-attended baskers
Or romping herd.

Mindful of the search over the water,
No familiar yelp,
Seeking the furred and watchful lover
Through the kelp.

Asleep in the island-lapping shallow
Where the waters suck,
Lying with crossed paws in a hollow
Is Amikuk.

Rather than return to wave with the others
A clever, lonely paw,
She would be where the gull its sea-ward
gathers,
Where he is now.



Television and the Artist

By EMLÉN ETTING

PICTURES, like music, can best be savored when one is comfortable and when one can be silent — preferably at home. Music has been well served by radio, and in England sculpture and painting have been televised for years; but in this country little has been done in this respect.

Separate color reproductions have found their way into the home, and in the days to come the work of the painter will appear more and more comprehensively in book form. With increased facilities for printing, particularly in color (from silk screen to every photographic or mechanical means), reproductions will be more and more faithful and will assume increasing significance. The starving artist who has something to say may be able to make a decent living through selling the rights to reproductions. Publishers will be encouraged to bring out the complete works of painters, and the artist will share space in home libraries with writers and composers. With television a fact, people may even come to look at pictures without expecting to have them explained, discussed, and commented on till they vanish.

New mediums are coming too. We are now approaching the time when painters may use light itself as a medium, and this will vastly increase the possibilities of their color scale, just as music has been enriched by the free use of discord. Early phonograph records had a very narrow range of sound reproduction. Electrical transcription widened both the fidelity and the range of audibility; and after the war, FM radio will bring into the home a miraculously true account to listeners. In the same way our present color plates may be contrasted with what is to follow. The image of tomorrow may be conceived out of light itself and be equally visible by day or by night.

Through working on stained glass, Rouault was stirred by the brilliance of transmitted light. He was the first painter to suggest luminous pigments. Van Gogh was obsessed with the desire to inscribe the sun's radiance. In 1888 he wrote: —

I am always hoping to make a discovery in the study of color, to express the love of two lovers by a marriage of two complementary colors, their mingling and their

An American artist who studied in Paris under André Lhote, and who re-entered Paris with General Leclerc's Division, EMLÉN ETTING has seen at first hand the part radio played in the war, and has constructive ideas on how television may be used.

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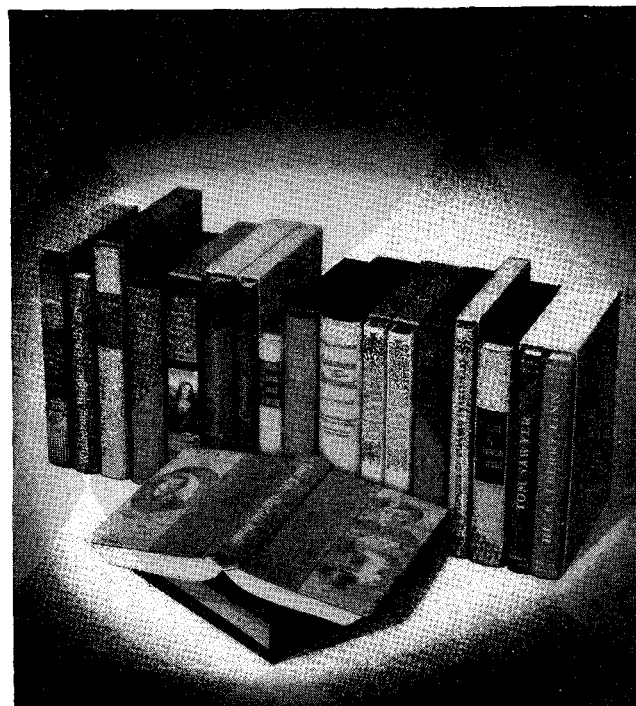
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opposition, the mysterious vibrations of kindred tones. To express the thought of a brow by the radiance of a light tone against a sombre background.

This is the kind of symbolism implied in a work of art. Every tone has a meaning.

In this country men like Tchelitchev and Rattner are making innovations. Tchelitchev has already used light directly in ballet *décor*, and in this connection one recalls his fascinating "Errante." His large canvas, "Hide and Seek," as well as his more recent explorations of nerve anatomy with what resembles neon spaghetti, suggests other scales of color contrasts than those found in our classic heritage. Rattner in his recent canvases seems to evoke light from behind his canvas in the manner of a translucent screen.

Degas was the first to try new compositions suggested by the camera, when the snapshot gave him the idea of presenting figures partially out of the canvas. Animated cartoons in the movies give contemporary painters new prospects.

Thomas Wilfred has for years been doing pioneering work with his color organ in his little theater in the Madison Square Garden building. His color evocations doubtless are the forerunners of an elaboration of the painter's art. Not only did Mr. Wilfred invent an instrument which projected developing images on a screen with the whole range of a prism, but he also created a machine, the size of a home radio, on which the owner could play simpler compositions of his own. They could be made on transparent disks by brushing on color, lines, and spots. Revolving the disks over a shaft of light throws patterns on a curved screen.

Actual use in film projection has so far been limited almost exclusively to Walt Disney; in his *Fantasia*, for instance, many vistas of development were forecast. Several artists have experimented with 16 mm. Kodachrome film to create cinematic poems or abstract animations. Dali, Cocteau, Leger, as well as many Americans, have essayed this medium. Few results in color have been shown, because satisfactory copies cannot be made of Kodachrome; the originals are perishable and unique.

The Pinto brothers in Philadelphia have made a complete record of the Barnes collection on transparencies. It is a fascinating experience to examine these Kodachrome slides over a special glass display case. Beauties of color unimagined by artists appear. The change in Renoir nudes or still-lives by Cézanne, when looked at in this way, is like the change in Johann Sebastian Bach's compositions as played by him and as rendered by Stokowsky with the full resources of the modern orchestra.

Having considered the visual image projected from a motion picture machine, one cannot overlook an-



other obsession that artists have had: the dimension of time. In the Florentine school, events that took place at different times and places were usually placed in separate panels hinged or hung together. But later artists placed varied events in different planes of their composition, foreground or background.

El Greco depicted in one canvas the burial of Count Orgaz and his reception in Heaven. Marcel Duchamp described the progress of a nude descending the stairs. Years later, photographers borrowed this trick from painting, and today its most adept exponent is Gijon Mili with his stop-camera shots of athletes and dancers in action.

Picasso frequently has painted the aspect of a female figure, placing on the same surface the result of his observation from several angles — after he had taken the time to stand about examining his model from different corners of the studio. Thus a full face combined with a profile, or buttocks combined with breasts, have upset a lot of people who are perfectly able to enjoy counterpoint. The time element will surely become an added dimension to the artist's work.

Many of us have examined in magazines photographs tracing the different stages in a Matisse figure piece. It might be satisfying to watch these different stages as shown by some film exposed by a stop camera. Special screens built in as part of a room's decoration will reflect bright images without requiring darkness.

Certain artists may create directly for film. In this way a picture will be a movie strip projected in a frame on the wall. In the home of tomorrow, by pressing a button a painting will be flashed in daylight over the sofa or on the television screen. Still pictures may thus be shown as desired, like slides, and exhibitions or museum collections will be broadcast for home consumption, to be enjoyed at leisure and in comfort.

Television will bring together the attributes of light and time to the work of the creative artist. The spectator will be able at one sitting to examine the various stages or trials in the evolution of a picture, or he will be able to witness the complete convolutions of a graphic work especially conceived for the luminous screen.

Before the war, television functioned with antiquated equipment, and its stages and projected images recall the early days of the motion picture. But in the laboratories many snags have been worked out and new inventions have been developed, with the result that soon the public can expect magnified images of adjustable sizes, pictures in perfect focus, and then the transmission of color over the air waves.



THE ATLANTIC

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

IN 1942, the year before his death, President Lowell would occasionally stop at my office on his way to lunch. Hands behind his back, his head bowed, he would begin that race-track encirclement of the room which seemed to give such momentum to his thinking. And the gist of what he said was this: "Now is the time to make our commitments with our Allies — now, when people are open-minded and when everyone is straining for victory. Last time we waited until it was too late. And in the aftermath when people were exhausted and suspicious, we lost the very thing we'd been fighting for. Don't let them repeat that mistake. Don't let suspicion get out of hand. Make your commitments now while the pressure is on."

The attempt was honestly made and in part successful. In the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in the wonderful teamwork of British and American scientists, in the coördination of Empire and American production, the British Commonwealth and the United States came to a closer understanding than two sovereign powers have ever achieved before. And in our Lend-Lease to Russia we made a commitment which Stalin, not at first but finally and frankly, acknowledged.

Now we find that our master stroke, the atomic bomb, has done more than bring Japan to her knees. It has blown the daylight out of international thinking. It has created a vacuum which is being slowly and dreadfully filled with suspicion. We little realize in this country how much fear and suspicion our power has aroused abroad. We shall walk into the Peace Conference with the greatest Navy the world has ever seen. And the greatest Air Force. We have almost all the world's gold, in a hole in Kentucky. Measured in factories and skilled labor we have an

incredible productive capacity, where our Allies have scorched earth or obsolete machines. And we have the bomb.

But as yet we have not made trustful enough commitments for people abroad to discern what we shall do. We talk as if to pacify the world. Yet in their eyes we act suspiciously. We say that Okinawa, for which we paid so bloody a price, has become so vital to us that we alone must be its trustee. Here, as in Tokyo, we demand a decisive voice and we follow that demand with General Marshall's statement that "the only effective defense a nation can now maintain is the power of attack," and with President Truman's plea for compulsory military training. Since our enemies are defenseless, these displays of power seem to be aimed either at a bogeyman or at our Allies. Can they be blamed for being suspicious?

Here at home, of course, we look at things differently. We get aroused by the suspicion of others. We say we can't trust Russia. We say she won't meet us halfway. We say she won't deal with us as open-handedly as we should like to deal with her. I hear people say that the choice is between democracy as we and the British know it, and democracy on the collective model as practiced in Russia. And I wonder if that choice must be pressed to the point of a new war.

Here at home you have Mr. Streit and Mr. Culbertson pleading for an Anglo-American bloc strong enough to hold the bomb in check. Strong enough to make the rest of the world suspicious?

Here at home a group of distinguished men and women meeting at Dublin, New Hampshire, has already challenged United Nations procedure. Can we then find another which would be still more trustworthy in the emergency?

Here at home an American Senator of integrity was heard to say, "Look, to stump the country for World Government with the Senate in its present mood would be political suicide. Where is the public sentiment for what you are asking?"

Here at home another Senator — Senator Fulbright — comes out with the flat statement that we, being a democracy and a country slow to go to war, would never use the bomb as a surprise weapon but



Gift Guide

Fiction

	Romance	Froth	Chills
 Heavy Thinker	Best American Short Stories Swing Low	Looking for a Bluebird Hunkey Johnny The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith	Beneath the Stone
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that a more autocratic country would have the drop on us.

Here at home Vannevar Bush has told us that there is no possible defense against the bomb. And Einstein has told us that the "secret" cannot possibly be kept for more than a short time from another nation as powerful as ours.

Meantime we celebrate Navy Day, we take pride in a Fleet of at least a thousand ships — and General Marshall calls for new weapons. Day after day suspicion grows.

An armament race in atomic bombs is not unthinkable. It is being openly, recklessly, and suspiciously discussed today by men who call themselves tough-minded. Their line of reasoning runs like this: The bomb will not exterminate mankind. It could cripple but it could not wipe out countries of great space, like the U.S.A., like China, like Russia. Of course, having forty million people congested in cities makes us rather vulnerable. But we could begin to disperse; we could . . .

This year Beacon Hill will be again alight and the choirs massing on the steps will carol "Peace on earth and mercy mild." This is the month of the imperishable words: "Unto us a child is born, Unto us a Son is given, And the government shall be upon his shoulder." Imperishable? Are you really so sure? What are you doing to make it so?

War marriage

As a roving reporter in the Pacific, **John P. Marquand** had the same opportunity of living and talking with the GI's and the Navy, the same opportunity of watching an assault at close range, that Ernest Hemingway and John Steinbeck had in the European theater. A man in his early fifties, a writer without a deadline to meet, he must have felt at times, as I suspect all war writers have felt, protected, out of touch with "the kids," humble and perhaps a little useless in the given situation. I say this not to disparage Mr. Marquand's fine capacity as an observer, but rather to establish the mood in which his new short novel, *Repent in Haste*, was written.

I am not taking liberties with the story when I suggest that William Briggs, the war correspondent in it, experienced pretty much what the author himself went through, whether at Pearl or on the beach at Iwo Jima. The longer Briggsie stays in the Pacific, the more he feels his age; and the fact that the young officers call him Pops is indicative of the abyss of time between them. Pops would like to bridge this, and he does manage to get fairly close to Lieutenant Boyden, one of the naval aviators on the carrier *Rogue River*. From the start this is the story of men groping toward each other through that bewildering between generations which has always fascinated Mr. Marquand. Pops gives us the tip-off in these words:—

"Just before he had left New York, when he had come back to the apartment at five one afternoon, he had found his daughter Clara giving a tea-party for her dolls, and she had asked him to sit on the floor

beside the little table. Curiously enough, he was now experiencing the same sense of unreality, the same embarrassed effort to adjust himself to the unfamiliar, the same attempt to recapture something which he had lost. Now, instead of a doll's teacup, he was holding half a glass of raw rye whiskey. Instead of dolls, he was on a bed beside two insensible young officers. Instead of Clara, he was talking to a drunken lieutenant."

The character of Boyden, the American fighter who has come through again and again and in whom the rubber is wearing thin, is superbly drawn. We never see him in action. We see him as Pops saw him, at press conferences, at mess, in the bull sessions as they drink together. His life, the life of the sound, normal 20-20 kid still proud of having played that last quarter against Summit High, is revealed to us entirely through the dialogue. Boysie's wish to get in touch with his war bride, the sleazy blonde who was supposedly keeping the home fires burning, is the responsibility which the war correspondent faithfully discharges when he comes back on leave. And thereby hangs the tale.

Mr. Marquand likes to lampoon, but his parody of war correspondents — of how Briggsie wrote — is so slapstick that I read it with a hollow laugh. He is at his best in this book when he tells the story straight. On his return Pops goes first to see the aviator's parents, and then the bride. The contrast in welcomes is beautifully done. So is the reunion of the two men in Hawaii, just after the *Rogue River* has taken her shellacking. Fast, vigorous writing on a theme about which we shall certainly hear a great deal more in the next two years.

Beach red

Beach Red by **Peter Bowman** is a novel of Pacific combat written in a form which has been measured to look like conversational blank verse. Like *A Walk in the Sun* by Harry Brown or *Into the Valley* by John Hersey, this is the narrative of a small group of men, part of an assault wave, who are isolated on a dangerous mission. The story begins on a transport, works its way ashore under fire, and then follows a small patrol inland, led by Sergeant Lindstrom, whose mission it is to warn of Jap infiltration or counter-attack. When Lindstrom is wounded, the command passes to the nameless "you" of the chronicle, and he and Eagan are followed to the end.

Whether for novelty or emphasis, the author has chosen to block out his novel in a mathematical arrangement: ten words to the line, sixty lines to the chapter, and each chapter representing a minute of the action. Mr. Bowman avoids monotony by shifting the internal rhythm of his line. He picks his verbs for their power. He injects the note of irony by leading off a stanza with an italicized line from the Psalms:—

He leadeth me beside the still waters (You are passing a sluggish stream hiding its brackish content under slimy plants

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of the day

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And when he begins to ride his metaphors, you know that he feels poetic, even though the steer bolts away with him. For example: —

and nights when fear would come to bed with you,
stroking your face with hot fingers, urging her thighs
close
while her head hung down heavily on your convulsing
throat
and her hair caught in your breath and you choked.

Or take: —

There is the rich, resonant cough of the navy's guns
as trim cruisers and destroyers clear their throats and
spit,
streaming their shattering saliva into the turbulent
cuspidor curving ahead.

It is hard for me to see why *Beach Red* should have been printed as poetry when all its good points are those of prose. Mr. Bowman has a good ear for dialogue, and in a scene like the wounding of Lindstrom he packs the action and tension of men who are both hurt and lost. He has an eye for the right word, but more often than not the right word militarily is certainly not the right word for poetic effect.

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They do not resist energetically, but yield with the blow,
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when the attacker

has been disorganized by the extent of his own penetration

is prose, no matter how you slice it. Mr. Bowman's technique is most natural and least pretentious in the account of the fighting, the resting, and the walkie-talkie. But when it comes to the death throes (one of the longest monologues in war literature) the imperative mood seems to me too ostentatious for pity.

Free and easy

When I was in England in the early golden years between the wars, I journeyed some two thousand miles on what the English call a push-bike (the push being very important on the hills). On these excursions I seldom lived on more than six shillings a day, which meant sleeping in a Temperance Hotel and lunching on bread, cheese, and bitters. I traveled as far or as little as I chose each day, and in this lean, semi-ascetic state I picked up, like an etcher's plate, impressions of the Roman roads, York, Richmond, the West Riding, and the Lakes — memories which are priceless. And I want to do it again in Gloucestershire, in Wales, and in Ireland, now that we can once more travel without belligerency.

A book of bucolic beauty, Irish laughter, and fresh incentive has just been written and illustrated by **Robert Gibbings**, himself an Irishman with a knowledge of birds, a love of history, and the skill of

an engraver. *Lovely Is the Lee* is the account of his very human exploration of the River Lee country in Ireland and of the quaint and lovely life which flows on, as if there had never been a war, in Galway, Connemara, the Claddagh, in Inniscarra, and on the islands in Lough Mask. When I traveled on my push-bike, I usually had a copy of Cobbett's *Rural Rides* to guide me. Reading *Lovely Is the Lee* is like having an Irish Cobbett with you of an evening before the fire. It tells you of the swans that sing, of the parks and their ancient yield, of wooden goblets, bronze instruments, or of bog butter half a century old. It tells you of the Irish heart, of its generosity, its mirth, its sudden fierceness, and its love of the little people. And giving point to every story are his charming black and whites. Here is the delight of perambulating.

The Friendly Persuasion, the first volume of short stories by a talented new writer, **Jessamyn West**, is a healing and friendly book for the battle-scarred imagination. Miss West, who first scored several of these hits in the *Atlantic*, is of Quaker antecedents. She knows the Hoosier country and she imagines what it was like to live on the banks of the Muscatatuck almost a century ago when the woods were largely uncut and when the American Quaker, so we like to think, was more open and less hard-pressed than he is today. The hero of her stories — when his wife will give him the chance — is Jess Birdwell, an Irish Quaker, owner of a white clapboard house, a well-stocked barn with at least one fast horse in the stalls (for Jess loves to race), a nursery with the best stock of berries and fruits west of Philadelphia.

In the open season Jess travels the roads with his Northern Spies, May Duke cherries, and the Lucretia dewberry, — “a wonder for pies and cobblers,” — pears, currant bushes, and gooseberries, selling them to the settlers. And if he had the chance to race his mare along the way, pick up a new mare that was faster yet, or indulge his love of music which neither Eliza nor the Elders could condone, it was no more than a man of warm blood would have done. Like all ruddy men, when Jess goes down, whether at the remembrance of little Sarah or at the thought of his own decay, he goes down with a thump. But for the most part he is up, and these stories catch his American exuberance in a way that warms the heart.

Miss West's story of first love, “Lead Her Like a Pigeon,” first appeared in the *Atlantic* and has since been reprinted in the O. Henry Prize Stories of 1945. Commenting on it, one of the judges, Miss Margaret Widdemer, wrote: “If recording war had not, this year, been primarily significant, I would have chosen this for first place. It has the freshness of viewpoint, the unconsciously constructive values, the vitality with balance, which I believe to be the note of the coming short story. It manages to get reality, impact, and high technical quality into a story of happiness. This is much harder to do than in stories of frustration and suffering.” To which I say Amen.

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HARPER & BROTHERS

WHAT MAKES A GENERAL?

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

DURING the past few years my desultory wanderings around in the Army of the United States have been often troubled by the haunting question: "What makes a General tick?" Other officers — and indeed, I believe, enlisted men down to the ranks of military untouchables — have been concerned with the same problem. Some answers are obvious enough. The power of decision, fortitude, knowledge of men and terrain, education — all these contribute to a General Officer's reputation and usefulness. This I am sure is true. Such qualities would contribute to an insurance agent's reputation and usefulness. But they do not quite explain the achievement of some General Officers and the failure of others.

I have a few tentative thoughts on the subject, which I submit only as partial answers to this question. My researches, it is fair to say, were handicapped at the start by the fact that certain Generals regarded them with disfavor or felt that they were, on the whole, unnecessary. "Let the record speak for itself" seemed to be their position. Other Generals, approached with due reverence, developed such curious symptoms that I could only assume that the rattling noises connected with their activities had little to do with ticking in the precise or clock-like sense.

One salient fact obtrudes, however. It is almost impossible for Generals or Admirals to explain — in the sound American tradition — the reasons for their greatness. They are debarred, in the nature of things, from the customary and graceful gesture to which we have become accustomed. The business or financial tycoon who has spent the last thirty or forty years extracting gold from the teeth of his neighbors may properly be interviewed by an enterprising reporter and questioned as to the reasons for his great success in life. It is good and acceptable practice for these outstanding men to state with a becoming modesty that they feel they owe everything to their dear old mothers or their wives.

But it would obviously be difficult for an Admiral, if you asked him how he sank an enemy battleship instead of the coal barge he was evidently aiming at, to say that all credit should be given to the little old lady in the gingham dress and old-fashioned shawl back home. And take the case of a General who had just won a most sanguinary battle by ordering his troops to march north when they should by all signs of the zodiac have marched south, thus causing inextricable confusion among the enemy ranks who were marching to the east when they should have been marching west (this error having been due to a slight confusion on the part of the meteorologists, who failed on that particular morning to observe even the approximate position of the sun).

How could such a General, arriving in a drawing room imbrued with gore and carrying a fine Virginia

ham on the broken shaft of his saber, say with any propriety, "I learned all I know about fighting from that best friend and severest critic, my wife"? Such a statement would imply the possession on the part of his lady of combative or aggressive qualities which it is quite impossible for any gentleman to associate with American Womanhood. If, therefore, high-ranking officers are handicapped in the articulateness which is permitted to the owners of blocks of tenements, one can only fall back for an estimate of their greatness on: (a) the historians and military critics; (b) the actual results of their activities and operations; (c) their public relations and the effect of same on the public; and (d) the sober and considered reports of what they did and why they did it.

I have been, in a small, furtive way, if not an historian or military critic, at least a student on the fringes of those useful professions. I cannot speak for my honored confreres; but as for myself, I know that my weightiest opinion could be put in anybody's eye and never be noticed. Nor are my confreres, for the most part, wholly successful. After the campaign they may arrange their maps with arrows pointing here and there, and topographical features indicated, and the order of battle shown as of different days. That's all very well, but it doesn't present the problem of the officer engaged on the spot. How can a retrospective analyst estimate the values of decisions determined under the wild uncertainties that confront a commander in the "fog of battle"?

If a soldier is to be judged solely by the outcome of the battle, by the crude event, what are we to say about the many instances when the result has been determined by causes which have nothing or little to do with the character or capacities of the commander? Failure of subordinates, changes in the weather — a hundred elements may determine success or failure in a battle or a campaign. Naturally the odds are on an overwhelming, disciplined force, led by an experienced soldier, as compared to the brief gestures of a herd of buffoons and Punchinellos captained by Wamba the Witless. But even then the gods may intervene with an unexpected charge of elephants or an unforeseen eclipse of the moon.

Most after-the-event historians have erred heavily in ascribing wisdom and virtue to the victor and his troops and a kind of village imbecility to his opponents. This is not the truest form of praise. There are, of course, noteworthy exceptions. One method is to credit the enemy with high military virtue but to insist that they would have been defeated but for a lost cigar, or a runaway horse, or some other act of God.

I have just read with much pleasure *War Years with Jeb Stuart*, by Lt.-Col. W. W. Blackford, C.S.A., published by Charles Scribner's Sons, with a Foreword by Dr. Douglas S. Freeman in which that authentic authority states: "Every line of this narrative . . . has the 'feel' of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia." Indeed it is an exciting story written by a brave staff officer who was Stuart's

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intimate friend. The style is so colorful that it gives the effect of having been modernized by expert editing. There are certain passages, however, which have considerable importance in our evaluation of great generals. For example, in discussing the Battle of Gettysburg, he adds a new footnote to history by saying: —

There is a great deal of luck in war. Circumstances sometimes seem to combine, for or against, in a way that sets at naught all calculations, and at the Battle of Gettysburg half a dozen things may be enumerated, any one of which might have given us the victory if we had been "in luck" at the time. It is not within the scope of these pages to give a history of the battle, but I wish to record one circumstance which came under my own observation, one which I can but think had a good deal to do with its loss, and a circumstance I have never heard alluded to since.

In the supreme hour of battle the Commander in Chief is the soul of an army, that is, if he is worthy of the army he commands. This being so, anything which affects his physical condition at that time must have a powerful influence upon events. We all know the desperately weakening power of severe diarrhea, and this General Lee had, as I know.

It is interesting to note that there has always been a group of military historians willing to wager their reputations that Napoleon would have been victorious at Waterloo had he not been indisposed by a "stomach complaint," doubtless a euphemism for General Lee's painful disability. It is a disturbing thought that the fate of nations may depend on the ill-advised consumption of a slice of salami or a second-rate bottle of beer. But, after all, the Captains and the Kings are Human, and that is enough on that point.

It is easy enough for lesser human beings to make fun of those in high places. Chesterton said somewhere that it was not particularly amusing if an ordinary citizen fell down on the street, but that there was a certain high comedy if a bishop stepped on a banana peel.

In the preceding flippant remarks about Generals, I have obscured the profound and deep respect which I and every other citizen should feel for a number of our military commanders. It is impossible to think of General Eisenhower without veneration for his wisdom and fortitude, or of General Krueger in the Pacific, or General Omar Bradley and General Devers and others in the war with Germany. These are men of such stature and character that they will always be remembered with admiration and respect.

There is, however, a book which every American should read — General Marshall's *The Winning of the War in Europe and the Pacific: Biennial Report of the Chief of Staff of the United States Army, 1943 to 1945*, to the Secretary of War (Simon and Schuster). This is the document of a really great man. General Marshall would have been eminent in any field, but it was the great good fortune of the United States and her allies that he should have been in a position

which was more important than his official title would indicate. A man of great modesty, he so impressed his personality and wisdom on the Joint and Combined Chiefs of Staff that it would be almost impossible to overestimate his importance in this dreadful global struggle. His report is not only lucid in its historical summary of events — although necessarily some of the reports are technical in nature — but his thinking and decisions are those of a very wise, virtuous, and noble man. There is so much to quote from the book that quotation becomes impossible. Two or three things strike this reviewer as importantly significant. Much has been said of the overlarge drafts made on American manpower by the Army. The following quotation is one of the most striking things in General Marshall's report: —

It is remarkable how exactly the mobilization plan fitted the requirements for victory. When Admiral Doenitz surrendered the German Government, every American division was in the operational theaters. All but two had seen action; one had the mission of securing the vital installations in the Hawaiian Islands; the other was an airborne division in SHAEF Reserve. To give General Eisenhower the impetus for final destruction of the German armies of the west, two divisions, already earmarked for future operations in the Pacific, the 86th and 97th, were halted on the West Coast in February, rushed across the United States and onto fast ships for Europe. When these troops left the New York Port of Embarkation there were no combat divisions remaining in the United States. The formed military forces of the nation were completely committed overseas to bring about our victory in Europe and keep sufficient pressure on Japan so that she could not dig in and stave off final defeat.

The significance of these facts should be carefully considered. Even with two-thirds of the German Army engaged by Russia, it took every man the Nation saw fit to mobilize to do our part of the job in Europe and at the same time keep the Japanese enemy under control in the Pacific. What would have been the result had the Red Army been defeated and the British Islands invaded, we can only guess. The possibility is rather terrifying.

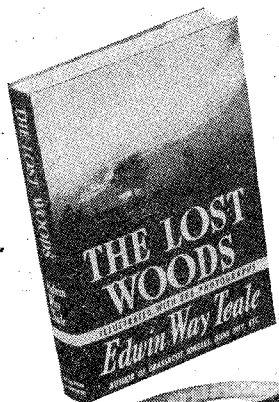
In this book, General Marshall never fails to give credit to the extraordinary heroism of our British and Russian allies, and the praise for the extraordinary efforts of our own forces is wisely judged. But perhaps General Marshall's most important contribution is contained in his final chapter, "For the Common Defense," in which he outlines what in his considered opinion must be done to avoid the possibility, or probability, of another and more terrible war. Here he writes, it seems to me, with sheer wisdom as a man who knows more about the subject than any other American living, and I find his arguments utterly incontrovertible. That argument is what we need to read and consider deeply. And while doing so, it might be well to pause for a moment and to give thanks to the Deity who watches over the destiny of this Republic that such a man was in that particular place at that particular time.

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By Aldous Huxley

HARPER

ONE cannot help wondering what the clear-headed Thomas Henry Huxley, Aldous Huxley's grandfather, would have made of his grandson's latter-day writings. It is not very hard to imagine what the young Aldous Huxley would have made of such ideas as he now in his middle years is producing. What a wonderful time the young Huxley, the author of *Point Counterpoint* or *Antic Hay*, would have writing the portrait of a man of letters living in the desert somewhere near Hollywood and recommending to the world as the only true or possible course of salvation the Perennial Philosophy!

How the young Huxley would have delighted to describe the tenets of this renouncer of action, this scorner of time, this dispraiser of the intellect, and this preacher of being "pure in heart" and "poor in spirit." How he would have enjoyed citing passages from this latter-day mystic who insists that only the saintly virtues are true instruments of understanding Reality — Humility and Purity being to the knower of Reality what "the telescope and the microscope are to the physical scientist."

Perhaps Huxley's flight to Nirvana — or to Pure Being — ought not really to puzzle the reader of his early works. His skepticisms were always tinged with a passion to find something worth believing; his materialism, for example,

And so we sat in blissful calm,
Quietly sweating calm to calm,

was always shot through with a disgust at the material conditions of existence. His critique of intellectual society was always tinted with a hunger for something simpler, sweeter, than the life of the thinker. His exposure of corruption was in part a hunger for the incorruptible.

In this book Mr. Huxley comes out with passion, energy, and occasionally with wit, as an exponent of what he calls the Perennial Philosophy. He cites Leibnitz as the inventor of the term. But the Perennial Philosophy to which Mr. Huxley refers is not the long tradition of rationalism: it is the age-old patrimony of mysticism. The book is in large part an anthology of the great mystics of all climes and in all ages. It is a delightful treasury of these utterances that are "delicate touches of the spirit" and read like the poetry that is nearest music. The rest is Mr. Huxley's argument that only through such saintly intuitions of the "Ground of Being" can the world be saved. All action, he thinks, is corruption, and only in contemplation, in the mystic sense, is peace possible to the soul and to the world.

There was another age when intellectuals fled to such soft surcease. That was during the break-up of the Greco-Roman world. Mr. Huxley is a symptom, somewhat sad, of the failure of nerve of the intellectual class in times of crisis.

IRWIN EDMAN

* * *

A MAN FROM KANSAS

\$3.00

By David Hinshaw

PUTNAM

IT TOOK a saint and a philosopher to make up William Allen White, and it takes a disciple who loved him to tell his story. I think myself that the amalgam was two-thirds sanctity, one-third philosophy, but David Hinshaw, the biographer, holds the balance to be fairly equal. He writes in homespun style in this "Story of William Allen White," withholding

nothing in affection; yet so conscientious is his admiration that in counting millions of honest worth he sets down a pennyworth of faults. The only virtue he fails to find in Will is what seems to me the topmost of his virtues: a complete and beautiful unconsciousness of his own merit.

Mr. Hinshaw brings into relief all the essentials, and chief of them White's address — *The Gazette*, Emporia, Kansas, his triple tie to love and fame. An environment must be large enough to nourish a man's character, small enough to make it definite. When a man has grown to his full stature you can safely give him to the world. But during his plastic stage, life should be reasonably simple and intelligible.

Like other saints, White saw everything in the future. For him the *Gazette* had seeds of perfection in it. He held it a congeries of ideals and of people bound straight for heaven. For him the drab streets of Emporia shone with the light of virtue; and in Kansas — flat, dreary, uninspiring Kansas, with its right-angled roads and oozy rivers, with its oddities and quixotisms, its flaming enthusiasms and hayseed philosophies, its generousities and human kindnesses — in Kansas, the Pixie of the Union, White saw the kindergarten of all the glories.

Had he been a universal man, White would have lost his strength. Many sides he had, but not all. He loved not sport. Apart from sensibility to the loveliness of nature, he had little aesthetic sense. Abroad, on a mission of personal culture, he comes face to face at Munich with Dürer's marvelous John the Baptist. White is struck to his heart's core. "Why there," he exclaims, "there's old Stubbs!" R. W. Stubbs was Governor of Kansas. It was characteristic. What White was looking at was not a picture but the heart of a man, and the dearest things on earth to him were the hearts of humankind.

Mr. Hinshaw knows journalism, and his quotations from the *Gazette* prove White a master of the art. As he matures, the swashbuckling style of the pioneer drops away from him, but the old rollick sticks, the drollery, the zest, the love of folks. It was his pungent political skits that were current coin from New York to San Francisco. But in merit they were second to topics closer to his affection. It was a misfortune not to die before White, for his obituaries are memorable and comforting to the family. The words with which he recalls his mother and his daughter Mary are already in most Readers and should be in the rest. And what could be more eloquent than these lines he wrote on the death of Woodrow Wilson: —

God gave him a great vision.
The devil gave him an imperious heart.
The proud heart is still.
The vision still lives.

For forty-nine years White toiled on the *Gazette*. With admirable fidelity Mr. Hinshaw gives us the story of his labors. Will he not complete another volume taken straight from the files? If he does, he will make a book deserving to be read until the last American journalist writes *finis* to his editorial art.

ELLERY SEDGWICK

* * *

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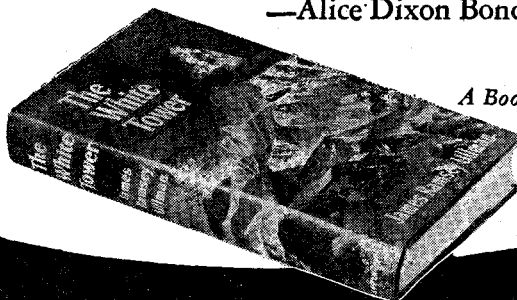
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that impose an artificial uniformity upon culture in the United States.

The intention is laudable, the execution deplorable. Mr. Adamic falls into the ancient pitfall of justification by "contributions," measuring the place in national life of each group by the great men it produced — "great" meaning generally "well-known." Like too many who have dealt with the same subject before, he has industriously but indiscriminately thrown together masses of facts (15,000 by his own count) and catalogued scores of names (on one page, 92 in 44 lines) which really do not matter.

Sometimes the statements are exaggerated — a German printer "fathered the American ideal of freedom of the press"; Mazzei wrote some of the words Jefferson put into the Declaration of Independence. Sometimes they are ingenuous — the uncritical acceptance of the Kensington rune stone, the legend that the Croatan Indians were Croatians, and the plot by "underpaid educators not unmindful of Carnegie Pensions" to distort American history in the English interest.

More harmful is the wearisome discussion of whether the Ulster emigrants were Irish or Scottish or Scotch-Irish. Was the discoverer of the continent an Italian, an Irishman, a Scandinavian, a Pole, a Dalmatian, or a Greek? The claims of all receive countenance here. Remembering the acrimonious debates, the incredible bitterness, such questions have raised in the past, I fear that the revival of these trivial issues may do less to quiet than to stimulate chauvinism.

In any case, irrelevance pervades the whole discussion. Two paragraphs, not unrepresentative, and quoted in their entirety, will illustrate: —

President Harry S. Truman is remotely of part-Dutch descent.

One of Edward R. Stettinius' grandmothers was a Reilly.

The root of Mr. Adamic's difficulty is the absence of a basis of selection — a defect that results in a pathetic failure in emphasis. In the chapter on the Russians, the millions of Jews receive less than one-eighth the space devoted to the handful of tsarist *émigrés*, Alaskan settlers, and the Indians (treated here as immigrants from Siberia). In a long chapter on the French, only seven lines go to the most important group, the French-Canadians.

But then, no such account can succeed unless it recognizes that the key to the understanding of the immigrant lies not in the leaders but in the 35,000,000 followers whose humbler but more significant contributions made this nation of nations.

OSCAR HANDLIN

✓ ✓ ✓

LAST LEAVES

\$2.50

By Stephen Leacock

DODD, MEAD

It is hard to think of last leaves or last anything by Stephen Leacock. He is now so much a part of the cultural heritage of North America that he seems at once newest of the new and oldest of the old. America has been laughing with him for decades and is likely to go on laughing for a long time to come. He wrote enough things in his seventy-five full and useful years to leave a residue of undated stuff (one of his favorite words) at the popular reading level, and a lot of Leacock philosophy and common-sense commentary on mankind in general at the thinker's level.

He was always surprising his readers. They never knew just what to look for next. They were sure only of his wit.

For he was not simply a writer of sketches. One of his best books was *My Remarkable Uncle*; one of the most unexpected, a fine history of the city of Montreal. And now, a year and a half after his death, we have *Last Leaves* — a surprise in quality. Last literary things frequently prove nothing beyond the fact that they should never have been published in the first place. Not so with these. They all add up to as diversified and delightful a collection as one Leacock follower, at least, has ever laughed himself sick through. Oddly enough, it is also about as good an introduction to the old master as one could wish. There is no odor of *finis* about it; absolutely nothing of the tired old man. For having read it, you may step less grimly into the atomic age which opened for business last summer.

What does it offer? Well, a brief, intimate, and endearing portrait of Mr. Leacock (don't miss it) by his niece, Barbara Nimmo; some straight humor in the best tradition on witty women, Izaak Walton, walking (as funny as they come), and automobiles; a number of Leacock social studies, sound, amusing, and relevant; some excellent reflections on Canada, Britain, and the United States; and in particular (and not for the specialist) a brace of discerning and sensible examinations of Lewis Carroll and W. S. Gilbert. If none of all this appeals to you, I shall quote what Uncle Stephen once said to the young hired man on his Canadian farm: "Bring me a piece of ice, a small piece about the size of your brain."

DAVID MCCORD

✓ ✓ ✓

THE HUMAN LIFE OF JESUS

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By John Erskine

MORROW

THE ordinary reader of this book will be divided between boredom and bewilderment. The student of the life of Jesus will find it not only provocative but provoking. The author evidently knows something about New Testament criticism — a full-time job in itself. Why then does he not apply the canons of criticism to his choice of material? He accepts all four Gospels as of equal value. He even admits the Apocryphal legends as respectable evidence. Why does he spend so much time on the disciples? In striving to know Jesus, conjecture is not only permissible but necessary, but it must be well supported and reasonable.

Instead of submitting Christ's words to a process of rationalization so subtle and devious that "the simplicity that is in Christ" entirely disappears, why does not the author keep his promise and give us a portrait of the human being, Jesus of Nazareth — his mysticism, his passion of sympathy, his humor, his righteous wrath, his insight, his capacity for the inward radiance of a conscience obeyed and for the tragic decision to which that conscience led him? How can Dr. Erskine read the sixteenth chapter of Matthew, from verse thirteen on, and entirely miss the point? Or if he does not miss it, how can he talk about anything else? The book is provoking because it represents such a gorgeous opportunity lost.

True, our authentic knowledge of Jesus is so scanty that the concept "Christ" for most people is like one of Portia's caskets, beautiful but empty; containing only a promise that whatever of truest idealism and loftiest aspiration the disciple puts into it will receive the sanctification of Christ-likeness. In other words, "Christ" is a signed blank check for each disciple to fill in with his own fairest vision of manhood. That is all very nice. But there is still left to us enough of the stubbornly objective reality to enable us

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to recapture a good working notion of the truest, bravest, straightest-thinking, happiest, most God-loving, most enviable, and most poignantly significant man who ever graced this earth.

In one respect Dr. Erskine has earned our gratitude: he sees the need of doing it, and he *tries* to recapture that human Jesus. Like the small boy on Christmas morning who is so delighted at finding a parcel in his stocking that he hugs it to his breast unopened and shouts with glee, Christianity beginning with Paul has been so enraptured by this gift of Christ the Saviour that it has spent most of the last nineteen centuries in transports of evangelical joy. It is high time to open the package and see what it contains. Dr. Erskine has whetted our appetite without satisfying it. If we hope he will try again, our hope is not so much a criticism of his attempt as a tribute to the bright possibilities of the task he has assayed.

CHARLES E. PARK

WHAT CHEER: An Anthology of American and British Humorous and Witty Verse \$3.50

Edited by David McCord

COWARD-McCANN

Most anthologies are collections stuffed into a Christmas stocking for a Christmas price. But this book has been artfully contrived; and besides its laughter, it has love and learning, and a glimpse of the history of all man and woman kind from Homo Somejerktensis who had no drawers in Java to General Montgomery who had his brought out of England by a bishop. There is something here for everyone: "laughter," says the editor in his introduction, "is a basic commodity, an old affair in the world, an abstraction and reaction about which few will quarrel. So this book is based on nothing less — on the laughter of humor, something audible and contagious; on the laughter of wit, with something swift and sudden in the queer little reflex tightening about the eyes." Here is an honest salesman with his own standard of excellence; and in explaining his standard and the reasons for it, he has given us an essay on the course and roots and byways of humorous verse that disguises its learning in its own wit.

In hunting down the embryo of humor, the editor has gathered into his fellowship some writers we have been likely to forget, and it is a curious thing that the older poets seem so modern to us. (I wonder how we appear to them.) Time in the eye of laughter seems to be one of man's feeble contrivances.

For instance, if you came across these verses,

The Artist and his Luckless Wife
They lead a horrid haunted life,
Surrounded by the things he's made
That are not wanted by the trade.

The world is very fair to see;
The Artist will not let it be;
He fiddles with the works of God,
And makes them look uncommon odd.

The Artist is an awful man,
He does not do the things he can;
He does the things he cannot do,
And we attend the private view.

would you have perhaps taken them for Ogden Nash's, as I should? But they were written by the late Sir Walter Raleigh, Professor of English Literature at Oxford. There are five other examples of his verse here, all 24-carat.

But Mr. McCord has gone angling not only for the memories of old fish; he has looked about him also in his own place with a quick eye. It seems, for instance, that Harvard's rootin' tootin' anthropollutin' Mr. Hooton in the far end of his learned works likes to clarify a point with verse occasionally. Three specimens have been lifted, including "The Fat-Buttocked Bushman," who

... squints with epicanthous eye
Across a nose prodigious;
He likes his ostrich-eggs quite high,
His women steatopygous.

The acknowledged masters are here abundantly — A. P. Herbert, and Quiller-Couch with "The Famous Ballad of the Jubilee Cup" which no one ought to miss, and four light Frosts, and a fistful of Margaret Fishback and Newman Levy and Ogden Nash. Like all good gatherings, each seems to gain from the company of the others. It is a large and full collection, and there is something in it for every man.

At the tail end, where it should be, is the salt mentioned on the title page, a section with the heading "After All" which no one should overlook. For here are notes by the authors themselves, or the tracking down of a stray laugh by the editor, and emendations and parallels that occasionally hold the kernel of a seed for the wise man to plant in his own garden — like Theodore Morrison's

For the sword outwears its sheath
And the soul outwears the breast
And the coat outwears the pants
And there's nothing left but the vest.

However, those are leaves in the wind. The heart of the book remains the work of many men and, above all, of the eye and hand that sorted them for us. Mr. McCord has let chronology go in putting together his categories; he has kept his eye on humankind; and the result is a sense of timelessness and a book that is curiously alive. An old man I knew up in York State would have called it by his favorite adjective — an *active* book.

It is a hard thing to say of any book that it should be in every school; but I think this one can survive even such a hoodoo and get into the schools too, as I hope it will. For it has a definite quality of its own that is likely to give it a permanent place in our literature.

WALTER D. EDMONDS

SIXTY MILLION JOBS

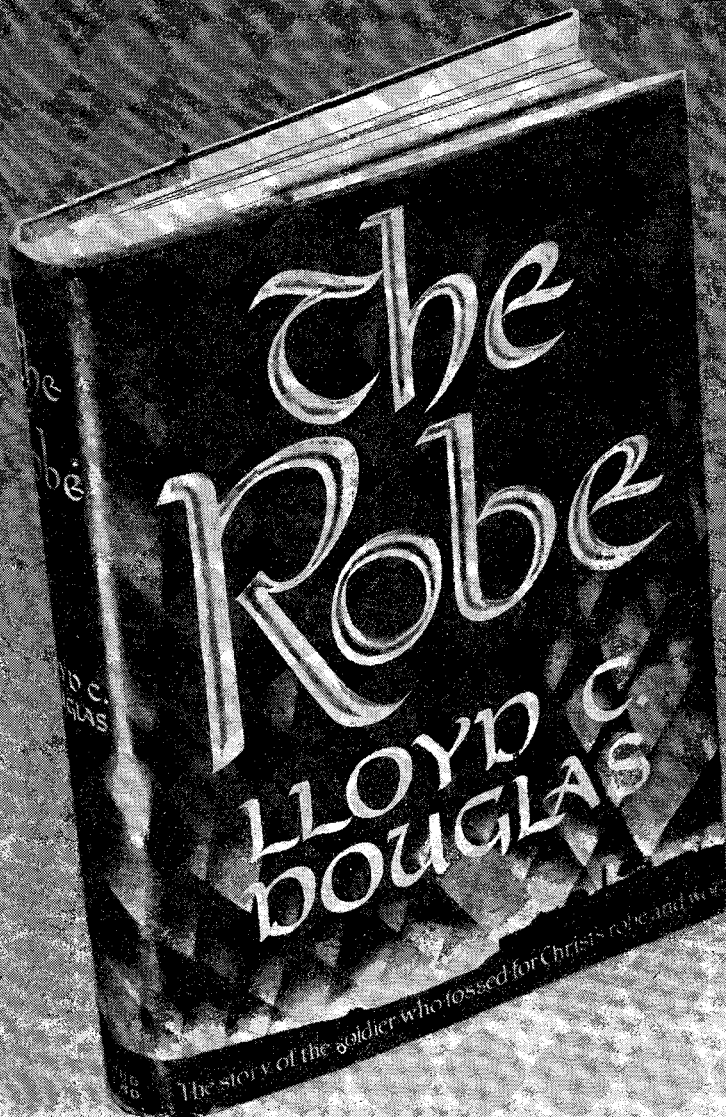
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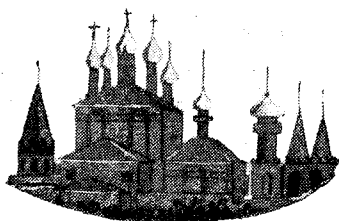


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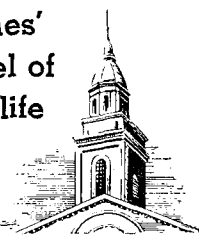
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An excellent feature of the book is the picture of how sixty million jobs might be distributed. Almost 90 per cent of them would be in private industry and over one fourth in trade and various service industries, including domestic service. Significant is Mr. Wallace's estimate that agriculture would supply only about eight million jobs — a drop of over a million in comparison with pre-war years. Let us hope that Mr. Wallace is correct, because chronic overemployment in agriculture has long kept farm incomes as a group far below city incomes.

Although the book vividly describes the backlog of needs which ought to make possible the realization of sixty million jobs, we find little space devoted to detailed suggestions of policies which might promote full employment. Mr. Wallace has some excellent suggestions on making technological discoveries more widely available to industry, and on tax reform. He does not, however, come to grips with the problem that the people who do most of the saving are taxed at such severe rates that they are bound to prefer safe investments to risky ones. Full employment requires that a large proportion of savings go into risky ventures.

Mr. Wallace advocates higher wages and low prices as a way of getting full employment. He would have done well to warn against raising wages so rapidly that payrolls fall rather than increase, as they did during the decade of the thirties. Wage rates went up faster than ever, but the nation's payrolls in 1939 were smaller by 8.5 billion dollars than in 1929, and there were nine million unemployed. Mr. Wallace says little about profits, but he appears to appreciate their importance in getting jobs created because he forecasts corporate profits after taxes of about 18 billion dollars when the national product is 200 billion dollars. This works out at considerably higher profit per dollar of sales than prevailed in 1929. My guess is that somewhat smaller profits will provide an adequate incentive.

Mr. Wallace proposes that the President submit to Congress each year a guess as to what production and employment will be during the following twelve or eighteen months. It would be a sobering and informing experience for the country to watch the President attempt to call the economic turns. The forecasts of the government's revenues and receipts in the President's budget messages during the last ten years have been substantially wrong about one fourth of the time.

I forecast, however, that the President will refuse to indulge in guessing economic trends. Can one imagine the President's predicting a downturn in business? What would be the results if he did? And suppose a downturn came which the President failed to predict. What a field day the opposition would have in the next campaign!

SUMNER H. SLICHTER

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By Thomas B. Costain

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

A SENSE of injury and exclusion, inflicted in childhood and at Oxford among the pleasuresome nobility, aroused in Walter of Gurnie, illegitimate son of the Earl of Lessford, a restless dissatisfaction with his ambiguous position in medieval society. Oxford affronted his intellectual eagerness, although Roger Bacon was teaching there and making mysterious experiments with explosive powders. The beautiful Lady Engaine was betrothed to legitimacy, and disdained to marry the poor student, whose mother sat sorrowing and half-mad in a decaying castle.

It was rumored that the Orient was ahead of the West in knowledge, and its fabulous riches were whispered in every trade mart of the Continent, but no traveler to that far clime had ever returned. Because of the impossibility of further residence at home after his participation in a peasants' attack upon a castle, Walter of Gurnie embarked on the long journey, for the double purpose of restoring his lands and fortunes and bringing back to England the scientific learning of the East.

There the fierce horsemen of Kublai Khan, led by the great general, Bayan of the Hundred Eyes, were preparing the downfall of Kinsai, the ancient capital of China, and the overthrow of its Sung rulers. The Mongolian soldiery made use of a weird instrument of battle that had never been seen on the battlefields of Europe, which bellowed fire and smoke from its metallic mouth.

Traveling in the rear of the armies, Walter discovered the principle of the magnetic needle and suffered the torture of the Rope Walk for his interest in the dark-eyed Maryam, called the Black Rose after the most precious of Oriental spices, in the harem train of the Khan. In the besieged city of Kinsai he observed the processes of paper manufacture, and inhabited for a time the abode of Everlasting Felicity.

Mr. Costain has followed the conventions of the contemporary historical novel except that his scholar-hero is somewhat more intellectual than the average romantic lover in historical fiction. Mr. Costain is unwilling to make a Roman holiday of the facts of history.

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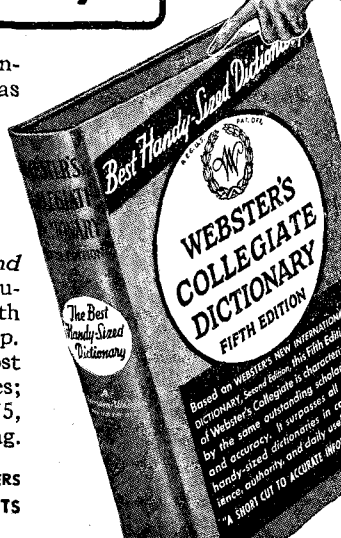
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WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE
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Those who are inclined, less than a year after Germany's collapse, to repeat the performance of 1919-1939 should be forced to study this book page by page. Economists who insist that the proper course for the Allies is to rehabilitate German heavy industry and to re-establish the German economy have in the author of *Germany Is Our Problem* an opponent whose competence is in some respects unique. The former Secretary of the Treasury perceives what many of his critics seem to be incapable of understanding: that the German problem is more than a question of trade statistics, production figures, population analysis, and logic. It is all these, and simultaneously it is historical, racial, social, political, and psychological. To emphasize some of these aspects while ignoring the others is to betray inability to learn from experience.

Mr. Morgenthau draws upon a wealth of data gleaned during his long tenure in Washington before and during the war, as the battle against the Nazi octopus developed to its climax. To permit Germany to retain her heavy industries, he warns, is to place Europe and the world once more in jeopardy. To shift the German economy to agriculture and to the light industries essential to agriculture is the only effective safeguard. Such a reconstituted Germany would be neither the "industrial slum" predicted by his opponents nor a Reich denuded of means of subsistence. The distribution of Germany's major industrial functions to neighboring European states would strengthen Europe and peace as well.

It is interesting to notice that the clamor for salvaging German heavy industry has arisen only as the Allies have belatedly borne down upon the German industrialists and cartel leaders. This same phenomenon (with much the same arguments) is also observable in Japan. Evidently the real tussle with the forces which produce war in modern society is just beginning.

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INDIAN PAUL

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By John Moore

HARCOURT, BRACE

IN HIS first book, John Moore, a young and brilliant Mid-western writer, portrays the effect of a brutal murder upon the year-round residents of a deserted summer resort on Lake Huron. Mr. Moore writes with a sensitive understanding of small-town life which could only result from personal experience. He enshrouds his ghostly village with a post-Labor Day atmosphere of lethargy. The cottages on the beach and half the stores along the main street are boarded up, and the few remaining male inhabitants wait idly in the Broken Lantern Lunch Room and Bus Stop until it is time for the morning mail.

With no excuse for existence until next season, the local populace and the readers are bedded down for the winter when suddenly, Indian Paul, the inconsequential, drink-cadging son of one of the town's less indolent aborigines, inexplicably goes berserk. The town, forcibly roused from hibernation, pulsates with renewed energy. With the same careful attention to detail with which he closed the community, Mr. Moore brings the town to life again. The main street becomes jammed with curious visitors, and the school children are so excited that their teachers cannot control them.

The rest of the novel has a familiar look to readers of Western stories. From this point on the story follows traditional patterns. The ending is preposterous, and as far as plot is concerned, Mr. Moore is not convincing. What redeems *Indian Paul* is its careful study of the less exciting aspects of small-town life, one which instantly marks John Moore as an author with great potentialities.

EDGAR L. JONES